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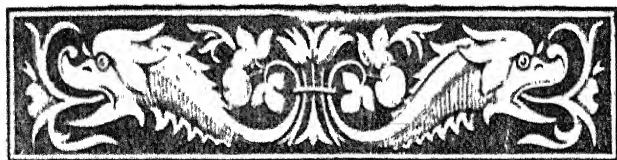












# Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana.



THE  
OLD BOOK COLLECTOR'S  
MISCELLANY.





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JOHN TAYLOR'S  
OBSERVATIONS AND TRAVEL  
FROM  
LONDON TO HAMBURGH.





Three Weekes, three daies, and  
*three houres*

# OBSERVATIONS

AND TRAVEL, FROM

London to Hambvrgh

*in Germanic:*

Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with  
*Descriptions of Townes and Towers,*  
Castles and Cittadels, artificiall Gal-  
lowes, Naturall Hangmen:

*And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcom-  
bian Knight Errant, St. THOMAS CORIAT.*

Great Brittaines Error, *and* the worlds Mirror.

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By Iohn Taylor.

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LONDON

Printed by EDWARD GRIFFIN, and are to be sold  
by GEORGE GYBBS at the sign of the  
Flower-deluce in *Pauls Churchyard*.

1617.





To the Cosmographical, Geographical describer,  
Geometrical measurer; Historiographical Caligra-  
phical Relater and Writer; Enigmatical, Prag-  
matical, Dogmatical Observer, Engrosser, Sur-  
veyor and Eloquent British Grecian Latinist,  
or Latin Grecian Orator, the Odcombian  
Deambulator, Perambulator, Ambler,  
Trotter, or untired Traveller,  
Sir THO. CORYAT, Knight of Troy, and one of the  
dearest darlings to the blind Goddess Fortune.



MOST worthy Sir, as *Quintilian* in his  
Apothegms to the naked, learned,  
Gimnosophists of *Æthiopia*, very wittily  
says, *Potanto Machayo corbatio monomosco kayturemon*  
*Lescus, Ollipufftingere whingo*: which is, knowledge  
is a main Antithesis to ignorance, and pains and  
travel is the high-way to experience. I being  
therefore well acquainted with the generous ur-  
banity innated or rooted in your humanity, (in these  
days of vanity,) I dedicate out (of my affability,  
debility, ability, imbecility, facility, or agility,) this  
poor pamphlet to your nobility, in all servility and  
humility: not doubting but the fluent secundity of  
your wisdoms profundity, in your heads rotundity,  
will conserve, reserve, preserve, and observe, what I  
and my industrious labours deserve. I do (out of  
mine own cognition) aver and abet, that he is sense-  
less that will assent, that the Fates did assign, with  
their whole assistance, that any should aspire to be  
an associate in any assembly, boldly to assimilate,  
assay, assault, or ascribe to any mortal but yourself,  
superlative majority or transcendancy for travels,  
observations, and oratory. These things being

revolved and ruminated, in the sagacity or acuteness of my Pericranium, I imagined that no man under the Cope was more worthy than yourself to be a Patronizing Poplar to shelter my poor reed-like endeavours. Howsoever in the preterlapsel occurrences there hath been an Antagonistical repugnancy betwixt us, yet I hope time and travel hath worn it thread-bare, or brought it to an irrecoverable consumption; withal I know you are incapable of inexpungable malice, inveterate malignancy or emulation. I protest tongue-tied taciturnity should have imprisoned this work in the Lethargical Dungeon, or bottomless Abyss of ever-sleeping oblivion, but that I am confident of your Patronage and acceptance, which if it fall out (not according to any Promerits of mine) but out of mine own expectation of your matchless and unparalleled disposition, I shall hereafter sacrifice whole Hecatombs of invention both in Prose and Verse, at the shrine of your unfellowed and unfollowed virtues. So wishing more to see you than to hear from you, because Writers want work, and the Press is turned voluntary through the scarcity of employments, which I hope your presence will supply, I pray that *Neptune, Æolus, Tellus, Bacchus*, and all the watery, windy, earthly, and drinking Deities may be officious, auspicious, and delicious unto you, humbly imploring you to take in good part this my sophistical, paradoxical, submission, with a mental reservation of my love and service, to sympathize or be equivalent to your kind liking and corroborated affecting.

He that hath a poor muse to trot in your service  
with all obsequious observance.

JOHN TAYLOR.



Three Weeks, three Days, and three Hours Observations, from LONDON to HAMBURGII in *Germany*. Amongst *Jews* and *Gentiles*, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses, Natural Hangmen:

*And Dedicated for the present, to the absent Odcombian Knight Errant,  
SIR THOMAS CORYAT.*

*Great Britains Error, and the worlds Mirror.*

UPON Saturday the 17 of August, 1616 (after I had taken leave of some friends that would hardly give me leave to leave them) I was associated with five or six courteous comrades to the haven of *Billingsgate*, where I was no sooner come, but I was shipped in the wherry for the port of *Gravesend*, and having two women and three men in my company thither, we past the way away by telling tales by turns. Where one of the women took upon her very logically to defend the honesty of brokers, and she maintained her paradoxical arguments so pithily, as if herself like a desperate pawn had lain seven years in lavender on sweeting in Long Lane, or amongst the dogged inhabitants of Houndsditch. And one of the men replied that he thanked God he never had any need of them, whereupon I began to suspect him to be a crafty knave, because the proverb says, *A crafty knave needs no broker* and indeed after I had inquired what countryman he

was, he told me he was a Welsh man, and a Justices clerk. I left him as I found him, hoping never to be troubled with his binding over, and withdrawing: and so landing at Gravesend, we all went to the *Christopher* where we took a Bacchanalian farewell one of another, where I remained till the Monday following, awaiting the coming down of the ship that I was to be transported in. About the hour of three in the afternoon, with good hope we weighed anchor, and with a courteous tide and gentle wind we sailed down the river of Thames, as far as the grand oyster haven of *Queenborough*, where though our ship was not sea-sick, yet she cast, (anchor I mean).

On the morrow, being Tuesday, we weighed, and with the friendly breath of *Zephyrus*, aliàs a western wind, our sails being swollen, our ship called the *Judith*, who with her stern cut the liquid mounting mountains of *Neptunes* wavering territories, as nimbly as Hebrew *Judith* beheaded *Holofernes*, so that by the bountiful favour of Him that rules both winds and seas, the Thursday following we espied the coast of Friesland, and the next day we sailed by an island called the Holy Land, which may be called the Land of Lobsters, or the country of crabs, for the plenty of those kind of crawling creatures that are taken there. But we, taking time by the fore-top, let no advantage slip, but with a



merry gale, and a friendly flood, on the Friday we sailed up the river of Elve, as far as Stoad, where we anchored till the morrow, being Saturday, and the feast of *St. Bartholomew* the Apostle, we arrived at a bleak, aliâs a town an English mile from *Hamburgh*, called *Altonagh*, which is so called by the *Hamburghers* because it stands all-too-nigh them for their profit, being inhabited with divers tradesmen which do hinder their freedom. I was no sooner landed there, but my company and myself went to a Dutch drinking-school, and having upse-freez'd four pots of boon beer as yellow as gold; our host said we had four shilling to betail, or to pay, which made me suspect it to be a bawdy house by his large reckoning, till at last I understood that the shillings he meant were but stivers, or three-halfpence a piece. So this terrible shot being discharged (which in the total amounted to the sum of sixpence English) we departed towards *Hamburgh*, where by the way I noted some 20 men, women, and children in divers places of *Altonagh*, all deformed, some with one eye, some with hare-lips, crooked-backed, splay-footed, half-nosed, or one blemish or other. I admiring at them, was told they were *Jews*, wherein I perceived the Judgment of the High Judge of all, that had permitted Nature to deform their forms, whose Graceless minds were so much misshapen through want of Grace,

But I being entered the city of *Hamburgh* on the Saturday, I was presently conducted to the English house, where I found a kind host, an honest hostess, good company, store of meat, more of drinks, a true tapster, and sweet lodging. And being at dinner, because I was a stranger, I was promoted to the chiefest place at the table, where to observe an old custom, every man did his best endeavour to hance me for my welcome, which by interpretation is, to give a man a loaf too much out of the brewers basket, in which kind of potshot, our English are grown such stout proficients, that some of them dares bandy and contend with the Dutch their first teachers. But after they had hanced me as well as they could, and I pleased, they administered an oath to me, in manner and form as followeth ;

*Laying my hand on a full pot,*

I swear by these contents and all that is herein contained, that by the courteous favour of these gentlemen, I do find myself sufficiently hanced, and that henceforth I shall acknowledge it ; and that whensoever I shall offer to be hanced again, I shall arm my self with the craft of a fox, the manners of a hog, the wisdom of an ass, mixed with the civility of a bear. This was the form of the oath, which as near as I can shall be performed on my part ; and here is to be noted that the first word a nurse or a mother doth teach her children if they be

males, is drink, or beer : So that most of them are transformed to barrels, firkins, and kilderkins, always freight with *Hamburgh* beer.

And though the city is not much more than half the bigness as London is within the walls, yet are there in it almost 800 brewhouses, and in one day there hath been shipped away from thence, 337. brewings of beer, besides 13. or 14. brewings have been racked or stayed in the town, as not sufficient to be bezzled in the country.

The Saturday being thus past, and Sunday come, I went toward the English Church, where I observed many shops open, buying and selling, chopping and changing of all manner of wares, with the streets furnished with apples, pears, plums, nuts, grapes, or any thing else that an ordinary market can afford, as commonly as if the Sabbath were but a bare Ceremony without a Commandment. In which I note the Jews in their execrable superstition, to be more devout and observant, than these pedlars in their profession ; for on the Saturday (being the Jews Sabbath) they neglect all human affairs, and betake themselves irreligiously to their misbelieving faithless religion.

The sermon being ended at the English Church, I walked in the afternoon with a friend of mine, (an inhabitant of the town) to see and to be seen, where at one of the gates was placed a strong guard of

soldiers with muskets, pikes, halberts, and other warlike accoutrements, I asked the cause, and I was informed it was because of the building of new mounts and bulwarks which were partly erected without the old wall: And when I perceived these fortifications, I was amazed, for it is almost incredible for the number of men and horses that are daily set on work about it, besides the work itself is so great that it is past the credit of report, and as I suppose will prove most inexpugnable and invincible rampiers to strengthen the town on that side against the invasive attempts of the greatest Monarch that should assail them.

But after much musing, walking further towards the fields, I espied four or five pretty parcels of modesty go very friendly up into a Council-house by the ways side, as we and thousands of people used to pass; they were handsome young girls of the age of 18 or 20 years apiece, and although they had a door to shut, yet they knowing their business to be necessary and natural, sat still in loving and neighbourly manner, so having traced a turn or two we returned into the town again, and entering a long garden within the walls, some of the townsmen were shooting for wagers at a mark with their muskets, some bowling: some at slide-thrift, or shovel-board: some dancing before a blind fiddler, and his cow bellied, dropsy, dirty drab: some at one game, some at

another, most of them drinking, and all of them drunk, that though it was a Sabbath, which should wholly be dedicated to God, yet by the abuse of these bursten-gutted bibbers, they made it an afternoon consecrated, or more truly execrated to the service of Hell, and to the great amplification of the Devils kingdom.

*When Christians dare Gods Sabbath to abuse,  
They make themselves a scorn to Turks and Jews :  
You stealing Barabasses beastly race,  
Rob God of Glory, and yourselves of Grace.  
Think on the supreme Fudge who all things tries,  
When Jews against you shall in Fudgment rise.  
Their feigned truth, with fervent Zeal they show,  
The truth unfeigned you know, yet will not know.  
Then at the Bar in New Ferusalem,  
It shall be harder much for you than them.*

But leaving to their drunken designs, I returned toward my lodging, where by the way I saw at the common jail of the town, a great number of people were clustered together, I asked the cause of their concourse, and I was certified that there was a prisoner to be broken upon the wheel the next day, and that these idle gazers did press to gape upon him for want of better employments, I being as inquisitive after novelties, as a traveller of my small

experience might be, enquired earnestly the true cause of the next days execution : my friend told me that the prisoner was a poor carpenter dwelling in the town, who lately having stolen a goose, and plucking it within his doors, a little girl (his daughter in law) went out of his house, and left the door open, by which means, the owner of the goose passing by, espied the wretched thief very diligently picking what he before had been stealing, to whom the owner said : Neighbour, I now perceive which way my geese use to go, but I will have you in question for them, and so away he went : the caitiff being thus reprov'd grew desperate, and his child coming into his house ; ye young whore, quoth he, must ye leave my door open for folks to look in upon me ? and with that word, he took a hatchet and with a cursed stroke, he clove the child's head : for the which murder he was condemned and judg'd to be broken alive upon the wheel. Close by the jail I espied a house of free stone, round and flat roofed, and leaded, upon the which was erected the true picture of a most unmatched Hangman : and now I am entered into a discourse of this brave abject, or subject, you must understand that this fellow, is a merry, a mad, and a subsidy Hangman, to whom our Tyburn tatterdemalion, or our Wapping wind-pipe stretcher, is but a raggamuffin, not worth the hanging : for this tear-throat termagant is a fellow

in folio, a commander of such great command, and of such greatness to command, that I never saw any that in that respect could countermand him : for his making is almost past description, no Saracen's head seems greater, and sure I think his brainpan if it were emptied, (as I think he hath not much brain in it,) would well contain half a bushel of malt, his shaggy hair and beard would stuff a cushion for *Charons* boat, his embossed nose and embroidered face, would furnish a Jeweller ; his eyes well dried, would make good tennis-balls, or shot for a small piece of ordnance, his yawning mouth would serve for a cony-burrow, and his two ragged rows of teeth, for a stone wall, or a pale ; then hath he a neck like one of *Hercules* his pillars, with a wind-pipe, (or rather a beer pipe) as big as the boar of a demiculvering, or a wooden pump ; through which conduit half a brewing of *Hamburgh* beer doth run down into his unmeasurable paunch, wherein is more midriff, guts and garbage than three tripe-wives could be able to utter before it stunk. His post-like legs were answerable to the rest of the great frame which they supported, and to conclude, Sir *Bevis*, *Ascapart*, *Gogmagog*, or our English Sir *John Falstaff*, were but shrimps to this bezzling bombard's longitude, latitude, altitude, and crassitude, for he passes, and surpasses the whole German multitude.

And as he is great in corpulency, so is he powerful in potency, for figuratively he hath spiritual resemblance of Romish authority, and in some sort he is a kind of demi-Pope, for once a year in the dog-days he sends out his men with baits instead of Bulls, with full power from his greatness, to knock down all the curs without contradiction, whose masters or owners will not be at the charge to buy a pardon for them of his mightiness, which pardon is more durable than the Popes of wax or parchment, for his is made of a piece of the hide of an ox, a horse, or such lasting stuff, which with his stigmatical stamp or seal is hanged about every dog's neck who is freed from his fury by the purchase of his pardon. And sure I am persuaded that these dogs are more sure of their lives with the hangman's pardon, than the poor besotted blinded Papists are of their seduced souls from any pardon of the Popes.

The privileges of this grand halter-master are many, as he hath the emptying of all the vaults or draughts in the city, which no doubt he gains some favour by. Besides all oxen, kine, horses, hogs, dogs, or any such beasts, if they die themselves, or if they be not like to live, the hangman must knock them on the heads, and have their skins : and whatsoever inhabitant in his jurisdiction doth any of these things aforesaid himself, is abhorred and ac-



counted as a villain without redemption. So that with hangings, headings, breakings, pardoning and killing of dogs, flaying of beasts, emptying of vaults, and such privy commodities, his whole revenue sometimes amounts to 4. or 5. hundred pounds a year. And he is held in that regard and estimation, that any man will converse and drink with him, nay sometimes the Lords of the town will feast with him, and it is accounted no impeachment to their honours; for he is held in the rank of a gentleman, (or a rank gentleman) and he scorns to be called in the cast weeds of executed offenders: No, he goes to the mercers, and hath his satin, his velvet, or what stuff he pleases, measured out by the yard or the ell, with his gold and silver lace, his silk stockings, laced spangled garters and roses, hat and feather, with four or five brave villains attending him in livery cloaks, who have stipendiary means from his ignominious bounty.

Monday the 19. of August, about the hour of 12. at noon, the people of the town in great multitudes flocked to the place of execution; which is half a mile English without the gates built more like a sconce than a gallows, for it is walled and ditched about with a drawbridge and the prisoner came on foot with a Divine with him, all the way exhorting him to repentance, and because death should not

terrify him, they had given him many rouses\* and carouses of wine and beer : for it is the custom there to make such poor wretches drunk, whereby they may be senseless either of God's mercy or their own misery ; but being prayed for by others, they themselves may die resolutely, or (to be feared) desperately.

But the prisoner being come to the place of death, he was by the officers delivered to the hangman, who entering his strangling fortification with two grand hangmen more and their men, which were come from the city of *Lubeck*, and another town (which I cannot name) to assist their *Hamburghian* brother in this great and weighty work : the drawbridge was drawn up, and the prisoner mounted on a mount of earth, built high on purpose that the people without may see the execution a quarter of a mile round about : four of the hangman's men takes each of them a small halter, and by the hands and the feet they hold the prisoners extended all abroad lying on his back : then the Arch-hangman, or the great Master of this mighty business took up a wheel, much about the bigness of one of the fore wheels of a coach : and first, having put off his doublet, his hat, and being in his shirt,

\*ROUSE.—A full glass, a bumper.

as if he meant to play at tennis, he took the wheel, and set it on the edge, and turned it with one hand like a top or a whirligig, then he took it by the spokes, and lifting it up with a mighty stroke he beat one of the poor wretch's legs in pieces, (the bones I mean) at which he roared grievously; then after a little pause he breaks the other leg in the same manner, and consequently breaks his arms, and then he stroke four or five main blows on his breast, and burst all his bulk and chest in shivers, lastly he smote his neck, and missing, burst his chin and jaws to mammoicks; then he took the broken mangled corpse, and spread it on the wheel, and thrust a great post or pile into the nave or hole of the wheel, and then fixed the post into the earth some six foot deep, being in height above the ground, some ten or twelve foot, and there the carcass must lie till it be consumed by all-consuming time, or ravening fowls.

This was the terrible manner of this horrid execution, and at this place are twenty posts with those wheels or pieces of wheels, with heads of men nailed on the top of the posts, with a great spike driven through the skull. The several kinds of torments which they inflict upon offenders in those parts makes me to imagine our English hanging to be but a flea-biting.

Moreover, if any man in those parts are to be beheaded, the fashion is, that the prisoner kneels down, and being blinded with a napkin, one takes hold of the hair of the crown of the head, holding the party upright, whilst the hangman with a backward blow with a sword will take the head from a mans shoulders so nimbly, and with such dexterity, that the owner of the head shall never want the miss of it. And if it be any mans fortune to be hanged for never so small a crime, though he be mounted whole, yet he shall come down in pieces, for he shall hang till every joint and limb drop one from another.

They have strange torments and varieties of deaths, according to the various nature of offences that are committed: as for example, he that counterfeits any Princes coin, and is proved a coiner, his judgment is to be boiled to death in oil, not thrown into the vessel all at once, but with a pulley or a rope to be hanged under the arm pits, and let down into the oil by degrees: first the feet, and next the legs, and so to boil his flesh from his bones alive. For those that set houses on fire wilfully, they are smoked to death, as first there is a pile or post fixed in the ground, and within an English ell of it is a piece of wood nailed cross whereupon the offender is made fast fitting, then over the top of

the post is whelmed a great tub of dry fat, which doth cover or overwhelm the prisoner as low as the middle. Then underneath the executioner hath wet straw, hay, stubble, or such kind of stuff, which is fired, but by reason it is wet and dank, it doth not but smoulder and smoke, which smoke ascends up into the tub where the prisoners head is, and not being able to speak, he will heave up and down with his belly; and people may perceive him in these torments to live three or four hours.

Adultery there, if it be proved, is punished with death, as the loss of both the parties heads, if they be both married, or if not both yet the married party must die for it, and the other must endure some easier punishment, either by the purse, or carcass; which in the end proves little better than half a hanging.

But as after a tempest a calm is best welcome; so I imagine it not amiss after all this tragical harsh discourse, to sweeten the readers palate with a few comical reports which were related unto me wherein I seem fabulous, it must be remembered that I claim the privilege of a traveller, who hath authority to report all that he hears and sees, and more too. I was informed of a fellow that was hanged somewhat near the highway, within a mile or two of *Collein*, and the fashion being to hang with a halter and a chain, that when the halter is

rotten with the weather, the carcass drops a button hole lower into the chain. Now it fortuned that this fellow was executed on a winter's afternoon towards night, and being hanged, the chain was shorter than the halter, by reasons whereof he was not strangled, but by the jamming of the chain which could not slip close to his neck, he hanged in great torments under the jaws, it happened that as soon as he was trust up, there fell a great storm of rain and wind, whereupon all the people ran away from the gallows to shelter themselves. But night being come, and the moon shining bright, it chanced that a country boor, or a waggoner and his son with him were driving their empty waggon by the place where the fellow was hanged, who being not choked, in the extremity of his pains did stir his legs and writhe and crumple his body, which the waggoners son perceived, and said ; Father look, the man upon the gallows doth move : quoth the old man he moves indeed, I pray thee let us make haste, and put the waggon under the gibbet, to see if we can unhang and save him. This being said was quickly done, and the wretch half dead was laid in straw in the boors waggon, and carried home, where with good attendance he was in four or five days recovered to his health, but that he had a crick in his neck, and the cramp in his jaws. The old man was glad that he had done so good a deed, (as

he thought) began to give the thief Fatherly counsel, and told him that it was Gods great mercy towards him to make me (quoth he) the instrument of thy deliverance, and therefore look that thou make good use of this his gracious favour towards thee, and labour to redcem the time thou hast misspent, get thee into some other Princes country, where thy former crimes may not bring thee into the danger of the law again, and there with honest industrious endeavours get thy living.

The thief seemed willing to entertain these good admonitions, and thanked the boor and his son, telling them that the next morning he would be gone : and if ever his fortunes made him able, he promised to be so grateful unto them that they should have cause to say their great courtesies were well bestowed upon him ; but all his sugared sweet promises, were in the proof but gall and wormwood in the performance : or this graceless caitiff arose betimes in the morning, and drew on a pair of boots and spurs which were the mans sons of the house, and slipping out of the doors, went to the stable and stole one of his kind hosts best horses, and away rode he. The man and his son, when they were up and missed the thief and the horse, were amazed at the ingratitude of the wretch, and with all speed his son and he rode several ways in pursuit of him, and in brief one of them took him, and brought him back

to their house again, and when it was night they bound him, and laid him in their waggon (having deaf ears, and hardened hearts to all his entreaties) and away to the gallows where they found him hanging, there they, with the halter being a little shortened, they left him. The next day the country people wondered to see him hanging there again, for they had seen him hanged, and missed him gone, and now to be thus strangely and privately come again in boots and spurs, whereas they remembered at his first hanging he had shoes and stockings, it made them muse what journey he had been riding, and what a mad ghost he was to take the gallows for his inn, or (as I suppose) for his end.

The rumour of this accident being bruited abroad, the people came far and near to see him, all in general wondering how these things should come to pass. At last, to clear all doubts proclamations were published with pardon, and a reward to any that could discover the truth, whereupon the old Boor and Son came in and related the whole circumstance of the matter.

At another place (the hangmans place being void) there were two of the blood, (for it is to be noted that the succession of that office doth lineally descend from the Father to the Son, or to the next of the blood) which were at strife for the possession of this high indignity. Now it happened that two men



were to be beheaded at the same town, and at the same time, and (and to avoid suit in law for this great prerogative) it was concluded by the arbitrators, that each of these new hangmen should execute one of the prisoners, and he that with greatest cunning and sleight could take the head from the body, should have the place, to this they all agreed and the prisoners were brought forth, where one of the executioners did bind a red silk thread double about his prisoners neck the threads being distant one from another only the breadth of one thread, and he promised to cut off the head with a backward blow with his sword, between the threads. The other called his prisoner aside, and told him if he would be ruled by him, he should have his life saved, and besides (quoth he) I shall be sure to have the office. The prisoner was glad of the motion, and said he would do anything upon these conditions, then said the hangman, when thou art upon thy knees, and hast said thy prayers, and that I do lift up my axe, (for I will use an axe) to strike thee, I will cry Hem, at which word do thou rise and run away, (thou knowest none will slay thee if thou canst once escape after thou art delivered into my custody, it is the fashion of our country) and let me alone to shift to answer the matter. This being said or whispered, the headsman with the sword did cut off the prisoners head just between the threads as he had

said, which made all the people wonder at the steadiness of his hand, and most of them judged that he was the man that was and would be most fittest to make a mad hangman of.

But as one tale is good till another be told, and as there be three degrees of good, better, and best ; so this last hangman did much exceed and eclipse the others cunning : For his prisoner being on his knees, and he lifting up his axe to give the fatal blow, *Hem*, (said he according to promise) whereupon the fellow arose and ran away, but when he had run some seven or eight paces, the hangman threw the axe after him, and struck his head smoothly from his shoulders, now for all this, who shall have the place is unknown, for they are yet in law for it ; and I doubt not but before the matter be ended, that the lawyers will make them exercise their own trades upon themselves to end the controversy. This tale doth savour somewhat Hyperbolical but I wish the reader to believe no more of the matter than I saw, and there is an end.

At another town there stood an old over-worn despised pair of gallows, but yet not so old but they will last many a fair year with good usage, but the townsmen a little distance from them built another pair, in a more stately geometrical port and fashion, whereupon they were demanded why they would be at the charge to erect a new gallows, having so

sufficient an old one : they answered, that those old gallows should serve to hang fugitives and strangers; but those new ones were built for them and their heirs for ever. Thus much for hangmen, thieves, and gallowses.

Yet one thing more for thieves: In *Hamburgh* those that are not hanged for theft, are chained 2. or 3. together, and they must in that sort six or seven years draw a dung-cart, and cleanse the streets of the town, and every one of those thieves for as many years as he is condemned to that slavery, so many bells he hath hanged at an iron above one of his shoulders, and every year a bell is taken off, till all are gone, and then he is a free man again, and I did see ten or twelve of these carts, and some of the thieves had 7. bells, some 5. some 6. some one, but such a noise they make, as if all the Devils in Hell were dancing the morrice.

*Hamburgh* is a free city, not being subject to the Emperor, or any other Prince, but only governed by twenty-four Burgomasters, whereof two are the chief, who are called Lords, and do hold that dignity from their first election during their lives. The buildings are all of one uniform fashion, very lofty and stately, it is wonderful populous, and the water with boats comes through most of the streets of the town.

Their churches are most gorgeously set forth, as the most of them covered with copper, with very lofty spires, and within sides they are adorned with crucifixes, images, and pictures, which they do charily keep for ornaments, but not for idle or idol adoration. In *St. Jacobs* and in *Saint Katherines* Churches there is in one of them a pupil of alabaster, and in the other a pair of such organs, which for worth and workmanship are unparalleled in Christendom, as most travellers do relate.

The women are no fashion mongers, but they keep in their degrees one continual habit, as the richer sort do wear a huke, which is a robe of cloth or stuff plaited, and the upper part of it is gathered and sewed together in the form of an English potlid, with a tassel on the top, and so put upon the head, and the garment goes over her ruff and face if she please, and so down to the ground, so that a man may meet his own wife, and perhaps not know her from another woman.

They have no porters to bear burdens, but they have big burly-boned knaves with their wives that do daily draw carts any whither up and down the town, with merchants goods or any other employments: and it is reported that these cart-drawers are to see the rich men of the town provided of milch-nurses for their children which nurses they call by the name of *Ams*, so that if they do want a

nurse at any time, these fellows are cursed, because they have not gotten wenches enough with child to supply their wants.

But if a man of any fashion do chance to go astray to a house of iniquity, the whilst he is in the house at his drudgery, another of the whores will go to the sheriff, (which they call the Right-heir) and inform that such a man is in such a suspected house, then is his coming forth narrowly watched, and he is taken and brought before the Right-heir, and examined, where if he be a man of credit, he must, and will pay forty, fifty, or sixty Rex Dollers before he will have his reputation called in question. Of which money the quean that did inform shall have her reward.

A lawyer hath but a bad trade there, for any cause or controversy is tried and determined in three days, quirks, quiddits, demurs, habeas, corpuscs, sursararaes, procedendoes, or any such dilatory Law-tricks and abolished, and not worth a button.

But above all, I must not forget the rare actions and humours of a quacksalver or mountebank, or to speak more familiarly, a shadow a skilful chirurgeon. This fellow being clad in an ancient doublet of decayed satin, with a spruce leather jerkin with glass buttons, the rest of his attire being correspondent, was mounted upon the scaffold, having

shelves set with viols, gallipots, glasses, boxes, and such like stuff, wherein as he said, were waters, oils, unguents, emplasters, electuaries, vomits, purges, and a world of never heard of drugs; and being mounted (as I said) he and his man began to proclaim all their skill and more, having a great number of idle and ignorant gazers on, he began as followeth (as I was informed by my interpreter, for I understood not one word he spake.)

I *Facomo Compostella*, practitioner in physic, chirurgery, and the mathematics, being a man famous through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, from the oriental exaltation of *Titan*, to his occidental declination, who for the testimony of my skill, and the rare cures that I have done, have these princes hands and seals; at first the great *Cham* of *Tartaria*, in whose court, only with this water which is the Elixir of Henbane, diafracted in a diurnal of ingredients Hippocratontic, Avicenian, and Cataract, with this did I cure the great Duchess of *Promulpho* of the cramp in her tongue: and with this oil did I restore the Emperor *Gregory Evanowich*, of a convulsion in his pericranion. From thence I travelled to *Slavonia*, where I met with *Mustapha Despot* of *Servia*, who at that time was intolerably vexed with a *Spasmus*, so that it often drove him into a syncope with the violent obstructions of the conflagrating of his veins.

Only with this precious unguent being the quintessence of *Mugwort*, with *Auripigmenty*, terrographicated in a limbeck of crystalline translucency, I recovered him to his former health, and for my reward I had a Barbary horse with rich caparisons, a Turkish scimitar, a Persian robe, and 2000. Hungarian ducats.

Besides, here are the hands and seals of *Potohamock*, *Adelantado* of *Prozewgma*, and of *Gulch Flownderscurfe* chief burgomaster of *Belgrade*, and of divers princes and estates, which to avoid tedious prolixity I omit. But good people if you or any other be troubled with apoplexies, palsies, cramps, lethargies, cataracks, quinsies, tisicks pleurisies, coughs, headaches, tertian, quartan, and quotidian agues, burning fevers, jaundices, dropsies, colics, illiaca passio's, the stone, the strangury, the pox, plague, botches, biles, blains, scabs, scurfs, mange, leprosie, cankers, megrims, mumps, fluxes, measles, murrains, gouts, consumptions, toothache, ruptures, hernia aquosa, hernia ventosa, hernia carnososa, or any other malady that dares afflict the body of man or woman, come and buy while you may have it for money, for I am sent for speedily to the Emperor of *Trapezond*, about affairs of great importance that highly concerns his royal person.

Thus almost two hours did this fellow with embost words, and most laborious action, talk and

swear to the people, that understood no more what he said, than he himself understood himself. And I think his whole takings for simple compounds did amount in the total to 9.pence sterling.

But leaving *Hamburgh*, (having gathered these few observations aforesaid) out of it I went *August* 28. and my first jaunt of my travels was by water, to a town called *Buckstahoo*, it is a little walled town, and stands on the other side of the river, 3.miles as they call it from *Hamburgh*. The boat we passed in is called an *Iuar*, not so good as a Gravesend barge, yet I think it may be as great, and the three miles longer than from London, to Gravesend, for I am sure that we were going 9. hours before we could be landed. Our passage cost us 3.pence a piece, and one thing I remember well, that the lazy watermen will sit still all (or the most part of the way) whilst their passengers, (be they never so rich or poor, all is one to them, be they men or women) they must row by turns an hour or such a matter : and we landed in the night at a place called *Crants*, where all the passengers were to go to supper, but such diet we had, that the proverb was truly verified *God sent meat, and the Devil sent Cooks* : for as there was no respect of persons in the boat, so all fellows at the table, and all one price, the palatine and the plebeian : our first mess was great platters of black broth, in shape like new tar, and in taste Cousin



German to slut pottage ; our second were dishes of eels, chopped as small as herbs, and the broth they were in as salt as brine ; then had we a boiled goose, with choak pears and carrots buried in a deep dish ; and when we demanded what was to pay, it was but three pence a man, I mused at the cheapness of it, but afterwards they came upon us with a fresh reckoning of fivepence a man for beer, for they never count their meat and drink together, but bring in several reckonings for them : but the morning being come, we hired a boors waggon, to carry us to a place called *Citesen*, three miles there, or 12 English miles from *Buckstahoo* : a little bald dorp it is where we came about noon, and found such slender entertainment, that we had no cause to boast of our good cheer or our hostess cookery. We having refreshed ourselves, and hired a fresh waggon, away we went two miles further to a dorp called *Rodonburgh*, this village belongeth to the Bishop of *Rodonburgh*, who hath a fair house there, strongly walled and deeply ditched and moated about very defensible, with draw bridges, and good ordinance. This Bishop is a temporal Lord, notwithstanding his spiritual title ; and no doubt but the flesh prevails above the spirit with him ; so the Bishops of *Brcame*, *Lunninburgh*, and divers other places in Germany, do very charitably take the fleece, (for they themselves never look to the flock) by

reason they use no ecclesiastic function, but only in name.

Being lodged at *Rodonburgh*, in a stately inn, where the host, hostess, guests, cows, horses, swine lay all in one room; yet I must confess their beds to be very good, and their linen sweet, but in those parts they use no coverlet, rug, or blanket, but a good featherbed undermost, with clean sheets, pillows, and pillowbears, and another featherbed uppermost, with a fair sheet above all, so that a mans lodging is like a womans lying-in, all white.

*August* the 30. we went from *Rodenburgh*, and about noon we came to an old walled town, called *Feirden*, it hath two churches in it, and the hangmans statue very artificially carved in stone, and set on a high pillar with a rod rampart in his hand, at this town I met with six strangers, all travellers, where we went to dinner together, all at one table, and every man opened his knapsack or budget with victuals; (for he that carries no meat with him, may fast by authority in most places of that country) but to note the kindness of these people one to another, some had bread and a box of salt butter, some had raw bacon, some had cheese, some had pickled herring, some dried beef, and amongst the rest I had brought three ribs of roast beef, and other provision from *Hamburg*: to conclude, we drew all like fiddlers, and fed (for the most part) like swine, for

every man eat what was his own, and no man did proffer one bit of what he had to his neighbour, so he that had cheese must dine with cheese, for he that had meat would offer him none; I did cut every one a part of my roast beef; which my guide told me they would not take well, because it is not the fashion of the country: I tried, and found them very tractable to take anything that was good, so that I perceived their modesty to take one from another, proceeds from their want of manners to offer. But dinner being done, away we went over a bridge, in the midst whereof is a cage,\* made in the likeness of a great lanthorn, it is hanged on a turning gibbet like a crane: so that it may be turned on the bridge and over the river, as they shall please that have occasion to use it. It is big enough to hold two men, and it is for this purpose if any one or more do rob gardens or orchards, or cornfields, (if they be taken) he or they are put into this same whirligig, or kickambob, and the gibbet being turned, the offender hangs in this cage from the river some 12. or 14. foot from the water, and then there is a small line made fast to the party some 5. or 6. fathom, and with a trick which they have, the bottom of the cage drops out, and the thief falls suddenly into the water. I had not gone far, but at the end of the bridge I saw an old chapel, which in old time they say was dedicated to St. *Frodswick*, which hath the day after Saint *Luke*

\*A LYNN in the original. [?]

the Evangelist : I entering in, perceived it was a charitable chapel, for the doors and windows were always open, by reason there were none to shut, and it was a common receptacle for beggars and rogues. There was the Image of our Lady with a veil over her, made as I think of a bakers bolter,\* and Saint *Peter* holding a candle to her. I cut a piece of her veil, and taking *Peter* by the hand at my departure, the kind Image (I know not upon what acquaintance) being loose handed, let me have his hand with me, which being made of wood, by reason of ruinous antiquity, burst off in the handling : which two precious relics I brought home with me to defend me and all my friends from sparrow-blasting.[?]

From this place we were glad to travel on foot 1. Dutch mile to a dorp called *Dufurn*, where we hired a boors waggon to a town *Neinburgh*, but we could not reach thither by 2. English miles, so that we were glad to lodge in a barn that night : on the morrow early we arose and came to *Neinburgh*, which is a little walled town, belonging to that Bishopric from whence it is so named. There we staid 3. hours before we could get a waggon, at last we were mounted to a dorp called *Leiz*, 2. Dutch miles ; I would have bargained with the boor to have carried us to *Dorn*, which I bade my guide tell him it was but a mile further, a mile quoth the boor,

\*BOLTER—A machine for separating bran from flour ; a sieve ; a net,

indeed we call it no more, but it was measured with a dog, and they threw in the tail and all to the bargain; so to *Leiz* he carried us, and there we found a waggon of *Dorn* homeward bound, which made us ride the cheaper; but it was the longest mile that ever I rode or went, for surely it is as much as some ten of our miles in England. But having overcome it at last, from thence I took a fresh waggon to carry me two miles to a town called *Buckaburgh*, where I had and have I hope a brother residing, to whom my journey was intended, and with whom my perambulation was at a period. This town of *Buckaburgh* is wholly and solely belonging to the Graff or *Grave* of *Shomburgh*, a Prince of great command and eminence, absolute in his authority and power, not countermanded by the Emperor, or any other further than courtesy requires; and in a word, he is one of the best accomplished gentlemen in *Europe* for his person, port, and princely magnificence. He hath there to his inestimable charge, built the town, with many goodly houses, streets, lanes, a strong wall, and a deep ditch, all well furnished with munition and artillery, with a band of Soldiers which he keepeth in continual pay, allowing every man a doller a week, and double apparel every year. Besides, he hath built a stately church, being above 120. steps to the roof, with a fair pair of organs, a curious carved pulpit, and all other ornaments

belonging to the same. His own palace may well be called an earthly paradise, which if I should run into the praise of the description of, I should bring my wits into an intricate labyrinth, that I should hardly find the way out, yet according to the imbecility of my memory I will only touch a little at the shadow of it, and let the substance stand where it doth.

At the front or outward gate is a most stately arch, upon the top whereof is erected the image of Envy, (as great as a demi Colossus) between two dragons, all gilt with gold, before the gate is an iron grate to open and shut as it were of flowers or work of embroidery, at which gate stands always a Court of guard, and a sentinal, and at the lower part of the arch is the Princes title or in capital letters as followeth ;

*ERNESTUS DEI GRATIA  
COMES HOLST, Scomburgh,  
Sternburgh, &c.*

After I was entered within the outward gate, I was shewed his stables, where I saw very fair and goodly horses, both for war and other uses, amongst the rest there was one naturally spotted like a leopard or panther, and is called by the name of leopard, a stately courageous beast and so formed as

if nature had laid all her cunning aside, only to compose that horse, and indeed I must acknowledge he was made for the service of some great Prince, and not for any inferior person.

Passing further, I came to another Court of guard, and over a draw-bridge, into the inner court, where on the right hand, I was conducted into the chapel, in which chapel, if it were possible that the hand of mortal men (with artificial workmanship) could visibly set forth the magnificent glory of the immortal Creator, then absolutely there it is, but being impossible so to do, (as near as I can) I will describe it; the pavement is all of black and grey marble, curiously wrought with chequer-work, the seats and pews are carved wainscoat of wonderful cunning and workmanship; the roof is adorned with the statues of Angels and Cherubims, many in number, all so richly gilded, as if gold were as plentiful as pewter, there could not be more liberality bestowed: besides there are a fair set of organs, with a brave sweet choir of choristers: so that when they sing, the lutes, viols, bandoraes, organs, recorders, sacbuts, and other musical instruments, all strike up together, with such a glorious delicious harmony, as if the angelical music of the spheres were descended into that earthly tabernacle. The Prince himself is a Protestant, very zealous in his prayer, and diligent in his attention to the preacher,

who although I understood not, yet I perceived he was a good Divine, who gravely and sincerely with reverence and eloquent elocution, delivered the Bread of Life to the understanding auditors.

In this town I staid with my brother from Saturday the last of *August*, till the Thursday following which was the fifth of *September*. When I was conducted an English mile on my way by certain of my Country men my Lords musicians, where we drank and parted, only my brother and my guide brought me that night to a strong walled town called *Minden*, which standeth on the river of *Weazar*, and belongeth to the Bishop of that See. On the morrow I walked to see the town, where I bought thirty-six cheeses for eightpence, and a yard and a half of pudding for fivpence, which I brought into *England* for rarities. So about noon we took a boat to pass down the river, which boat is much longer than any Western barge, but nothing near so broad, it was half laden with lime and chalk, and by reason the wind blew hard, we were almost choked with the flying and scattering of that dusty commodity. Besides the water was so shallow, that we ran a-ground three or four times, and sometimes an hour, sometimes less before we could get afloat again : which made me and my guide go a-shore at a village called *Peterhaghen*, where we hired a waggon to *Leize*, where we stayed all night, (being



come into our old way again) where were a crew of strolling rogues and whores that took upon them the name of Egyptians, jugglers, and fortune-tellers, and indeed one of them held the good wife with a tale, the whilst another was picking her chest, and stole out ten dollers which is forty shillings, and she that talked with her, looked in her hand, and told her that if she did not take great heed she knew by her Art that some mischance was near her: which proved true, for her money was gone, the whilst her fortune was telling.

But I appointed a waggon over night to be ready by three of the clock in the morning, when I arose and applied my travel so hard by changing fresh waggons, so that that day I came as far as *Rodenburgh*, which was nine Dutch miles, where I stayed that night: The next day being Sunday the eight of *September*, we took waggon towards *Buckstahoo*, we had a merry boor, with an hundred tatters about him; and now I think it fit a little to describe these boors, their natures, habits, and unmannerly manners. In our English tongue the name boar or boor do truly explain their swinish condition, for most of them are as full of humanity as a bacon-hog, or a boar, and their wives as cleanly and courteous as sows. For the most part of the men they are clad in thin buckrum, unlined, bare legged and

footed, neither band nor scarce shirt, no woollen in the world about them, and thus will they run through all weathers for money by the waggons side, and though no better appparelled, yet all of them have houses, land, or manual means to live by. The substantial boors I did meet above 120. of them that Sunday, with every one a hatchet in his hand, I mused at it, and thought they had been going to fell wood that day, but my guide told me they were going to church, and that instead of cloaks they carried hatchets, and that it was the fashion of the country : whereupon it came into my mind, cloak, *quasi* cleave-oak, *ergo* the boors wear hatchets instead of cloaks.

There are other fashion boors, who wear white linen breeches as close as Irish trousers, but so long that they are turned up at the shoe in a roll like a maids sleeves at the hand, but what these fellows want in the bigness of their hose, they have in doublets, for their sleeves are as big as breeches, and the bodies great enough to hold a kilderkin of beer, and a barrel of butter.

The country is very full of woods, and especially oaks, which they very seldom cut down, because of the mast for their swine, which live there in great abundance. If any man be slain or murdered in the way, they use to set up a wooden cross in the

place, for a memorial of the bloody fact committed there, and there were many of those wooden crosses in the way as I travelled.

They seldom have any robbery committed amongst them, but there is a murder with it, for their unmannerly manner is to knock out a mans brains first, or else to lurk behind a tree, and shoot a man with a piece or a pistol, and so make sure work with the passenger, and then search his pockets.

It is as dangerous to steal or kill a hare in some places there, as it is to rob a church or kill a man in *England*, and yet a two-penny matter will discharge the offender, for the best and the worst is but an halter ; and I was informed that an English merchant (not knowing the danger) as he was riding on the way, having a piece charged in his hand (as it is an ordinary weapon to travel with there) by chance he espied a hare, and shot at her and killed her ; but he was apprehended for it, and it was like to have cost him his life ; but before he got out of the trouble, he was fain to use his best friends and means, (and pleading ignorance for his innocency, at last with the loss of a great deal of liberty, and five hundred pound in money, he was discharged : The reason of this strict course is, because all the hares in the country do belong to one Lord or other, and being in abundance, they are killed by the owners

appointment, and carried to the markets by cart-loads, and sold for the use of the honourable owners: And no boor or tenant that dwells in those part, where those hares are plenty must keep a dog except he pay five shillings a year to the Lord, or else one of his fore-feet must be cut off, that he may not hunt hares.

A man is in almost as high proportion to be a knave in England, as a Knight in Germany, for there a gentleman is called a youngcur, and a Knight is but a youngcurs man, so that you shall have a scurvy Squire command a Knight to hold his stirrup, pluck off his boots, or any other unknightly piece of service: and verily I think there are an 100 several Princes, Earls, Bishops, and other estates, that do every one keep a Mint, and in their own names stamp money, gold, silver and brass, and amongst 23. twopences which I had of their brass money, (which they call grushes) I had 13 several coins.

Many more such worthy injunctions and honourable ordinances I observed, which are hardly worth pen and ink the describing, and therefore I omit them, and draw towards an end, for on the Wednesday morning I was at an anchor at *Stoad*, and on the Friday night following I was (by Gods gracious assistance) landed at London. So that in three weeks and three days I sailed from *England*

to *Hamburgh* and back again, staying in the country  
17. days, and travelled 200 miles by land there :  
gathering like a busy bee all these honeyed  
observations, some by sight, some by  
hearing, some by both, some by  
neither, and some by bare  
supposition.

FINIS.





# THE VNNATURALL FATHER:

*OR,*

A Cruell Murther committed by

one *IOHN ROVVSE*, of the Towne of  
*Ewell*, ten miles from *London*, in the  
County of *Surry*,

*Vpon two of his owne Children.*

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By IOHN TAYLOR,

[*The Water-Poet.*]

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AT LONDON,  
Printed in the Yeare 1621.







## THE UNNATURAL FATHER.

**A**S a Chain consists of divers links, and every link depends, and is inyok'd upon one another: Even so our sins, being the Chain wherewith Satan doth bind and manacle us, are so knit, twisted, and soldered together, that without our firm faith ascending, and Gods grace descending, we can never be freed from those infernal fetters; for Sloth is linked with drunkenness, Drunkenness with Fornication and Adultery, and Adultery with Murder, and so of all the rest of the temptations, suggestions, and actions, wherewith miserable men and women are insnared and led captive into perpetual perdition, except the mercy of our gracious God be our defence and safe guard.

For a lamentable example of the Devils malice, and mans misery; this party, of whom I treat at this time, was a wretch, not to be matched, a fellow

not to be fellowed, and one that scarce hath an equal, for matchless misery, and unnatural Murder. But to the matter.

This *John Rowse* being a Fishmonger in *London*, gave over his trade and lived altogether in the town of *Ewell*, near *Nonsuch*,\* in the county of *Surrey*, ten miles from *London*, where he had land of his own for himself and his heirs for ever to the value of fifty pounds a year, with which he lived in good and honest fashion, being well reputed of all his neighbours, and in good estimation with Gentlemen and others that dwelt in the adjoining villages.

Until at the last he married a very honest and comely woman, with whom he lived quietly and in good fashion some six months, till the Devil sent an instrument of his, to disturb their Matrimonial

\*Nonsuch, a royal retreat, built by Henry VIII. with an excess of magnificence and elegance, even to ostentation; one would imagine everything that architecture can perform to have been employed in this one work; there are everywhere so many statues that seem to breathe, so many miracles of consummate art, so many casts that rival even the perfection of Roman antiquity, that it may well obtain and justify its name of Nonsuch, being without an equal, or as the poet sings :

“ This, which no equal has in art or fame,  
Britons deservedly do Nonsuch name.”

The palace itself is so encompassed with parks full of deer, delicious gardens, groves ornamented with trellis-work, cabinets of verdure, and walks so embrowned by trees, that it seems to be a place pitched on by Pleasure herself to dwell in along with Health. The materials of Nonsuch House were valued at £7,020. Not a vestige is now standing, but the coloured bricks, stones, &c. plentifully introduced into the houses and garden walls of Cheam, prove that the materials have not been entirely destroyed.—*Cooke's Surrey*.

happiness : for they wanting a Maidservant, did entertain into their house a Wench, whose name was *Jane Blundell*, who in short time was better acquainted with her Masters bed than honesty required, which in time was found out and known by her Mistress, and brake the peace, in such sort, between the said *Rouse* and his Wife, that in the end, after two years continuance, it brake the poor womans heart, that she died and left her husband a widower, where he and his Whore were the more free to use their cursed contentments, and ungodly embracements.

Yet that estate of being unmarried, was displeasing to him, so that he took to wife another woman, who for her outward feature, and inward qualities was every way fit for a very honest man, although it were her hard fortune to match otherwise.

With this last Wife of his he lived much discontented, by reason of his keeping his lewd Trull in his house, so that by his daily riot, excessive drinking and unproportionable spending, his estate began to be much impoverished, much of his land mortgaged and forfeited, himself above two hundred pounds indebted, and in process of time to be (as a lewd liver) of all his honest neighbours rejected and contemned.

His estate and credit being almost past recovery wasted and impaired, he forsook his Wife, came up

to *London* with his Wench where he fell into a new league with a corrupted friend ; who (as he said) did most courteously cozen him of all that ever he had, and whom at this time I forbear to name, because it was *John Rowse* his request before his execution, that he should not be named in any Book or Ballad, but yet upon a Die his name may be picked out betwixt a Cinq and a Trois. This false friend of his (as he said) did persuade him to leave his Wife for altogether, and did lodge and board him and his paramour certain weeks in his house, and afterward caused him and her to be lodged (having chang'd his name) as Man and Wife in an honest mans house near Bishops-gate, at *Bevis Marks*, where they continued so long, till his money was gone, (as indeed he never had much, but now and then small petty sums from his secret friend aforesaid) and he being fearful to be smooked out by his Creditors, was counselled to leave his Country and depart for *Ireland* ; and before his going over Sea, his friend wrought so, that all his land was made over in trust to him, and Bonds, Covenants, and Leases made, as fully bought and sold for a sum of two hundred and threescore pounds ; of all which money the said *Rowse* did take the Sacrament at his death, that he never did receive one penny, but he said now and then he had five or ten shillings at a time from his said friend, and never above twenty shillings ;

and all that ever he had of him, being summed together, was not above three and twenty pounds, the which moneys his friend did pay himself out of his rents. But some more friend to him, than he was to himself, did doubt that he was cheated of his land : whereupon (to make all sure) he said that his false friend did so far prevail with him, that he the said *Rowse* took an oath in the open Court at Westminster Hall, that he had lawfully sold his land, and had received the sum above said, in full satisfaction and payment, and his said friend did vow and protest many times unto him, with such oaths, and vehement curses, that he never would deceive his trust, but that at any time when he would command all those forged Bonds and Leases, that he would surrender them unto him, and that he should never be damnified by them or him, to the value of one half penny. Upon which protestations (he said) he was enticed to undo himself out of all his earthly possessions, and by a false Oath to make hazard of his inheritance in Heaven.

In *Ireland* he staid not long, but came over again, and was by his friend persuaded to go into the Low Countries : which he did, never minding his Wife and two small children which he had by her, having likewise a brace of bastards by his Whore (as some say) but he said that but one of them was of

his begetting. But he, after some stay in *Holland*, saw that he could not fadge there, according to his desire and withal, suspecting that he was cheated of his land, and above all, much perplexed in his Conscience for the false oath that he had taken, pondering his miserable estate, and rucing his unkindness to his Wife, and unnatural dealing to his Children, thinking with himself what course were best to take to help himself out of so many miseries which did incompass him, he came over again into *England* to his too dear friend, demanding of him his Bonds and Leases of his Land which he had put him in trust withal. But then his friend did manifest himself what he was, and told him plainly, that he had no writings, nor any land of his, but what he had dearly bought and paid for. All which (*Rowse* replied unto him) was false, as his own Conscience knew. Then said the other, have I not here in my custody your hand and seal to confirm my lawful possession of your land? and moreover have I not a record of an oath in open Court, which you took concerning the truth of all our bargain? And seeing that I have all these especial points of the Law, as an Oath, Indentures, and a sure possession, take what course you will, for I am resolved to hold what I have

These (or the like) words, in effect passed betwixt *Rowse* and his friend (*Trusty Roger*) which entering at his ears, pierced his heart like daggers ;

and being out of money, and credit, a man much infamous for his bad life, indebted beyond all possible means of payment; a perjured wretch to cozen himself, having no place or means to feed or lodge, and fearful of being arrested, having so much abused his Wife, and so little regarded his Children, being now brought to the pits, brim of desperation, not knowing amongst these calamities which way to turn himself, he resolved at last to go home to *Ewell* again to his much wronged Wife for his last refuge in extremity.

The poor Woman received him with joy, and his Children with all gladness welcomed home the prodigal Father, with whom he remained in much discontentment and perplexity of mind: the Devil still tempting him to mischief and despair, putting him in mind of his former better estate, comparing pleasures past with present miseries: and he revolving that he had been a man in that Town, had been a Gentlemans companion, of good reputation and calling, that he had Friends, Lands, Money, Apparel and Credit, with means sufficient to have left for the maintenance of his Family, and that now he had nothing left him but poverty and beggary, and that his two Children were like to be left to go from door to door for their living.

Being thus tormented and tost with restless imaginations; he seeing daily to his further grief,

the poor case of his Children, and fearing that worse would befall them hereafter, he resolved to work some means to take away their languishing lives, by a speedy and untimely death, the which practice of his (by the Devils instigation and assistance) he effected as followeth.

To be sure that no body should stop or prevent his devilish enterprise ; he sent his Wife to *London* on a frivolous errand, for a riding coat : and she being gone somewhat timely, and too soon in the morning, both her children being in bed and fast asleep, being two very pretty Girls, one of the age of six years, and the other four years old, none being in the house but themselves, their unfortunate Father, and his ghostly Counsellor, the doors being fast locked, he having an excellent spring of water\* in the cellar of his house (which, to a good mind that would have employed it well, would have been a blessing : for the water is that of christaline purity, and clearness, that Queen *Elizabeth* of famous memory would daily send for it for her own use) in which he purposed to drown his poor innocent children sleeping : for he going into the chamber where they lay, took the youngest of them named *Elizabeth*, forth of her bed, and carried her down the stairs into his cellar, and there put her in the

\*SPRING OF WATER.—The Spring Hotel, renowned for its beautiful gardens and wedding breakfasts, and now kept by Mr. John King, a very civil and obliging “mine host,” occupies the site.



spring of water, holding down her head under that pure element with his hands, till at last the poor harmless soul and body parted one from another.

Which first act of this his inhuman tragedy being ended, he carried the dead corpse up three pair of stairs, and laying it down on the floor, left it, and went down into the chamber where his other daughter, named *Mary*, was in bed; being newly awaked, and seeing her father, demanded of him where her Sister was? To whom he made answer that he would bring her where she was. So taking her in his arms, he carried her down towards the cellar: and as he was on the cellar stairs, she asked him what he would do, and whither he would carry her? Fear nothing, my Child (quoth he) I will bring thee up again presently: and being come to the spring, as before he had done with the other, so he performed the last unfatherly deed upon her, and to be as good as his word, carried her up the stairs and laid her by her sister; that done, he laid them out, and covered them both with a sheet, walking up and down his house, weeping and lamenting his own misery, and his friends treachery, that was the main ground of all his misfortunes, and the death of his Children: and though there was time and opportunity enough for him to fly, and to seek for safety; yet the burthen and guilt of his conscience was so heavy to him, and his desperate case was so extreme

that he never offered to depart ; but as a man weary of his life, would, and did stay, till such time as he was apprehended and sent to Prison, where he lay till he was rewarded with a just deserved death.

What his other intents were, after he had drowned his Children is uncertain ; for he drew his sword, and laid it naked on a table, and after he gat a poor woman down into the cellar, and in the same place where the two infants lost their lives, he did help the woman to wring a buck of his clothes, and then he requested her to help to convey his goods out of his house ; for he said that he feared, that the Sheriff of Surrey would come and seize upon all. But the woman not thinking of any of the harm that was done, imagined that he had meant that his goods would be seized for debt, and not for murder.

But to return to the miserable Mother of the murdered Children, she said that her heart throbb'd all the day, as fore-boding some heavy mischance to come : and having done her business that she came about to *London*, as soon as she came home, she asked for her Children ; to whom her husband answered that they were at a neighbours house in the Town. Then said she, I will go thither to fetch them home. No, quoth he, I will go myself presently for them. Then said his Wife, let the poor woman that is here, go and bring them home. But at last she saw such delay was used, she was

going herself; then her Husband told her that he had sent them to a Kinsmans of his at a village called *Sutton*, four miles from *Ewell*, and that he had provided well for them, and prayed her to be contented and fear nothing, for they were well. These double tales of his, made her to doubt somewhat was amiss: therefore she intreated him for Gods sake to tell her truly where they were. Whereupon he said, If you will needs know where they are, go but up the stairs into such a chamber, and there you shall find them. But in what a lamentable perplexity of mind the poor woman was, when she perceived how and which way they lost their lives, any Christian that hath an heart of flesh may imagine. Presently the Constable was sent for, who took him into his custody, who amongst other talk, demanded of him why and how he could commit so unnatural a fact, as to murder his Children? To whom he answered, that he did it, because he was not able to keep them, and that he was loth they should go about the Town a begging: and moreover, that they were his own, and being so, that he might do what he would with them, and that they had their lives from him, and therefore he had taken their lives from them, and was contented to lose his life for them: for he was sure that their miseries were past, and for his part, he had an assured hope to go to them, though they could not come to him,

So being had before Justice, his examination was very brief ; for he confest all the whole circumstances of the matter freely ; so that he was sent to the common Prison of *Surrey*, called the *White Lion*, where he remained fourteen or fifteen weeks a wonderful penitent Prisoner, never, or very seldom, being without a Bible or some other good book meditating upon ; and when any one did but mention his Children, he would fetch a deep sigh, and weep, desiring every one to pray for him : and upon his own earnest request, he was prayed for at *Pauls Cross*, and at most of the Churches in *London*, and at many in the Country, and at the Sessions holden at *Croydon*, the latter end of *June* last, he made such free confession at the Bar, declaring the manner of his life, his odious Drinking, his abominable Whoring, his cruel Murder, and the false dealing of his deceitful friend, which was the cause of his final wreck : with which Relations of his pronounced, with such vehemency and protestations, he moved all that heard him to commiseration and pity.

So, according to Law and Justice, he was there condemned and judged (for the murdering of his two children) to be hanged ; which judgment was executed on him at the common Gallows, at *Croydon*, on Monday, the second day of *June*, 1621, where he died with great penitency and remorse of conscience,

This was the lamentable end of *John Rowse*, a man of the age of fifty years, and one that might have lived and died in better fashion, if he had laid hold on the grace of heaven, and craved Gods protection and fatherly assistance ; but of all that herein is declared, this one thing which I now declare, is most lamentable and remarkable ; which is, that *Ewell* being a market town, not much above ten miles from *London*, in a Christian Kingdom, and such a Kingdom, where the all-saving Word of the ever-living God is most diligently, sincerely, and plentifully preached ; and yet amidst this diligence, as it were in the circle or centre of his sincerity, and in the flood of this plenty, the Town of *Ewell* hath neither Preacher nor Pastor : for although the Parsonage be able to maintain a sufficient Preacher, yet the living being in a Laymans hand, is rented out to another for a great sum, and yet no Preacher maintained there. Now the chief Landlord out of his portion, doth allow but seven pounds yearly for a Reader, and the other that doth hire the Parsonage at a great rent, doth give the said Reader four pound the year more out of his means and courtesy : and by this means the Town is served with a poor old man that is half blind, and by reason of his age can scarcely read : for all the world knows, that so small a stipend cannot find a good Preacher books, and very hardly bread to live on ; so that the poor souls

dwelling there, are in danger of famishing, for want of a good Preacher to break the Bread of Life unto them : for a Sermon amongst them, is as rare as as warm weather in *December*, or ice in *July* : both which I have seen in *England*, though but seldom.

And as the Wolf is most bold with the Sheep, when there is either no shepherd, or an impotent insufficient one, so the Devil (perhaps) took his advantage of this wretched man, seeing he was so badly guarded, and so weakly guided to withstand his force and malice : for where God is least known and called upon, there Satan hath most power and domination. But howsoever, I wish with all my heart, that that Town and many more were better provided than they are, and then such numbers of souls would not be in hazard to perish ; nor so ~~many~~ sufficient scholars that can preach and teach well, live in penury through want of maintenance. I could run further upon this point, but that I do shortly purpose to touch it more to be quick in another book.

By this mans fall, we may see an example of Gods Justice against Drunkenness, Whoredom, and Murder ; the Devil being the first Author, who was a Murderer from the beginning : who filled *Cain* with envy, that he murdered his brother *Abel* : who tempted *David* first to Adultery, and afterwards to Murder ; who provoked *Herod* to cause the blessed

Servant of God *John Baptist* to lose his head, because he told him it was not lawful for him to marry his brother *Philips* Wife ; and who was the provoker of the aforesaid *Herod* to murder all the innocent male children in his Kingdom. And let us but mark and consider the plagues and punishments that God hath inflicted upon Murderers, Adulterers, and incestuous persons : First *Cain*, although by his birth he was the first man that ever was born, a Prince by his birth, and heir apparent to all the world ; yet for the Murder by him committed on his brother, he was the first Vagabond and Runagate on the face of the earth, almost fearful of his own shadow : and after he had lived a long time terrified in Conscience, was himself slain (as is supposed) by *Lamech*, *Simeon* and *Levi* the sons of *Jacob* were accursed of their Father for the slaughter of the *Sichemites* ; *Joab* the Captain of *David's* host, was slain for the murdering of *Abner* ; *David* himself, for the death of *Urias*, and the Adultery committed with *Bethsheba*, was continually plagued and vexed with the Sword of War, with the Rebellion of his own sons, and with the untimely deaths of *Amnon*, and *Absolom*. *Baanah* and *Rechab*, for the slaying of *Ishbosheth* the son of *Saul*, they were both by *David's* commandment put to death, who had both their hands and feet cut off, and were afterward hanged over the Pool in *Hebron* :

*Samuel* 2. 4. The examples are infinite out of divine and human Histories, that God did never suffer Murder to go unrewarded: and this miserable man, of whom I have here related is a most manifest spectacle of Gods revenging vengeance, for that crying and heinous sin.

As concerning Lust and Incontinency, it is a short pleasure, bought with long pain, a honeyed poison, a Gulf of shame, a Pickpurse, a breeder of diseases, a gall to the Conscience, a corrosive to the heart, turning mans wit into foolish madness, the bodies bane, and the souls perdition: it is excessive in youth and odious in age; besides, God himself doth denounce most fearful threats against Fornicators and Adulterers, as the Apostle saith, that Whoremongers and Adulterers shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, *1. Cor.* 6. 9. And God himself saith, that he will be a swift witness against Adulterers, *Mal.* 3. 5. And the Wise man saith, *that because of the whorish woman, a man, is brought to a morsel of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man:* For, saith he, *can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burnt? or can a man go up on hot Coals, and his feet not be burnt? So he that goeth into his neighbours Wife, shall not be innocent,* *Prov.* 6. 27, 28, 29. *Abimelech*, one of the sons of *Gideon*, murdered three-score and ten of his Brethren; and in reward thereof (by the



Just Judgment of God) a woman with a piece of a millstone beat out his brains, after he had usurped the Kingdom three years, *Judges* the 9. Our English Chronicles make mention, that *Roger Mortimer*, Lord Baron of Wallingford, murdered his Master King *Edward* the second, and caused the Kings Uncle, *Edmund* Earl of *Kent*, causelessly to be beheaded : but Gods Justice overtook him at last, so that for the said Murders he was shamefully executed. *Humphrey* Duke of *Gloucester* was murdered in the Abbey of *Bury* by *William de la Poole* Duke of *Suffolk*, who afterward was beheaded himself on the Sea by a Pirate. *Arden* of *Feversham*, and *Page* of *Plymouth*, both their Murders are fresh in memory, and the fearful ends of their wives and their Aiders in those bloody actions will never be forgotten.


It is too manifestly known, what a number of Stepmothers and Strumpets have most inhumanly murdered their Children, and for the same have most deservedly been executed. But in the memory of man (nor scarcely in any History) it is not to be found, that a Father did ever take two Innocent Children out of their beds, and with weeping tears of pitiless pity, and unmerciful mercy, to drown them shewing such compassionate cruelty, and sorrowful sighing, remorseless remorse in that most unfatherly and unnatural deed.

All which may be attributed to the malice of the Devil, whose will and endeavour is that none should be saved, who lays out his traps and snares, entangling some with Lust, some with Covetousness, some with Ambition, Drunkenness, Envy, Murder, Sloth, or any Vice whereto he sees a man or a woman most inclined unto, as he did by this wretched man, lulling him, as it were, in the cradle of sensuality, and ungodly delight, until such time as all his means, reputation, and credit was gone, and nothing left him but misery and reproach. Then he leads him along through doubts and fears, to have no hope in Gods Providence persuading his Conscience that his sins were unpardonable, and his estate and credit unrecoverable.

With these suggestions, he led him on to despair, and in desperation to kill his Children, and make shipwreck of his own Soul in which the diligence of the Devil appeareth, that he labours and travels incessantly : and as Saint *Bernard* saith, in the last day shall rise in condemnation against us, because he hath ever been more diligent to destroy souls, than we have been to save them. And for a Conclusion let us beseech God of his infinite mercy to defend us from all the subtle temptations of Satan.



JOHN ROWSE his Prayer for pardon  
of his lewd life, which he used  
*to pray in the time of his  
imprisonment.*

OD of my Soul and Body, have mercy upon me; the one I have cast away by my Folly, and the other is likely to perish in thy Fury, unless in thy great mercy thou save it. My Sins are deep Seas to drown me; I am swallowed up in the bottomless gulf of my own transgressions. With *Cain* I have been a Murderer, and with *Judas* a Betrayer of the Innocent. My body is a slave to Satan, and my wretched Soul is devoured up by Hell. Black have been my thoughts, and blacker are my deeds. I have been the Devils instrument, and am now become the scorn of men; a Serpent upon earth, and an Outcast from Heaven. What therefore can become of me (miserable Caitiff? If I look to my Redeemer, to him I am an Arch-Traitor, if upon Earth, it is drowned with blood of my shedding, if into Hell, there I see my Conscience burning in the

Brimstone Lake. God of my Soul and Body have mercy therefore upon ; Save me, O Save me, or else I perish for ever ; I die for ever in the world to come, unless (sweet Lord) thou catchest my repentant Soul in thine Arms ; O save me, save me, save me.



JOHN ROWSE of *Ewell* his own Arraignment,  
Confession, Condemnation, and Judgment  
of himself whilst he lay Prisoner  
in the *White Lion*, for  
drowning of his  
*two Children.*



*Am arraign'd at the black dreadful Bar ;  
Where Sins (so red as Scarlet) Judges  
are ;*

*All my Indictments are my horrid Crimes,  
Whose Story will affright succeeding Times,  
As (now) they drive the present into wonder,  
Making Men tremble, as trees struck with Thunder.*

*If any asks what evidence comes in ?  
O 'tis my Conscience, which hath ever been*

*A thousand witnesses : and now it tells  
A Tale, to cast me to ten thousand Hells.*

*The Fury are my Thoughts (upright in this,)  
They sentence me to death for doing amiss :  
Examinations more their need not then,  
Than what's confest here both to God and Men.*

*That Crier of the Court is my black Shame,  
Which when it calls my Fury doth proclaim,  
Unless (as they are summon'd) they appear,  
To give true Verdict of the Prisoner,  
They shall have heavy Fines upon them set,  
Such, as may make them die deep in Heavens debt :  
About me round sit and Innocence and Truth,  
As Clerks to this high Court ; and little Ruth  
From Peoples eyes is cast upon my face :  
Because my facts are barbarous, damn'd and base.*

*The Officers that 'bout me (thick) are plac'd,  
To guard me to my death, (when I am cast)  
Are the black stings my speckled soul now feels,  
Which like to Furies dog me, close at heels.  
The Hangman that attends me, is Despair,  
And gnawing worms my fellow-Prisoners are.*

His Indictment for Murder of his Children.



*HE first who (at this Sessions) loud doth call  
me  
Is Murder, whose grim visage doth appal  
me ;*

*His eyes are fires, his voice rough wind out-roars,  
And on my head the Divine vengeance scores :  
So fast and fearfully I sink to ground,  
And wish I were in twenty Oceans drown'd.*

*He says, I have a bloody Villain been,  
And (to prove this) ripe Evidence steps in,  
Brow'd like myself: Justice so brings about,  
That black sins still hunt one another out :  
'Tis like a rotten frame ready to fall ;  
For one main Post being shaken, pulls down all.*

*To this Indictment, (holding up my hand,)  
Fettered with Terrors more than Irons stand,  
And being asked what to the Bill I say,  
Guilty, I cry. O dreadful Sessions day !*

His Judgment.



*FOR these thick Stygian streams in which  
th'ast swom,*

*Thy guilt hath on thee laid this bitter  
doom ;*

*Thy loath'd life on a Tree of shame must take  
A leave compelled by Law, e'er old age make  
Her signed Pass-port ready. Thy offence  
No longer can for days on earth dispense.  
Time blot thy name out of this bloody roll,  
And so the Lord have mercy on my Soul.*

His speech what he could say for himself.



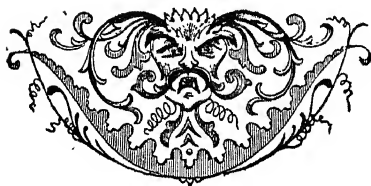
*WRETCHED Caitiff! what persuasive  
breath,*

*Can call back this just Sentence of quick  
death ?*

*I beg no boon, but mercy at Gods hands,  
( The King of Kings, the Sovereign that commands  
Both Soul and Body) O let him forgive  
My Treason to his Throne, and whilst I live,  
Fibbets and Racks shall torture limb by limb,*

*Through worlds of Deaths I'll break to fly to him.  
My Birth-day gave not to my Mothers womb,  
More ease, than this shall joys, whene'er it come.  
My body mould to earth, sins sink to Hell,  
My penitent Soul win Heaven, vain world farewell.*

FINIS.





*SIR*  
Gregory Nonsense

His Newes from no place.

*Written on purpose, with much study to  
no end, plentifully stored with want of  
wit, learning, Iudgement, Rime and  
Reason, and may seeme very fitly  
for the vnderstanding of  
Nobody.*

*Toyte, Puncton, Ghemorah, Molushque,  
Kaycapepson.*

This is the worke of the Authors, without bor-  
*rowing or stealing from others.*

By *Iohn Taylor.*



Printed in *London*, and are to bee sold be-  
tweene *Charing-Crosse*, and *Algate*.

1700.





To the (Sir Reverence) Right Worshipped Mr.  
Trim Tram Senseless, Great Image of Authority  
and *Hedgborough* of the famous City of  
*Gotham*, and to the rest of that admir-  
ed and unmatched Senate, with  
their Corruptions and  
Families.

**M**OST Honorificabilitudinitatibus, *I having studied the seven Lubberly Sciences (being nine by computation) out of which I gathered three conjunctions four mile Ass-under, which with much labour, and great ease, to little or no purpose, I have noddicated to your gray, grave, and gravelled Pratection. I doubt not but I might have had a Patron nearer hand, as the Dean of Dunstable, or the Beadle of Leighton Buzzard, but that I know the Phrase, Method and Style, is not for every mans understanding, no my most renowned Pythagor-Asses, for you this Hogshead of invention was brewed and broached, for I am ignorantly persuaded, that your wisdom can pick as much matter out of this Book in one day, as both the Universities can in twelve months, and thirteen Moons, with six times*

*four years to boot. I know your bounties too  
exding, for as old mother Baly said, the wit of man  
was much, when she saw a dog muzzled. Every man  
is not born to make a Monument for the Cuckoo ; to  
send a Trifoot home alone, to drive sheep before they  
have them, or to Trundle cheeses down a hill. So  
saluting you with more prespect than the Mayor of  
Loo did the Queens Ape, I take leave to leave you, and  
rest yours to bid you welcome, if you came within a  
mile of my house to stay all night.*

*Yours Rolihaytons.*





*To Nobody.*

**U**PON a Christmas Even, somewhat nigh  
Easter, anon after Whitsuntide, walking in  
a Coach from London to Lambeth by  
water, I overtook a man that met me in the morning  
before Sunset, the wind being in *Capricorn*, the  
Sign *Southwest*, with silence I demanded many  
questions of him, and he with much pensiveness did  
answer me merrily to the full, with such ample and  
empty replications, that both our understandings  
being equally satisfied, we contentiously agreed to  
finish and prosecute the narration of the Unknown  
Knight Sir *Gregory Nonsense*: so sitting down upon  
our shoulders, resting uneasily on a bank of  
Sycamores, under a tree of Odoriferous and conta-  
gious Camomile, after three sighs, smilingly uttered  
in the Hebrew Character, two groans from the  
Chaldean Dialect, five sobs from the Arabian  
Cinquapace, six dumps from the German Idiom,  
nine Moods of melancholy from the Italian tongue,  
With one hub bub from the Hibernian outcry.  
And last he laughed in the Cambrian tongue, and  
began to declare in the Utopian speech, what I have  
here with most diligent negligence Translated into  
the English Language, in which if the Printer hath

placed any line, letter or syllable, whereby this large volume may be made guilty to be understood by any man, I would have the Reader not to impute the fault to the Author, for it was far from his purpose to write to any purpose, so ending at the beginning, I say as it is ap plausefully written and commended to posterity in the Midsummer nights dream. If we offend, it is with our good will, we came with no intent, but to offend, and show our simple skill.

*Rolihaytons.*

---

The names of such Authors Alphabetically recited, as are simply mentioned in this Work.

*A*d MADIS e Gaul.

*Archy Arms.*

*Bevis of Hampton.*

*Boe to a Goose.*

*Charing Cross.*

*Coakley.*

*Dusmore Cow.*

*Davy Wager.*

*Evanwich Muff.*

*Frier and the boy.*

*Fubs his Travels.*

*Garagantua.*

*Gammon of West Phalkia,*

*Grigs Granam.*

*Hundred merry tales.*

*Huon of Burdeaux.*

*Jack Drum.*

*Knight of the Sun.*

*Knave of Diamonds.*

*Lanum.*

*Long Meg.*

*Mad Mawlin.*

*Nobody.*

*O tool.*

*Proofs of OOOO.*

*Quinborough Oysters.*

*Ready money.*

*Shooters Hill.*

*Singer.*

*Sir Thomas Persons.*

*Tarlelon.*

*Tom Derry.*

*Tom Thumb.*

*Unguentum Album.*

*Will Summers.*

*Wit whither wilt thou?*

*Woodcock of our side.*

*Xampelloes Quiblines.*

*Yard of Ale.*

*Zany on tumbling.*



SIR GREGORY NONSENSE;  
HIS NEWS FROM NO PLACE.

**I**T was in June the eight and thirtieth day,  
That I embarked was on Highgate hill,  
After discourteous friendly taking leave :  
Of my young Father *Madge* and Mother  
*John,*

The wind did ebb, the tide flow'd North  
Southeast,

We hoist our Sails of Colloquintida.  
And after 13. days and 17. nights,  
(With certain Hieroglyphic hours to boot)  
We with tempestuous calms and friendly storms,  
Split our main top-mast, close below the keel.  
And I with a dull quick congruity,  
Took 19. ounces of the Western wind,  
And with the pith of the pole Artichoke,  
Sail'd by the flaming Coast of Trapezond,  
There in a Fort of melting Adamant,  
Arm'd in a Crimson Robe, as black as jet,

I saw *Alcides* with a Spiders thread,  
Lead *Cerberus* to the Pronontic sea,  
Then cutting further through the marble Main,  
'Mongst flying Bulls, and 4. leg'd Turkeycocks,  
A dumb fair spoken, wellfaced aged youth,  
Sent to me from the stout Stimphalides,  
With tongueless silence thus began his speech :  
Illustrious flap-jack, to thy hungry doom,  
Low as the ground I elevate my cause,  
As I upon a Gnat was riding late.  
In quest to parley with the Pleiades,  
I saw the Duke of Hounsdictch gaping close,  
In a green harbour made of yellow starch,  
Betwixt two Brokers howling Madrigals,  
A Banquet was served in of lampreys bones,  
Well pickl'd in the Tarbox of old time,  
When *Demogorgon* sail'd to *Islington* ;  
Which I perceiving with nine chads of steel,  
Straight flew upon the coast of Pimlico.  
T'inform great *Prester John*, and the *Mogul*,  
What ex'lent Oysters were at *Billingsgate*.  
The *Mogul* (all enraged with these news,)  
Sent a black snail post to *Tartaria*,  
To tell the Irishmen in *Saxony*,  
The dismal down downfall of old Charing Cross.  
With that nine butter Firkins in a flame,  
Did coldly rise to Arbitrate the cause :  
Guessing by the Cinderesses of Wapping,



Saint *Thomas Watrings* is most ominous.  
For though an Andiron, and a pair of Tongs,  
May both have breeding from one teeming womb,  
Yet by the calculation of Pickt-hatch,  
Milk must not be so dear as Muscadel.  
First shall Melpomene in Cobweb Lawn  
Adorn great *Memphis* in a Mussel boat,  
And all the Muses clad in Robes of Air,  
Shall dance Levoltions with a Whirligig,  
Fair *Pluto* shall descend from Brazen Dis,  
And *Polyphemus* keep a Seamsters shop,  
The Isle of *Wight* shall like a dive-dapper,  
Devour the Egyptian proud *Pyramids*,  
Whilst *Cassia Fistula* shall gormandize,  
Upon the flesh and blood of Croydon coal dust,  
Then on the banks of Shoreditch shall be seen,  
What 'tis to serve the great Utopian Queen.  
This fearful period with great joyful care,  
Was heard with acclamations, and in fine,  
The whilst a lad of aged Nestors years,  
Stood sitting in a Throne of massy yeast,  
(Not speaking any word) gave this reply :  
Most conscript Umpire in this various Orb,  
I saw the Cedars of old, *Lebanon*,  
Read a sad Lecture unto *Clapham* heath.  
At which time a strange vision did appear,  
His head was Buckram, and his eyes were sedge,  
His arms were blue bottles, his teeth were straw,

His legs were nine well squar'd Tobacco Pipes,  
Cloth'd in a garment all of Dolphins eggs,  
Then with a voice erected to the ground,  
Lifting aloft his hands unto his feet,  
We thus began, Cease friendly cutting throats,  
Clamour the Promulgation of your tongues,  
And yielded to Demagorgons policy.  
Stop the refulgent method of your moods,  
For should live old *Paphlagonias* years,  
And with *Sardanapalus* match in virtue.  
Yet *Atropos* will with a Marigold,  
Run through the Mountains of the Caspian Sea.  
When you shall see above you and beneath,  
That nothing kills a man so soon as death,  
*Aquarius* join'd with *Pisces*, in firm league,  
With Reasons and vindictive Arguments,  
That pulveriz'd the King of Diamonds,  
And with a diogorical relapse,  
Squeaz'd through the Cinders of a Butterfly,  
Great *Oberon* was mounted on a Wasp,  
To signify this news at Dunstable.  
The Weathercock at Pancrage in a fume,  
With Patience much distracted hearing this,  
Reply'd thus briefly without fear or wit,  
What madness doth thy Pericranion seize,  
Beyond the Dragons tail Artiphilax.  
Think'st thou a Wolf thrust though a sheep-skin  
glove,

Can make me take this Goblin for a Lamb :  
Or that a Crocodile in Barley broth,  
Is not a dish to feast don Belzebub,  
Give me a Medlar in a field of blue,  
Wrapt up stigmatically in a dream,  
And I will send him to the gates of Dis,  
To cause him fetch a sword of massy Chalk,  
With which he won the fatal Theban field,  
From Romes great mitred Metropolitan.  
Much was the quoil this braving answer made,  
When presently a German Conjuror,  
Did ope a learned Book of Palmistry,  
Cram'd full of mental reservations :  
The which beginning with a loud low voice,  
With affable and kind discourtesy,  
He spake what no man heard or understood,  
Words tending unto this or no respect,  
Spawn of a Tortoise hold thy silent noise,  
For when the great Leviathan of Trumps,  
Shall make a breach in *Simons* Tennis Court.  
Then shall the pigmy might *Hercules*,  
Skip like a wilderness in Woodstreet Counter,  
The *Taurus* shall in league with *Hannibal*,  
Draw *Bacchus* dry; whilst *Boreas* in a heat,  
Envelop'd in a Gown of Icicles :  
With much discretion and great want of wit,  
Leave all as wisely as it was at first.  
I mused much how those things could be done.

When straight a water Tankard answer'd me,  
That it was made with a Parenthesis,  
With thirteen yards of Kersey and a half,  
Made of fine flax which grew on Goodwin sands,  
Whereby we all perceived the Hernshaws breed,  
Being trusted with a charitable doom,  
Was near Bunhill, when straght I might descry,  
The Quintessence of Grub street well distilled  
Through Cripplegate in a contagious Map.  
Bright *Phæton* all angry at the sight,  
Snatcht a large Wool-pack from the pismires mouth.  
And in a Tailors Thimble boil'd a Cabbage.  
Then all the standers-by, most Reverend, rude,  
Judg'd the case was most obscure and clear,  
And that three salt Enigramates well apply'd  
With fourscore Pipers and *Arions* Harp,  
Might catch *Garagantua* through an auger-hole,  
And 'twas no doubt but mully *Mahomet*,  
Would make a quaffing bowl of *Gorgons* skull,  
Whilst gormondizing *Tantalus* would weep,  
That *Polypheme* should kiss *Auroras* lips,  
Tri-formed *Cinthia* in a Cinquefoil shape,  
Met with the Dogstar on Saint *David's* day,  
But said *Grimalkin* mumbling up the Alps,  
Made fifteen fustain fumes of Pastycrust.  
This was no sooner known at *Amsterdam*,  
But with an Ethiopian Argosy,  
Man'd with Flap-dragons, drinking upsy-freeze,

They past the purple gulf of Basingstoke.  
This being finished, search to an end,  
A full odd number of just sixteen dogs,  
Drenched in a sulphur flame of scalding Ice,  
Sung the Besonian Whirlpools of *Argeire*,  
Mixt with pragmatistical potatoe pies,  
With that I turn'd my ears to see these things,  
And on a crystal wall of Scarlet dye,  
I with mine eyes began to hear and note,  
What these succeeding verses might portend,  
Which furiously an Anabaptist squeak'd,  
The audience deafly list'ning all the while.





A most learned-Lye, and Illiterate Oration, in lame galloping Rhyme, fustainly pronounced by *Nimshag*, a *Gimnosophical Philosopher*, in the presence of Achitophel Smell-smock, Annani-Ass, Arcine, Iscariot-Nabal, Fransiscus Ra-viliaco, Garnetto Jebusito, Guido Salpetro Favexit Povderio, and many other grave Senators of Limbo. Translated out of the vulgar Language, of *Terra incognita*, and is as material as any part of the Book the meaning whereof a *blind man* may see without Spectacles as well at midnight as at noon day.



THE Story of *Richardo*, and of *Rindo*,  
Appear'd like *Nilus* peeping through a window :  
Which put the wand'ring Jew in much amazement,  
In seeing such a voice without the casement,  
When lo a Bull, (long nourish'd in *Cocitus*,  
With sulphur horns sent by the Emp'ror *Titus*,  
Ask'd a stigmatic *Paracelsian* question,  
If *Alexander* ever lov'd *Ephestion*.

I seeing each to other were much adverse,  
In mirth and sport set down their minds in sad  
verse,  
Which as my brains with care have coin'd and  
minted,

With plenteous want of judgment here 'tis printed,  
But if *Grimalkin* take my line in dudgeon,  
The case is plain, I pray good Readers judge ye on,  
That *Æsop* that old fabulistic *Phrygian*,  
From the Nocturnal flood or lake call'd *Stygian*,  
Came to the Court at *Creet*, clad like a Legate,  
The Porter kindly to him open'd the Gate,  
He past through *Plutoes* Hall in Hell most horrid,  
Where gnashing cold mixt with combustions torrid,  
Where all things that are good and goodness  
wanted,

Where plants of mans perdition still are planted,  
Where Ghosts and Goblins all in sulphur suited,  
And all the fiends like Cuckolds were cornuted.  
At last he audience got in *Plutoes* presence,  
And of his whole Embassy this was the sense :  
To thee Tartarian Monarch now my Rhyme-is,  
And therefore mark my Prologue, or *Imprimis*,  
Thou that in *Limbo* art as 'twere *Rex Regnant*,  
Bear with my wit, which is not sharp or pregnant,  
I come from Houndsditch, Long-lane, and from  
Bridewell,  
Where all that have liv'd ill, have all not died well,

Where as the Vices show like Virtues Cardinal,  
Where's money store, and conscience very hard in  
all,

Through thy protection they are monstrous thrivers,  
Not like the Dutchman in base Doits and Stivers,  
For there you may see many a greedy grout-head,  
Without wit, or sense, almost without-head,  
Held and esteem'd a man whose zeal is fervent,  
And makes a show as he were not your servant.

To tell this news I came from many a mile hence,  
For we do know there's odds 'twixt talk and silence.

With that the smug-fac'd *Pluto* shook his vestment,  
Deep ruminating what the weighty Jest meant,  
Calling to mind old *Dodonæus* Herbal,

With Taciturnity and Actions verbal,  
Quoth he, I care not for Friend or Kinsman,  
Nor do I value honesty two pins man :

But 'tis a Maxim Mortals cannot hinder,  
The doughty deeds of Wakefields huff-cap Pindar,  
Are not so pleasant as the fair *Aurora*,  
When *Nimrod* rudely played on his Bandora.

For 'tis not fit that any Turk or Persian,  
Should in a Cloak-bag hide a fever Tertian,  
Because the Dog-star in his cold Meridian,  
Might arm himself in fury most quotidian.

With that, most quick a Pettifoggers tongue went,  
(Well oil'd with *Aurum Argent*, or such *Unguent*)  
Is't fit (quoth he) here should be such encroachment,



By such whose fathers ne'er knew what a Coach  
    meant ;  
Or shall their Scutchions fairly be endorsed,  
Who riding backward jadishly were horsed ?  
For though in *India* it be rare and frequent,  
Where to the wall most commonly the weak went,  
Yet neither can the *Soldan* or the *Sophy*,  
Shew any Precedents for such a Trophy.  
By Rules of Logic, he's a kind a Cative,  
And makes no reckoning of his Country native,  
That doth with feeble strength, love with derision.  
And without bloodshed makes a deep incision,  
Why should a man lay either life or limb ny,  
To be endangered by a falling Chimney.  
For though the prosecution may be quaintly,  
Yet may the execution end but faintly,  
Let's call to mind the famous acts of *Hector*,  
When aged *Ganymede* carousing *Nectar*,  
Did leave the Greeks much matter to repine on ;  
Until the Wooden-Horse of trusty *Synon*,  
Foal'd a whole litter of mad Colts in Harness,  
As furious as the host of *Holofernes*.  
But to the purpose here's the long and short on't,  
All that is said, hath not been much important,  
Nor can it be that what is spoke is meant all,  
Of any thing that happens accidental.  
We will examine wisely what the Foe sent,  
And whether he be innocent or nocent.

In weighty matters let's not be too serious,  
There's many an Eunuch hath been thought vene-  
reous,

And 'tis a thing which often hath been heard on,  
That he that labours, doth deserve his Guerdon.  
Let us the first precedent time examine,  
You'll find that hunger is the cause of famine,  
The Birds in Summer that have sweetly chirped,  
Ere winter hath been done, have been extirped.  
He may wear Robes, that ne'er knew what a Rag  
meant,

And he that feasts, may fast without a fragment,  
The end proves all, I care not for the Interim,  
Time now that summers him, will one day winter him,  
To outward view, and Senses all exterior,  
Amongst all fools I never saw a verier,  
Than he that doth his liberty prohibit,  
To fall in danger of a fatal Jibbet.

Nor for this purpose here to talk come I,  
How silver may be mock'd with Alchemy.  
I oft have heard that many a Hawk have muted,  
Whereby the Falconers Clothes have been polluted,  
This may be avoided if the Knight *Sir Reverence*,  
Be wary with a negligent perseverance :  
For men of Judgment never think it decent,  
To love a stinking Pole-cat well for the scent.  
But if a man should seriously consider,  
Where Charity is fled or who hath hid her,

He in the end would give this worthy sentence,  
The earth hath been accursed since she went hence,  
The times are biting, and the days Caniculer,  
And mischief girds about the Globes orbiculer,  
How from the Country all the plain Rusticity,  
Lives by deceit, exiling plain simplicity.  
A face like Rubies mix'd with Alabaster,  
Wastes much in Physic, and her water-caster,  
That whosoever perceives which way the stink went,  
May scent and censure she's a great delinquent.  
Why should a Bawd be furr'd Budge and Miniver,  
As if she was a Lady, or Queen *Guiniver*,  
When as perhaps there's many a modest Matron,  
Hath scarcely meat, or money, clothes, or patron ?  
And wherefore should a man be grown so stupid ;  
To be a slave to *Venus* or to *Cupid* ?  
He's but a fool that hoping for a vain prize,  
Being captived can have no bail or main prize.  
For he that hath no shift let him determine,  
He shall be bitten with Fleas, Lice or vermin.  
This being all his speeches, *Pia Mater*,  
He call'd a Sculler, and would go by water :  
When straight the Stygian Ferryman a rare one,  
Old amiable currish courteous *Charon*,  
Row'd with a whirl-wind through the *Acheron* tic,  
And thence unto the Azure Sea propontic,  
There *Neptune* in a burning blue Pavilion,  
In state did entertain this slow Postilion,

There *Proteus* in a Robe of twisted Camphire,  
With a grave beard of monumental Samphire,  
Quoth he, shall we whose Ancestors were war-like,  
Whose rich Perfumes were only Leeks and Garlic,  
Whose noble deeds nocturnal and diurnal,  
Great Towns and Towers did topsy turvy turn all,  
Shall all their valour be in us extinguish'd ?  
Great *Jove* forbid, there should be such a thing  
wish'd,

Though *Cleopatra* was *Octavian's* rival.  
It is a thing that we may well connive all.  
Amongst the Ancient it is undisputable,  
That women and the winds were ever mutable,  
And 'tis approved where people are litigious,  
There every Epicure is not religious,  
Old *Oceanus* knowing what they meant all,  
Brought *Zephyrus* unto the Oriental,  
And he by Argument would prove that love is  
A thing that makes a wise man oft a Novice :  
For 'tis approv'd, a Greyhound or a Beagle,  
Were not ordain'd or made to hunt the Eagle,  
Nor can the nimblest Cat that came from *Gotham*,  
Search the profundity of *Neptunes* bottom.  
Let roaring Cannons with the Welkin parley,  
It's known, good liquor may be made with Barley,  
And by experience many are assured,  
Some grounds are fruitful, if they be manured.  
For in the rudiments of health or sanity,

An arrant Whore is but a price of vanity :  
Some men with fury will procrastinate,  
And some with leaden speed make haste in at,  
But in conclusion many things impurely,  
Die in the birth, and never end maturely.  
The man that seeketh straying minds to wean all,  
From venial vices, or offences penal :  
Had he the forces of the Turkish Navy,  
He would lye down at last and cry *peccavi*,  
Of one thing I have oftentimes took notice,  
The fool that's old, and rich, much apt to dote is ;  
And by the light of *Pollux* and of *Castor*,  
A Wolf in Shepherds weeds is no good Pastor.  
Those that do live a Comic life by Magic,  
Their Scenes in their Catastrophes are tragic.  
And he that o'er the world would be chief Primate,  
May give occasion for wise men to rhyme at.  
Before men fell to wrangling disagreement.  
A Lawyer understood not what a fee meant :  
It was a time when Guilt did fear no censure,  
But love, and peace, and charity was then sure.  
Now fathers (for their bread) dig and delve it.  
The whilst the Satin Sons are lin'd with Velvet.  
Thus do I make a hotch potch mess of *Nonsense*,  
In dark enigmas, and strange sense upon sense :  
It is not foolish all, nor is it wise all,  
Nor it is true in all, nor is it lies all.  
I have not shew'd my wits acute or fluent,

Nor told which way of late the wandering Jew  
went :

For mine own part I never cared greatly,  
(So I farewell) where those that dress the meat lie.  
A miserable Knave may be close fisted,  
And prodigal expence may be resisted,  
I neither care what *Tom*, or *Jack*, or *Dick* said,  
I am resolv'd and my mind is fixed,  
The case is, not as he, or I, or you said,  
Truth must be found, and witnesses produced,  
My care is, that no captious Reader bear hence,  
My understanding, wit, or reason here-hence.  
On purpose to no purpose, I did write all,  
And so at noon I bid you here all good night.





HEN with a touchbox of transalpine tar,  
Turning thrice round, and stirring not a  
jot,

He threw five ton of red hot purple Snow,  
Into a Pigmys mouth, nine inches square,  
Which straight with melancholy mov'd,  
Old *Bembus* Burgomaster of *Pickt-hatch*,  
That plunging through the Sea of *Turnbull street*,  
He safely did arrive at *Smithfield Bars*.  
Then did the Turntripes on the Coast of *France*,  
Catch fifteen hundred thousand grasshoppers,  
With fourteen Spanish Needles bumbasted,  
Poach'd with the Eggs of fourscore Flanders Mares,  
Mounted upon the foot of *Caucasus*,  
They whirl'd the football of conspiring fate,  
And brake the shins of smug-fac'd *Mulciber* :  
With that grim *Pluto* all in Scarlet blue,  
Gave fair *Proserpina* a kiss of brass,  
At which all Hell danc'd Trenchmore in a string.  
Whilst *Acheron*, and *Termagant* did sing.  
The Mold-warp all this while in white broth bath'd,  
Did Carol *Didoes* happiness in love,

Upon a Gridiron made of whiting-mops,  
Unto the tune of *John* come kiss me now,  
At which *Avernus* Music gan to roar,  
Enthron'd upon a seat of three-leav'd grass,  
Whilst all the Hibernian Kernes in multitudes,  
Did feast with Shamrocks stew'd in Usquebaugh.  
At which banquet made of Monopolies,  
Took great distate, because the Pillory  
Was hunger-starv'd for want of Villains ears,  
Whom to relieve, there was a Mittimus,  
Sent from *Tartaria* in an oyster boat,  
At which the King of *China* was amaz'd,  
And with nine grains of Rhubarb stellified,  
As low as to the altitude of shame,  
He thrust four Onions in a Candle-case,  
And spoil'd the meaning of the worlds misdoubt,  
Thus with a Dialogue of crimson starch,  
I was inflamed with a num-cold fire,  
Upon the tenterhooks of *Charlemagne*,  
The Dogstar howl'd, the Cat a Mountain smil'd,  
And *Sisyphus* drank Muscadell and eggs,  
In the horn'd hoof of huge *Bucephalus*,  
Time turn'd about, and show'd me yesterday,  
Clad in a Gown of mourning had I wist,  
The motion was almost too late they said,  
Whilst sad despair made all the World stark mad,  
They all arose, and I put up my pen,  
It makes no matter, where, why, how, or when.





Some Sense at last to *the Learned*.



YOU that in *Greek* and *Latin* learned are,  
And of the ancient *Hebrew* have a share,  
You that most rarely oftentimes have sung  
In the *French*, *Spanish*, or *Italian tongue*,  
Here I in *English* have employed my pen,  
To be read by the learnedest *Englishmen*,  
Wherein the meanest Scholar plain may see,  
I understand their tongues, as they do me.

*F I N I S.*

Printed at *London* by *N.O.*

1622.



# A Verry Merry VVherry-Ferry-

Voyage :

OR

*Yorke* for my Money :

*Sometimes Perilous, sometimes Quarrellous,*

Performed with a paire of Oares, by

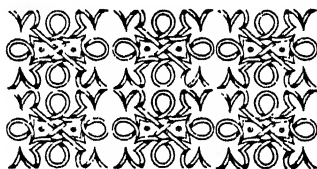
Sea from *London*, by IOHN

TAYLOR, and IOB

PENNELL.

And written by I. T.

---



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LONDON.

Imprinted by *Edw: All-de.*

1622.



AS MUCH HAPPINESS AS MAY  
BE WISHED ATTEND  
The Two hopeful Imps, of Gentility and Learning,  
Mr. RICHARD and GEORGE HATTON.



YOU forward pair, in towardly designs,  
To you I send these soused salt-water  
lines :

Accept, read, laugh, and breathe, and to't again,  
And still my muse, and I, shall yours remain.

JOHN TAYLOR

---

### PROLOGUE.



NOW intend a Voyage here to write,  
From London unto York, help to indite,  
Great Neptune lend thy aid to me, who  
*past*

*Through thy tempestuous waves with many a blast,  
And then I'll true describe the towns, and men,  
And manners, as I went and came agen.*





A

# VERY MERRY-WHERRY-FERRY VOYAGE;

OR, YORK FOR MY MONEY.

**T**HE Year which I do call as others do,  
Full 1600. adding twenty<sup>a</sup>two : *a. The year  
of our Lord.*  
The Month of *July* that's for ever  
fam'd,  
(Because 'twas so by<sup>b</sup> *Julius Cæsar* nam'd) *b. July was  
named so by  
Cæsar.*  
Just when six days, and to each day a  
night,

The dogged<sup>c</sup> Dog-days had began to bite,  
On that day which doth blest Remembrance bring,  
The name of an Apostle, and our King,  
On that remarkable good day, Saint *James*,  
I undertook my Voyage down the *Thames*.  
The Sign in *Cancer*,<sup>d</sup> or the ribs and breast,  
And *Æolus* blew sweetly, West Southwest.  
Then after many farewells, cups and glasses,  
(Which oftentimes hath made men worse than asses,)

*c. The dog-  
days were 6.  
days entered.*  
*d. I observe  
signs, winds,  
tides, days,  
hours, times,  
situations  
and manners*

e. Noon if  
you'll like it  
80.

f. Boats are  
like barbers  
chairs, hack-  
neys, or  
whores:  
common to  
all estates.

About the waist or<sup>e</sup> navel of the day,

Not being dry or drunk, I went my way.

Our Wherry somewhat old, or struck in age,

That had endur'd near 4. years Pilgrimage,

And carried honest people, Whores, and Thieves,

Some Sergeants, Bailiffs, and some<sup>f</sup> under-Sheriffs,

And now at last it was her lot to be

Th' adventurous honny bark to carry me.

But as an old whores beauty being gone

Hides Natures wreck, with Art like painting on:

So I with colours finely did repair

My boats defaults, and made her fresh and fair.

Thus being furnish'd with good wine and beer.

And bread and meat (to banish hungers fear)

With Sails, with Anchor, Cables, Sculls and Oars,

With Card and Compass, to know Seas and Shores,

With Lanthorn, Candle, Tinder-box and Match,

And with good courage, to work, ward, and watch,

Well man'd, well ship'd, well victual'd, well ap-  
pointed,

Well in good health, well timbered and well jointed,

All wholly well, and yet not half fox'd<sup>1</sup> well,

Twixt *Kent*, and *Essex*, we to *Gravesend* fell.

There I had welcome of my friendly Host,

(A *Gravesend* trencher, and a *Gravesend* toast)

<sup>1</sup>HALF-FOXED.—Timber is said to be *foxed*, when it becomes discoloured in consequence of incipient decay.

Good meat and lodging at an easy rate,  
And rose betimes, although I lay down late.  
Bright *Lucifer* the Messenger of day,  
His burnished twinkling splendour did display:  
Rose cheek'd *Aurora* hid her blushing face,  
She spying *Phœbus* coming gave him place,  
Whilst *Zephyrus*, and *Auster*, mix'd together,  
Breath'd gently, as fore-boding pleasant weather;  
Old *Neptune* had his Daughter *Thames* supplied,  
With ample measure of a flowing tide,  
But *Thames* supposed it was but borrowed goods,  
And with her ebbs, paid *Neptune* back his floods.  
Then at the time of this auspicious dawning,  
I roused my men, who scrubbing, stretching,  
                    yawning,  
Arose, left *Gravesend*, rowing down the stream,  
And near to *Lee*, we to an anchor came.  
Because the sand were bare, and water low,  
We rested there, till it two hours did flow :  
And then to travel went our galley-foist,\*  
Our anchor quickly weigh'd, our sail soon hoist,  
Where thirty miles we past, a mile from shore,  
The water two\* foot deep, or little more.  
Thus past we on the brave East Saxon Coast  
From 3. at morn, till 2. at noon almost,  
By *Shoebury*, *Wakering*, *Foulness*, *Tillingham*,  
And then we into deeper water came.  
There is a crooked bay runs winding far,

*g. These flat  
sands are  
called the  
Spits*

\* GALLEY FOIST—A long barge with oars.

To *Maldon*, *Estreford*, and *Colchester*,  
Which cause 'twas much about, (to ease mens pain)  
I left the land, and put into the main.  
With speed, the crooked way to scape and pass,  
I made out straight for *Frinton* and the *Nass*.  
But being 3. leagues then from any land,  
And holding of our main-sheet in my hand,  
We did espy a coal-black cloud to rise,  
Forerunner of some tempest from the skies ;  
Scarce had we sail'd a hundred times our length,  
But that the wind began to gather strength :  
Stiff *Æolus* with *Neptune* went to cuffs :  
With huffs, and puffs, and angry counter-buffs,  
From boisterous gusts, they fell to fearful flaws,  
Whilst we 'twixt wind and water, near Deaths jaws,  
Tost like a cork upon the mountain main,  
Up with a whiff, and straightway down again,  
At which we in our minds much troubled were,  
And said, *God bless us all, what weather's here ?*  
For (in a word) the seas so high did grow,  
That ships were forc'd to strike their topsails low :  
Meantime (before the wind) we scudded brave,  
Much like a duck, on top of every wave.  
But nothing violent is permanent,  
And in short space away the Tempest went.  
So farewell it ; and you that Readers be,  
Suppose it was no welcome Guest to me :  
My company and I, it much perplex,



And let it come when I send for it next.  
But leaving jesting, Thanks to God I give,  
'Twas through his mercy we did scape and live,  
And though these things with mirth I do express,  
Yet still I think on God with thankfulness.  
Thus ceased the storm, and weather gan to smile,  
And we row'd near the shore of *Horsly* Isle.  
Then did illustrious *Titan* gin to steep  
His chariot in the Western Ocean deep  
We saw the far-spent day, withdraw his light,  
And made for *Harwich*, where we lay all night.  
There did I find an Hostess with a tongue  
As nimble as it had on gimmals\* hung :  
'Twill never tire, though it continual toil'd,  
And went as yare, as if he had been oil'd :  
All's one for that, for ought which I perceive,  
It is a fault which all our Mothers have:  
And is so firmly grafted in the sex,  
That he's an ass that seems thereat to vex.  
*Apollos* beams began to gild the hills  
And West Southwest the wind the welkin fills,  
When I left *Harwich*, and along we row'd  
Against a smooth calm flood that stily flow'd,  
By *Bawdsey* Haven, and by *Orford Nass*,  
And so by *Aldborough* we at last did pass.  
By *Lowestoff* we to *Yarmouth* made our way,  
Our third days travel being Saturday,  
There did I see a town well fortified,

\*GIMMAL.—Any joined work whose parts move within each other.

Well govern'd, with all Natures wants supplied;  
 The situation in a wholesome air,  
 The buildings (for the most part) sumptuous fair,  
 The people courteous, and industrious, and  
 With labour makes the sea enrich the land.  
 Besides (for ought I know) this one thing more,  
 The town can scarcely yield a man a whore:  
 It is renowned for fishing, far and near,

*h. It hath not  
 a fellow in  
 England for  
 fishing.*

And sure in *Britain* it hath not a pheer.<sup>h</sup>

But noble *Nash*, thy fame shall live always,

Thy witty Pamphlet, the red<sup>i</sup> Herring praise,  
 Hath done great *Yarmouth* much renowned right,  
 And put my artless Muse to silence quite.

*i. A book  
 called  
 the Praise of  
 the Red  
 Herring.*

On Sunday we a learned sermon had,  
 Taught to confirm the good, reform the bad,  
 Acquaintance in the town I scarce had any,  
 And sought for none, in fear to find too many,

*i. And a ship  
 Carpenter.*

Much kindness to me by mine Host was done,

(A Mariner<sup>i</sup> nam'd *William Richardson*)

Besides mine Hostess gave to me at last,  
 A cheese with which at sea we break our fast.  
 The gift was round, and had no end indeed,  
 But yet we made an end of it with speed:

My thanks surmounts her bounty, all men sees,  
 My gratitudes in print: but where's the *Cheese*,  
 So on the Monday, betwixt one and twain,  
 I took leave, and put to sea again,

Down *Yarmouth* Road we row'd with cutting speed,

(The wind all quiet, arms must do the deed)  
Along by *Castor*, and sea-bordering towns,  
Whose cliffs and shores abide stern *Neptunes*  
frowns,

Sometimes a mile from land, and sometimes two,  
(As depths or sands permitting us to do)  
Till drawing towards night, we did perceive  
The wind at East, and Seas began to heave :  
The rolling billows all in fury roars  
And tumbled us, we scarce could use our oars :  
Thus on a lee-shore darkness began to come,  
The Sea grew high, the winds 'gan hiss and hum:  
The foaming curled waves the shore did beat,  
(As if the Ocean would all *Norfolk* eat)  
To keep at sea was dangerous I did think,  
To go to land I stood in doubt to sink:  
Thus landing, or not landing (I suppos'd)  
We were in peril<sup>j</sup> round about inclos'd;  
At last to row to shore I thought it best,  
'Mongst many evils, thinking that the least:  
My men all pleas'd to do as I command,  
Did turn the boats head opposite to land,  
And with the highest wave that I could spy,  
I bade them to row to shore immediately.  
When straight we all leap'd over-board in haste,  
Some to the knees, and some up to the waist,  
Were suddenly 'twixt owl-light and the dark,  
We pluck'd the boat beyond high-water mark.

*j. Were we in  
a puzzle.*

And thus half soused, half stewed, with Sea and sweat,

We land at *Cromer* Town, half dry, half wet.

But we supposing all was safe and well,

k. We were like Flounders alive in a frying-pan that leaped into the fire to save themselves. In shunning<sup>k</sup> *Scylla*, on *Charybdis* fell :

For why, some women, and some children there

That saw us land, were all possessed with fear :

And much amaz'd, ran crying up and down,

That enemies were come to take the town.

Some said that we were Pirates, some said Thieves,

And what the women says, the men believes,

With that four Constables did quickly call,

Your Aid ! to Arms your men of *Cromer* all !

Then straightway forty men with rusty Bills,

Some arm'd in ale, all of approved skills,

Divided into four stout Regiments,

To guard the Town from dangerous events ;

l. These were the names of the cumbersome Cromorian Constables. Brave Captain<sup>l</sup> *Pescod* did the Van-guard lead,

And Captain *Clarke* the Rearward governed,

Whilst Captain *Wiseman*, and hot Captain *Kimble*,

Were in main Battalia fierce and nimble :

One with his squadron watch'd me all the night,

Lest from my lodging I should take my flight :

A second (like a man of simple note)

Did by the sea side all night watch my boat,

The other two, to make their names renowned,

Did guard the Town, and bravely walk the round.

And thus my boat, myself, and all my men,

Were stoutly guarded, and regarded then :  
For they were all so full with fear possessed,  
That without mirth it cannot be expressed.  
My invention doth curvet, my Muse doth caper,  
My pen doth dance out lines upon the paper,  
And in word I am as full of mirth,  
As mighty men are at their first sons birth.  
Methinks *Moriscoes* are within my brains,  
And *Heys*, and *Antics* run through all my veins :  
Heigh, to the tune of *Trenchmore*\* I could write  
The valiant men of *Cromers* sad affright :  
As sheep do fear the wolf, or geese the fox,  
So all amazed were these senseless blocks :  
That had the town been fir'd, it is a doubt,  
But that the women there had pist it out,  
And from the men reek'd such a fearful scent,  
That people three \* miles thence mus'd what it meant  
And he the truth that narrowly had sifted,  
Had found the Constables, had need t'have shifted.  
They did examine me, I answer'd then

*m. People did  
come thither  
3. or 4. miles  
about, to  
know what  
the matter  
was.*

I was *John Taylor* and a Waterman,  
And that my honest fellow *Job* and I,  
Were servants to King *James* his Majesty,  
How we to *York*, upon a mart were bound,  
And that we landed, fearing to be drown'd,  
When all this would not satisfy the crew,  
I freely ope'd my trunk, and bade them view,  
I shew'd them Books, of Chronicles and Kings,

\*TRENCHMORE.—A boisterous dance to a lively tune.

Some prose, some verse, and idle sonnetings,  
 I shew'd them all my Letters to the full :  
 Some to *Yorks* Archbishop, and some to *Hull*,  
 But had the twelve Apostles sure been there

*n. I had as  
 good have  
 said nothing.*

My witnesses, I had been ne'er the<sup>n</sup> near.

And let me use all Oaths that I could use,  
 They still were harder of belief than Jews.  
 They wanted Faith, and had resolv'd before,  
 Not to believe what e'er we said or swore.  
 They said the world was full of much deceit,

*o Diligent  
 Officers*

And that my Letters might be<sup>o</sup> counterfeit :

Besides, there's one thing bred the more dislike,  
 Because mine Host was known a Catholic.

These things concurring, people came in clusters,  
 And multitudes within my lodging musters,  
 That I was almost worried unto death,  
 In danger to be stifled with their breath.

And had mine Host took pence apiece of those,  
 Who came to gaze on me, I do suppose,  
 No *Jack* an *Apes*, *Baboon*, or *Crocodile*

*p. The dan-  
 cing on the  
 ropes, or a  
 Puppetplay,  
 had come  
 short of his  
 takings  
 accounting  
 time for  
 time.*

E'er got more money in so small a<sup>p</sup> while.

Besides, the peasants did this one thing more,

They call'd and drank four shillings on my score :

And like unmanner'd mongrels went their way,

*q. This was  
 more than I  
 could  
 willingly  
 afford.*

Not spending ought, but leaving me to<sup>q</sup> pay.

This was the household business in mean space

Some rascals ran unto my boat apace,

And turn'd and tumbled her, like men of *Gotham*,

Quite topsy turvy upward with her bottom,  
Vowing they would in tatters piece-meal tear  
They cursed Pirates boat, that bred their fear ;  
And I am sure, their madness (to my harm)  
Tore a board out, much longer than mine arm.  
And they so bruis'd, and split our wherry, that  
She leaked, we cast our water with a hat.  
Now let men judge, upon this truths revealing,  
If Turks or Moors could use more barb'rous dealing ;  
Or whether it be fit I should not write  
Their envy, foolish fear, and mad despite.  
What may wise men conceive, when they shall note,  
That five unarmed men, in a wherry boat,  
Naught to defend, or to offend with stripes,  
But one old<sup>r</sup> sword and two Tobacco-Pipes,  
And that of Constables a murnivall,<sup>1</sup>  
Men, women, children, all in general,  
And that they all should be so valiant, wise,  
To fear we would a Market Town surprise.  
In all that's writ I vow I am no liar,  
I muse the beacons were not set on fire.  
The dreadful names of *Talbot*, or of *Drake*,  
Ne'er made the foes of *England* more to quake  
Than I made *Cromer* ; for their fear and dolor,  
Each man might smell out by his neighbours<sup>s</sup> choler.  
At last the joyful morning did approach,  
And *Sol* began to mount his flaming coach :

*r. And the sword was rusty with salt water, that it had need of a quarters warning ere it would come out.*

*s. A brave scent.*

<sup>1</sup>MURNIVALL.—Four cards of the same rank,

Then did I think my Purgatory done,  
And 'rose betimes intending to be gone ;  
But holla! stay, 'twas *otherways* with me,  
The mass of Constables were shrunk to three :  
Sweet Mr. *Pescods* double diligence  
Had horsed himself, to bear intelligence  
To Justices of Peace within the land,  
What dangerous business there was now in hand :  
There was I forc'd to tarry all the while,  
Till some said he rode four and twenty mile,  
In seeking men of Worship, Peace and *Quorum*,  
Most wisely to declare strange news before um.  
And whatsoever tales he did recite,  
I'm sure he caus'd Sir *Austin Palgrave*, Knight,  
And Mr. *Robert Kemp* a Justice there  
Came before me, to know how matters were.  
As conference 'twixt them and I did pass,  
They quickly understood me what I was :  
And though they knew me not in prose and looks,  
They had read of me in my verse, and books ;  
My businesses account I there did make,  
And I and all my company did take  
The lawful Oath of our Allegiance then,  
By which we were believ'd for honest men.  
In duty, and in all humility  
I do acknowledge the kind courtesy  
Of those two Gentlemen ; for they did see,  
How much the people were deceiv'd in me.



They gave me coin, and wine, and sugar too,  
And did as much as lay in them to do,  
To find them that my boat had torn and rent,  
And so to give them worthy punishment.  
Besides Sir<sup>t</sup> *Austin Palgrave* bade me this,  
To go but four miles, where his dwelling is,  
And I and all my company should there  
Find friendly welcome, mix'd with other cheer.  
I gave them thanks, and so I'll give them still,  
And did accept their cheer in their good will.  
Then 3. a clock at afternoon and past,  
I was discharged from *Cromer* at the last.  
But for men shall not think that enviously  
Against this Town I let my lines to fly :  
And that I do not lie, or scoff, or fable,  
For them I will write something charitable.  
It is an Ancient Market Town that stands  
Upon a lofty cliff of mouldring sands :  
The sea against the cliffs doth daily beat,  
And every tide into the land doth eat,  
The Town is poor, unable by expense,  
Against the raging sea to make defence :  
And every day it eateth further in,  
Still waiting, washing down the sand doth win,  
That if some course be not ta'en speedily,  
The Town's in danger in the Sea to lie.  
A goodly Church stands on these brittle grounds,

*t. He would  
have had us  
to have staid  
three or four  
days with  
him.*

Not many fairer in Great Britain's bounds :  
 And if the sea shall swallow it, as some fear,  
 Tis not ten thousand pounds the like could rear.  
 No Christian can behold it but with grief,  
 And with my heart I wish them quick relief.  
 So farewell *Cromer*, I have spoke for thee,  
 Though thou did'st much unkindly deal with me,  
 And honest Mariners, I thank you there  
 Labouriously you in your arms did bear  
 My boat for me, three furlongs at the least,  
 When as the tide of ebb was so decreased,  
 You waded, and you launched her quite afloat,  
 And on your backs you bore us to our boat.  
 The unkindness that I had before, it come,  
 Because the Constables were troublesome :  
 Longed to be busy, would be men of action,  
 Whose labours was their travels satisfaction :  
 Who all were born when wit was out of town,  
 And therefore got but little of their own :  
 So farewell *Pescod, Wiseman, Kimble,*<sup>u</sup> *Clarke,*  
 Four sons of *Ignorance* (or much more dark)  
 You made me loose a day of brave calm weather,  
 So once again farewell, fare ill together.  
 Then 'longst the *Norfolk* coast we rowed out-right,  
 To *Blackney*, when we saw the coming night,  
 The burning eye of day began to wink,  
 And into *Thetis* lay his beams to shrink :  
 And as he went, stained the departed sky,

u. They  
 longed for  
 employment,  
 and rather  
 than be idle,  
 would be ill  
 occupied.

With red, blue, purple, and vermillion dye,  
Till all our Hemisphere laments his lack,  
And mourning night puts on a robe of black,  
Bespangled diversely with golden sparks,  
Some moveable, some Sea-mens fixed marks.  
The milky way that blest *Astraea* went,  
When as she left this Earthly continent,  
Showed like a Crystal causeway to the Thrones  
Of *Jove* and *Saturn*, paved with precious Stones.  
Old *Oceanus*, *Neptune*,<sup>v</sup> *Inachus*,  
And two and thirty huff-cap'd *Æolus*,  
Had all ta'en truce and were in league combined,  
No billows foaming, or no breath of Wind ;  
The solid Earth, the Air, the Ocean deep  
Seemed as the whole world had been fast asleep.  
In such a pleasant Even' as this came I  
To *Blackney*, with my Ship and Company :  
Whereas I found my entertainment good  
For welcome, drinking, lodging, and for food.  
The morrow when *Latonas* Sun 'gan rise,  
And with his Light illumines mortal eyes :  
When cocks did crow, and lambs did bleat and  
blee,  
I mounted from my couch, and put to sea,  
Like glass the Oceans face was smooth and calm,  
The gentle Air breath'd like *Arabian* balm,  
Gusts, storms and flaws, lay sleeping in their cells,  
Whilst with much labour we ow'd o'r the *Wells*.

v. The God  
of Rivers,  
Springs,  
Brooks,  
Floods, and  
Fountains.

*w. We rowed  
above 100.  
miles that  
day.*

This was the greatest<sup>w</sup> day of work indeed.  
And it behov'd us much, to make much speed:  
For why, before that day did quite expire,  
We past the dangerous *Wash*, to *Lincolnshire*.  
And there in three hours space and little more,  
We row'd to *Boston* from the *Norfolk* shore :  
Which do report of people that dwell there,  
Is six and twenty mile, or very near.  
The way unknown, and we no Pilot had,  
Flats, Sands and Shoals ; and Tides all raging mad,  
Which Sands our passage many times denied,

*y. Sands lying  
crookedly in  
our way,  
making us go  
three or four  
miles about  
at low water*

And put us sometimes<sup>y</sup> three or four miles wide,  
Besides the Flood runs there with such great force,  
That I imagine it out-runs a horse :

And with a head some 4. foot high then roars,  
It on the sudden swells and beats the Shores.  
It tumbled us a ground upon the Sands,  
And all that we could do with wit, or hands,  
Could not resist it, but we were in doubt,  
It would have beaten our boats bottom out.  
It hath less mercy than *Bear*, *Wolf*, or *Tiger*,

*z. It is so  
called in Mr.  
Draytons  
second part  
of Polyol-  
bion his  
treatise of  
Humber.*

And in those Countries it is call'd the<sup>z</sup> *Higer*.  
We much were unacquainted with those fashions,  
And much it troubled us with sundry passions :  
We thought the shore we never should recover,  
And look'd still when our boat would tumble over.  
But *He* that made all with his word of might,  
Brought us to *Boston*, where we lodg'd all night.

The morrow morning when the Sun 'gan peep,  
 I awak'd and rubb'd mine eyes, and shak'd off sleep,  
 And understanding that the River went,  
 From *Boston* up to *Lincoln*, and to *Trent*,  
 To *Humber*, *Ouse*, and *York*, and (taking pain)  
 We need not come in sight of Sea again,  
 I lik'd the motion, and made haste away  
 To *Lincoln*, which was 50. mile, that day :  
 Which City in the 3. King *Edwards* Reign,  
 Was th' only staple, for this Kingdoms gain  
 For Leather, Lead, and Wool, and then was seen  
 Five times ten Churches there, but now fifteen :  
 A brave Cathedral Church there now doth stand,  
 That scarcely hath a fellow in this land :  
 'Tis for a Godly use, a goodly frame,  
 And bears the blessed Virgin *Marys* name.  
 The Town is Ancient, and by course of Fate,  
 Through wars, and Time, defac'd and ruinate,  
 But Monarchies, & Empires, Kingdoms, Crowns,  
 Have rose or fell, as Fortune smiles or frowns :  
 And Towns, and Cities have their portions had  
 Of time-tost variations, good and bad.  
 There is a Proverb, part of which is this,  
 They say that *Lincoln was, and London is*.  
 From thence we past a ditch of weeds and mud,  
 Which they do (falsely) there call<sup>a</sup> *Forcedyke* Flood :  
 For I'll be sworn, no flood I could find there,  
 But dirt and filth, which scarce my boat would bear

*a. It is a passage cut through the land eight miles from Lincoln into Trent, but through either the peoples poverty or negligence it is grown up with weeds, and mud, so that in the summer it is in many places almost dry,*

'Tis 8 miles long, and there our pains was such.  
 As all our travel did not seem so much,  
 My men did wade and draw the boat like horses,  
 And scarce could tug her on with all our forces :  
 Moil'd, toil'd, mir'd, tir'd, still labr'ing, ever doing,  
 Yet were we 9. long hours that 8. miles going.  
 At last when as the day was well-nigh spent,  
 We got from *Forcedykes* floodless flood to *Trent*.  
 Ev'n as the windows of the day did shut,  
 Down *Trent's* swift stream, to *Gainsborough* we put,  
 There did we rest until the morning star,  
 The joyful doors of dawning did unbar :  
 To *Humbers* churlish streams, our course we  
                  fram'd,

So nam'd for drowning of a King so nam'd.  
 And there the swift ebb tide ran in such sort,  
 The wind at East, the waves break thick and  
                  short ;

That in some doubts, it me began to strike,  
 For in my life, I ne'r had seen the like.

My way was up to *York*, but my intent  
 Was contrary, for from the fall of *Trent*

b. I went  
fifteen mile  
out of Trent  
down I<sup>b</sup> fifteen mile went downwards East Northwest,

Humber on  
purpose to  
see Hull, When as my way was upward West Southwest,

when my way  
was quite  
contrary. And as against the wind we madly venture,

The waves like Pirates board our boat and enter,

But though 'they came in fury, and amain,  
 Like Thieves we cast them over-board again,

This conflict lasted two hours to the full,  
Until we gat to *Kingston* upon *Hull* :  
For to that Town I had proved a friend,  
That Letters did and Commendations send  
By me unto the worthy Magistrate,  
The Mayor, and some of's Brethren, in that State.  
Besides I had some letters, of like charge,  
From my good friend, the Master of the Large,  
Unto some friends of his, that they would there  
Give me° *Hull* Cheese, and welcome and good cheer.

*Hull Cheese*  
is much like  
a loaf out of  
a brewers  
basket, it is  
composed of  
two simples,  
malt and  
water, in one  
compound,  
and is cousin  
German to  
the mightiest  
ale in  
England.

Sunday at Mr. Mayors much cheer and wine,  
Where as the *Hall* did in the Parlour dine,  
At night with one that had been Sheriff I sup'd,  
Well entertain'd I was, and half well Cup'd :  
On Monday noon, I was invited then  
To a grave Justicer, an Alderman,  
And there such cheer as Earth and Waters yield,  
Shew'd like a harvest in a plenteous *Field*.  
Another I must thank for his good will,  
For he *Prest*<sup>a</sup> on to bid me welcome still.  
There is a Captain of good Life and Fame,  
And, *God with us*, I oft have call'd his Name,  
He welcom'd me, as I had been his fellow,  
Lent me his silken Colours, Black and Yellow,  
Which to our mast made fast, we with a drum  
Did keep, till we to *York* in triumph come.  
Thanks to my loving Host and Hostess *Pease*,

*a. The mean-  
ing of those  
marks are  
only known  
to the towns-  
men there.*

There at mine Inn, each night I took mine ease :

And there I got a cantle<sup>1</sup> of *Hull Cheese*

*e An ingenious man named Machabeus.* One Evening late, I thank thee<sup>e</sup> *Maccabees*.

Kind *Roger Parker*, many thanks to thee,

Thou shew'dst much undeserved love to me,

Laid my boat safe, spent time, coin and endeavour,

And mad'st money counted copper ever :

But as at feasts, the first course being past,

Men do reserve their dainties till the last,

So my most thanks I ever whil'st I live,

Will to the Mayor, and his Brethren give,

But most of all, to shut up all together

*f. Mr. I. I.* I give him thanks that did commend' me thither,

Their loves (like *Humber*) overflow'd the banks,

And though I ebb in worth, I'll flow in thanks.

Thus leaving off the men, now of the town

Some things which I observ'd I'll here set down :

And partly to declare it's praise and worth,

It is the only Bulwark of the North.

All other Towns for strength to it may strike,

And all the Northern parts have not the like.

The people from the Sea much wealth have won,

Each man doth live as he were *Neptunes* Son.

Th' Antiquity thereof a man may read

In Reverend *Camdens* works, and painful *Speed* :

How in King *Edwards* Reign first of that name

<sup>1</sup>CANTLE OF HULL CHEESE.—i.e., a portion of strong ale.



Then called *Wyke*. Then did they *Kingston* frame,  
And then the Townsmen cut a<sup>g</sup> River there,  
An ex'lent Haven, a Defence or Pier :  
Built with excessive charge, to save it from  
Fierce *Humbers* Raging, that each Tide doth come.  
From time to time, more Greatness still it gained,  
Till lately when the Eighth King *Henry* Reign'd,  
He made it greater by his often resort,  
And many times kept there his Royal Court,  
He Wall'd it well, built Battlements, and Gates,  
And (more with Honour to augment their States)  
He built two Blockhouses, and Castle strong,  
To Guard the Town from all Invasive wrong:  
He gave them much Munition, Swords, Shafts, Bows,  
And Brazen Ordnance, as the world well knows,  
Which Guns he gave them for the Towns defence,  
But were in 88. all borrowed thence,  
With promise they again should be sent back :  
But the performance ever hath been slack.  
Now in this Iron age, their Guns I see,  
Are metal like the Age, and Iron be :  
And glad they would be, if they could obtain,  
To change that metal, for their own again.  
Four well built Gates, with bolts, and locks, and  
bars,  
For ornament or strength, in Peace or Wars;  
Besides, to keep their Foes the further out,  
They can Drown all the Land three miles about,

*g. The river  
of Hull is 20.  
miles in  
length, cut  
with mens  
labour, to  
the infinite  
commodity  
of the  
country.*

'Tis plentifully serv'd with Flesh and Fish,  
 As cheap, and reasonable men can wish.  
 And thus by Gods grace, and mans industry,  
 Dame Nature, or mens Art does it supply.  
 Some 10 years since fresh water there was scant,  
 But with much cost they have supplied that want ;  
 By a most ex'lent water-works that's made,  
 And to the Town in pipes it is convey'd,  
 Wrought with most Artificial engines, and  
 Perform'd by th' art of the Industrious hand

*h. He built  
 another fair  
 waterworks  
 at York, of  
 free-stone,  
 which doth  
 the City  
 exceeding  
 service.*

Of Mr.<sup>h</sup> *William Mauldby*, Gentleman,  
 So that each man of note there always can  
 But turn a cock within his house, and still  
 They have fresh-water always at their will,  
 This have they all unto their great content,  
 For which, they each do pay a yearly rent,  
 There is a Proverb, and a Prayer withal,  
 That we may not to three strange places fall :  
 From *Hull*, from *Halifax*, from *Hell*, 'tis thus,  
 From all these three, *Good Lord deliver us*.  
 This praying Proverb's meaning to set down,  
 Men do not wish deliverance from the Town :  
 The towns nam'd *Kingston*, *Hull's* the furious River :  
 And from *Hulls* dangers, I say *Lord deliver*.  
 At *Halifax*, the law so sharp doth deal,  
 That whoso more than I 3. Pence doth steal,  
 They have a Iyn that wondrous quick and well,  
 Sends thieves all headless unto Heav'n or Hell.

From *Hell* each man says, *Lord deliver me,*  
Because from *Hell* can no redemption be :  
Men may escape from *Hull* and *Halifax*,  
But sure in *Hell* there is a heavier tax,  
Let each one for themselves in this agree,  
And pray, from *Hell* good *Lord deliver me.*  
The Proverb and the Prayer expounded plain,  
Now to the orders of the town again :  
I think it merits praise for Government,  
More than all towns in *Britains* continent,  
As first their Charity doth much appear,  
They for the poor have so<sup>i</sup> provided there,  
That if a man should walk from Morn till Night,  
He shall not see one beggar; nor a mite  
Or anything shall be demanded ever,  
But every one there doth their best endeavour  
To make the idle work, and to relieve  
Those that are old and past, or sickness grieve.  
All poor mens children have a house most fit,  
Whereas they sew, and spin, and card, and knit :  
Where all of them have something still to do,  
As their capacities will reach unto,  
So that no idle person, Old or Young  
Within the town doth harbour or belong.  
It yearly costs five hundred pounds besides,  
To fence the town, from *Hull* and *Humbers* tides,  
For stakes, for bavins,<sup>1</sup> timber, stones, and piles,  
All which are brought by water many miles,

*i. Mark, for  
all is true.*

<sup>1</sup>BAVIN.—A brushwood faggot.

For workmens labour, and a world of things,  
Which on the town excessive charges brings.  
All which with peril, industry and sweat,  
They from the bowels of the ocean get,  
They have a Bridewell, and and ex'lent skill,  
To make some people work against their will :  
And there they have their lodging and their meat,  
Clean whips,<sup>1</sup> and every thing exceeding neat :  
And thus with fair or foul means always, they  
Give idle persons little time to play.  
Besides, for every Sea or Marine cause  
They have a house of *Trinity*, whose laws  
And orders do confirm, or else reform  
That which is right, or that which wrongs deform.  
It is is a comely built well ordered place,  
But that which most of all the House doth grace,  
Are rooms for widows, who are old and poor,  
And have been wives to Mariners before.  
They are for House-room, food, or lodging, or  
For firing, Christianly provided for,  
And as some die, some do their places win,  
As one goes out, another doth come in.  
Should I in all things give the Town it's due,  
Some fools would say I flatter'd, spake untrue :  
Or that I partial in my writings were,  
Because they made me welcome, and good cheer :  
But for all those that such thoughts of me,  
I rather wish that them I hang'd may see,

<sup>1</sup>WHIP.—A wisp of straw.

Then that they justly could report, that I  
Did rhyme for victuals, hunger to supply ;  
Or that my Muse, or working brains should beat,  
To flatter, fawn, or lie, for drink or meat :  
Let Trencher-poets scrape for such base vails,  
I'll take an oar in hand when writing fails ;  
And 'twixt the boat and pen, I make no doubt,  
But I shall shift to pick a living out,  
Without base flattery, or false coined words,  
To mouldy Madams, or unworthy Lords ;  
Or whatsoe'er degree, or Towns, or Nations ;  
I ever did, and still with scorn such fashions.  
Hear-say,<sup>j</sup> sometimes upon a lie may light,  
But what I see and know, I dare to write.  
Mine eyes did view, before my pen set down,  
These things that I have written of this Town :  
A new built Custom-house, a fair Town-Hall,  
For solemn-meeting, or a festival :  
A Mayor, twelve Aldermen, one Sheriff, Recorder,  
A Town-clerk, altogether in one order,  
And uniformity do govern so,  
They need not flatter friend, or fear a foe,  
A Sword, a Cap of maintenance, a Mace  
Great, and well gilt, to do the Town more grace :  
Are borne before the Mayor, and Aldermen,  
And on festivities, or high-days then,  
Those Magistrates their scarlet Gowns do wear,  
And have six Sergeants to attend each year.

*j. I write not  
by hearsay.*

Now let men say what town in *England* is,  
That truly can compare itself with this:  
For situation, strength and Government,  
For Charity, for plenty, for content,  
For state ? and one thing more I there was told,  
Not one *Recusant* all the Town doth hold,  
Nor (as they say) ther's not a *Puritan*,  
Or any nose-wife fool *Precisian*,  
But great and small, with one consent and will,  
Obey his Majestys Injunctions still.  
They say that once therein two sisters dwelt,  
Which inwardly the prick of Conscience felt,  
They came to *London*, (having wherewithal)  
To buy two bibles, all *Canonical*,  
Th' *Apocrypha* did put them in some doubt,  
And therefore both their books were bound without.  
Except those two, I ne'er did hear of any  
At *Hull*, though many places have too many.  
But as one scabbed sheep a flock may mar,  
So there's one man, whose nose did stand ajar :  
Talk'd very scurvily, and look'd askew,  
Because I in a worthy Towns-mans pew  
Was placed at Church, when (God knows I ne'r thought,  
To sit there, I was by the owner brought,)  
This Squire of low-degree displeased than  
Said, I at most was but a Water-man,  
And that they such great kindness setting forth,  
Made more o'th flesh than e'er the broth was worth :

Which I confess, but yet I answer make,  
'Twas more than I with manners could forsake;  
He sure is some high-minded *Pharisee*,  
Or else infected with their Heresy,  
And must be set down in their catalogues.  
They lov'd the highest seats in Synagogues,  
And so (perhaps) doth he, for ought I know,  
He may be mounted, when I sit below :  
But let him not a Water-man despise,  
For from the water he himself did rise,  
And winds and water both on him have smil'd  
Else, the great Merchant he had ne'er been styl'd :  
His character I finely will contrive,  
He's scornful proud, and talking talkative :  
A great ingrosser of strange speech and news,  
And one that would sit in the highest pews,  
But bate an ace, he'll hardly win the game,  
And if I list, I could *rake*<sup>b</sup> out his name.  
Thanks Mr. Mayor, for my bacon gammon,  
Thanks *Roger Parker*, for my small fresh salmon.  
'Twas ex'lent good, and more the truth to tell ye,  
Boil'd with a fine plum-pudding in the belly.  
The sixth of August, well accompanied  
With best of Towns-men to the waters side,  
There did I take my leave, and to my ship  
I with my drum and colours quickly skip :  
The one did dub-a-dub and rumble, brave  
The *Ensign* in the air did play and wave :

*b But I was  
ever better  
with forks to  
scatter, than  
with rakes to  
gather, there-  
fore I would  
not have the  
towns-men to  
mistake  
chalk for  
cheese, or  
Robert for  
Richard.*

I launch'd, supposing all things had been done,  
*Bounce*, from the Block-house, quoth a roaring gun.  
 And waving hats on both sides with content.  
 I cried Adieu, Adieu, and thence we went  
 Up *Humbers* flood that then amain did swell,  
 Winds calm, and water quiet as a well :  
 We row'd to *Ouse* with all our force and might,  
 To *Cawood*, where we well were lodg'd all night.  
 The morrow, when as *Phæbus* 'gan to smile,  
 I forwards set to *York* eight little mile :  
 But two miles short of *York* I landed then,

*L. At Bishops-  
 thorpe.  
 where the  
 right rever  
 end Father  
 in God, Toby  
 Mathew  
 Archbishop  
 of York his  
 Grace did  
 make me  
 welcome.*

To see that reverend<sup>d</sup> Metropolitan,  
 That watchful Shepherd, that with care doth keep  
 Th'infernal wolf, from Heav'ns supernal sheep :  
 The painful preacher that, most free Alms-giver,  
 That though he live long, is too short a liver :  
 That man, whose age the poor do all lament,  
 All knowing, when his Pilgrimage is spent,  
 When earth to earth returns, as Natures debtor,  
 They far the proverb, *Seldom comes the better*.  
 His Doctrine and example speak his due,  
 And what all people says, must needs be true.  
 In duty I most humbly thank his Grace,  
 He at his table made me have a place,  
 And meat and drink, and gold he gave me there,  
 Whilst all my crew i'th Hall were filled with cheer :  
 So having din'd, from thence we quickly past,  
 Through *Ouse* strong bridge, to *York* fair City last,



Our drowning scap'd, more danger was ensuing,  
'Twas 'size time there, and hanging was a brewing :  
But had our fault been ne'er so Capital,  
We at the Vintners bar durst answer all.  
Then to the good Lord Mayor I went, and told  
What labour, and what dangers manifold,  
My fellow and myself had past at seas.  
And if it might his noble Lordship please,  
The boat that did from *London* thither swim  
With us, in duty we would give to him.  
His Lordship pausing, with a reverend hum,  
My friend (quoth he) to-morrow morning come :  
In the mean space I'll of the matter think,  
And so he bade me to go ne'r and drink. .  
I drank a cup of claret and some beer,  
And sure (for ought I know) he<sup>a</sup> keeps good cheer,  
I gave his Lordship in red gilded leather,  
A well bound book of all my works together,  
Which he did take<sup>b</sup>.  
There in the City were some men of note,  
That gladly would give money for our boat:  
But all this while good manners bade us stay,  
To have my good Lord Mayor's yea, or nay.  
But after long demurring of the matter<sup>c</sup>,  
He was well pleas'd to see her on the water,  
And then my men row'd half an hour or more,  
Whilst he stood viewing her upon the shore.  
They bore his Lordships children in her there,

*a. There is  
some odds  
between  
keeping and  
spending  
change.*

*b. Here I  
make a full  
point, for I  
received not  
a pint in  
exchange.*

*c. I thought  
it my duty  
(seeing we  
had come a  
dangerous  
voyage) to  
offer our  
boat to the  
chief  
magistrate :  
for why  
should not*

*my boat be  
as good a  
monument,  
as Tom  
Cortais  
everlasting  
overtramp-  
ling land-  
conquering  
shoes thought  
I?*

And many others, as she well could bear.

At which Honour was exceeding merry,

Saying it was a pretty nimble Wherry :

But when my men had taken all this pains,

Into their eyes they might have put their gains,

*d. And for-  
got to say, I  
thank you  
good fellows.*

Unto his shop he did<sup>d</sup> perambulate,

And there amongst his bars of iron sate.

I ask'd him if he would our boat forgo,

Or have her and his Lordship answered *No*,

I took him at his word, and said, good bye,

And gladly away with my boat went I.

I sold the boat, as I suppos'd most meet,

*e. A substan-  
tial worthy  
Citizen, who  
hath been  
Shrieve of  
York, and  
now ceeps  
the George  
in Cunny  
Street.*

To honest<sup>e</sup> Mr. *Kayes* in Cunny Street :

He entertain'd me well, for which I thanked him,

And gratefully amongst my friends I'll rank him.

My kind remembrance here I put in paper.

To worthy Mr. *Hemsworth* there a draper.

Amongst the rest he's one that I most thank,

With his good wife, and honest brother *Frank*

Now for the City: 'tis of state and Port,

Where Emperors and Kings have kept their Court

989, year of foundation

Was laid, before our Saviours Incarnation,

*f. Ebranc was  
the fifth K.  
of Britian  
after Brute  
g. An Arch-  
Flamen  
which was  
as an  
idolatrous  
high priest  
to Diana.*

By <sup>f</sup>*Ebranc* who a temple there did rear,

And plac'd a <sup>g</sup>*Flamen* to *Diana* there :

But when King *Lucius* here the stepert swayed.

The Idols level with the ground were laid,

Than *Eleutherius*, Rome high bishop plac'd,

An Archbishop at *York*, with titles grac'd,  
Then after Christ 627.

Was *Edwin*<sup>h</sup> baptized by the grace of heaven,  
He pluck'd the Minister down, that then was wood,  
And made it stone, a deed both great and good.

*h. Edwin and his whole family were baptized on Easter day the 12. of April 674.*

The City oft hath known the chance of wars,  
Of cruel foreign, and of home-bred jars.

And those that further please thereof to read,

May turn the volumes of great *Holinshed*,

'Tis large, 'tis pleasant and magnificent,

The Norths most fertile famous ornament:

'Tis rich and populous,<sup>i</sup> and hath indeed

No want of anything to serve their need,

Abundance doth that noble City make

Much abler to bestow, than need to take.

So farewell *York*, the tenth of August then

Away I came for *London* with my men.

To dinner I to *Pomfret*<sup>j</sup> quickly rode,

Where good hot venison staid for my abode,

I thank thee worshipful *George Shillito*,

He fill'd my men and me, and let us go.

There did I well view over twice or thrice,

A strong, a fair, and ancient edifice:

Re-edif'd where it was ruined most,

At th' high and hopeful Prince<sup>k</sup> of *Wales* his cost.

I saw the room where *Exton*<sup>l</sup> and his rout

Of Traitors, royal *Richards* brains beat out:

And if that King did strike so many blows,

*i. Yorkshire the greatest shire in England, and 804. miles about speed.*

*j. Pomfret Castle.*

*k. Prince Charles.*

*l. Sir Pierce of Exton Knight. King Richard the second murdered there.*

As hacks and hews upon one pillar shows,  
 There are one hundred slashes, he withstood,  
 Before the Villains shed his Kingly blood.  
 From *Pomfret* then, unto my noble friend,  
 Sir *Robert Swift* at *Doncaster* we wend,  
 An ancient Knight, of a most generous spirit,  
 Who made me welcome far beyond my merit.  
 From thence by *Newark*, I to *Stamford* past,  
 And so in time to *London* at the last,  
 With friends and neighbours, all with loving hearts,  
 Did welcome me with pottles, pints and quarts.  
 Which made my Muse more glib, and blithe to tell  
 This story of my Voyage.    So farewell.



### An Epilogue.

*Thus have I brought to end a work of pain,  
 I wish it may requite me with some gain :  
 For well I wot, the dangers where I ventured,  
 No full bag'd man would ever durst have entered :  
 But having further shores for to discover  
 Hereafter, now my pen doth here give over.*

FINIS.

# A New Discovery

*BY SEA,*

With a *Wherry* from *London*  
to *Salisbury*.

---



---

BY JOHN TAYLOR.

---

L O N D O N .

Imprinted by *Edw. All-de.*

1623.





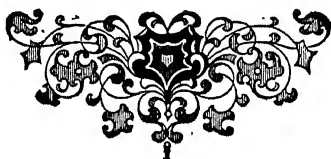
To the Nobility, Gentry, and Communalty, who are  
Inhabitants, or Well-willers to the Welfare  
of the City of Salisbury, and County  
of Wiltshire.

Right Honourable,

**W**ORSHIPFUL, and loving Countrymen, I  
have named my Book and Voyage, *The  
Worst, or the Best*, which I ever under-  
took and finished, and it lies in your pleasures, to  
make it which you please ; I am sure for toil, travail,  
and danger, as yet I never had a worse, or a more  
difficult passage, which the ensuing Discourse will  
testify ; yet, all those perils past, I shall account as  
pleasures, if my infallible Reasons may move or per-  
suade you to clear your River, and make it Navigable  
from the Sea to your City ; I have in part touched  
what the profit and Commodities of it will be unto  
you, and have briefly shewed the Inconveniences  
which you have through the want of it : I have also  
declared, that the main intent or scope of my coming  
unto you with a *Wherry*, was, to see what lets or

Impediments were the hindrances unto so good and beneficial a work. All which I have (according to my simple Survey, and weak Capacity) set down, which with the merriness of my most Hazardous Sea-progress, I humbly Dedicate to your Noble, Worshipful, and worthy Acceptances, ever acknowledging myself and my Labour in you services to be commanded in all duty,

JOHN TAYLOR.







## A DISCOVERY BY SEA FROM LONDON TO SALISBURY.

**A**S our accounts in almanacks agree,  
The year call'd sixteen hundred twenty  
three :  
That July's twenty eight, two hours past  
dinner,  
We with our *Wherry*, and five men within  
her,

Along the crystal Thames did cut and curry,  
Betwixt the Counties Middlesex and Surrey :  
Whilst thousands gaz'd, we past the bridge with  
wonder,

Where fools and wise men go above and under.  
We thus our Voyage bravely did begin  
Down by St. *Katherines*, where the Priest fell in,  
By *Wapping*,<sup>1</sup> where as hang'd drowned *Pirates* die ;  
(Or else such<sup>a</sup> *Rats*, I think as would eat *Pie*.)

*a. Any rat  
that eats Pie,  
is a Pirat.*

<sup>1</sup> WAPPING.—Here was the famous Execution Dock, the usual place of execution for hanging of pirates and searovers at the low-water mark, and there to remain till three tides had overflowed them."—*Stow*,

And passing further, I at first observ'd,  
That<sup>b</sup> *Cuckolds-Haven*<sup>1</sup> was but badly serv'd :

b. When I  
passed down  
the River,  
there was not  
any Post or  
Horn there,  
but since it  
is most  
worthily  
Repaired.

For there old *Time* had such confusion wrought,  
That of that ancient place remained nought.

No monumental memorable Horn,  
Or Tree, or Post, which hath those Trophies borne,  
Was left, whereby Posterity may know  
Where their forefathers Crests did grow, or show.  
Which put into a maze my musing Muse,

<sup>2</sup>*CUCKOLD'S HAVEN, OR POINT,—HORN FAIR.*—On the Rotherhithe or right bank of the river Thames, a little below the church, and formerly distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns on the top. King John, wearied with hunting on Shooter's-hill and Blackheath, entered the house of a miller at Charlton to refresh and rest himself. He found no one at home, but the miller's wife, young, it is said, and beautiful. The miller, it so happened, was earlier in coming home than was usual when he went to Greenwich with his meal—and red and raging at what he saw on his return, he drew his knife. The King, unarmed, thought it prudent to make himself known, and the miller, only too happy to think that it was no baser individual, asked a boon of the King. The King consented, and the miller was told to clear his eyes, and claim the long strip of land he could see before him on the Charlton side of the river Thames. The miller cleared his eyes, and saw as far as a Point near Rotherhithe. The King admitted the distance, and the miller was put into possession of the property on one condition—that he should walk annually on that day, the 18th of October, to the farthest bounds of the estate with a pair of buck's horns upon his head. Horn Fair is still kept every 18th of October, at the pretty little village of Charlton in Kent, and the watermen on the Thames about Cuckold's Point still tell the story (with many variations and additions) of the jolly miller and his light and lovely wife.

"That's what you'll come to, my friend," says a waterman on the Thames to Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, pointing at the same time to a pirate hanging in chains near Execution-dock. The reply of the Idle Apprentice is significant enough : he holds two of his fingers to his forehead by way of horns—"Cuckold's Point, you ———."

Both at the worlds neglect, and times abuse,  
That that stout Pillar, to Oblivions pit  
Shall fall, whereon *Plus ultra* might be writ,  
That such a mark of Reverend note should lie  
Forgot, and hid, in black obscurity,  
Especially when men of every sort  
Of Countries, Cities, warlike Camps or Court,  
Unto that *Tree* are plaintiffs or defendants,  
Whose<sup>e</sup> loves, or fears, are fellows or attendants :  
Of all estates, this *Haven* hath some partakers  
By lot, some Cuckolds, and some Cuckold-makers.  
And can they all so much forgetful be  
Unto that Ancient, and Renowned *Tree*,  
That hath so many ages stood Erected,  
And by such store of patrons been Protected,  
And now Ingloriously to lie unseen,  
As if it were not, or had never been ?  
Is Lechery wax'd scarce, is Bawdry scant,  
Is there of Whores, or Cuckolds any want ?  
Are Whore-masters decay'd, are all Bawds dead ?  
Are Panders, Pimps, and Apple-squires, all fled ?  
No surely, for the Surgeons can declare  
That *Venus* wars, more hot than *Mars* are,  
Why then, for shame this worthy *Port* maintain,  
Let's have our *Tree*, and Horns set up again :  
That Passengers may show obedience to it.  
In putting off their hats, and homage do it.  
Let not the *Cornucopiaes* of our land,

c. All estate  
or degrees  
do either  
love or fear  
the Haven.

Unightly and unseen neglected stand :  
I know it were in vain for me to call,  
That you should raise some famous Hospital,  
Some Free-school, or some Almshouse for the poor,  
That might increase good deeds, and ope heav'ns  
door.

'Tis no taxation great, or no collection  
Which I do speak of, for This great Erection :  
For if it were, mens goodnesses, I know,  
Would prove exceeding barren, dull, and slow :  
A Post and Horns, will build it firm and stable,  
Which charge to bear, there's many a beggar able ;  
The place is Ancient, of Respect most famous,  
The want of due regard to it, doth shame us,  
For *Cuckolds Haven*, my request is still,  
And so I leave the Reader to his will.  
But holla Muse, no longer be offended,  
'Tis worthily Repair'd and bravely mended,  
For which great meritorious work, my pen  
Shall give the glory unto *Greenwich* men.  
It was their only cost, they were the Actors  
Without the help of other Benefactors,  
For which my pen their praises here adorns,  
As they have beautifi'd the Hav'n with Horns.  
From thence to *Deptford* we amain were driven,  
Whereas an Anchor unto me was given :  
With parting pints, and quarts for our farewell ;  
We took our leaves, and so to *Greenwich* fell,

There shaking hands, adieus, and drinkings store,  
 We took our ship again, and left the shore.  
 Then down to *Erith*, 'gainst the tide we went,  
 Next *London*, greatest mayor town in *Kent*  
 Or *Christendom*, and I approve it can,  
 That there the Mayor was a Waterman,  
 Who governs, rules, and reigns sufficiently,  
 And was the Image of Authority :  
 With him we had cheap reck'nings and good cheer.  
 And nothing but his friendship we thought dear.  
 But thence we rous'd ourselves and cast off sleep,  
 Before the daylight did begin to peep,  
 The tide by *Gravesend* swiftly did us bring,  
 Before the mounting *Lark* began to sing,  
 And e'er we came to *Lee*, with speedy pace  
 The sun 'gan rise with most suspicious face,  
 Of foul foreboding weather, purple, red,  
 His radiant tincture, East, Northeast o'erspread :  
 And as our oars thus down the river pull'd,  
 Oft with a fowling-piece the *Gulls* we gull'd  
 For why,<sup>d</sup> the Master Gunner of our ship  
 Let no occasion or advantage slip,  
 But charg'd and discharged, shot, and shot again,  
 And scarce in twenty times shot once in vain,  
 Foul was the weather, yet thus much I'll say.  
 If't had been fair, Fowl was our food that day,  
 Thus down amongst the spacious coast of *Kent*  
 By *Grane* and *Sheppys* Islands down we went,

*d His name  
 is Arthur  
 Bray a  
 Waterman  
 of Lambeth,  
 and a good  
 Markman.*

We past the *Nore-head*, and the sandy shore,  
 Until we came to the East end of the *Nore*,  
 At last by *Ramsgates* pier we stifly rowed,  
 The wind and tide, against us blow'd and flow'd,  
 Till near unto the Haven where *Sandwich* stands,  
 We were enclosed with most dangerous sands.  
 There were we sous'd and slabber'd, wash'd and  
 dash'd,

*e. We were  
 five men,  
 and two of  
 us were  
 afraid, two  
 were not  
 afraid, and  
 I was half  
 afraid.*

And gravel'd, that it made us<sup>e</sup> half abash'd :  
 We look'd and pry'd, and stared round about,  
 From our apparent perils to get out.  
 For with a staff, as we the depth did sound,  
 Four miles from land, we almost were on ground.  
 At last unlook'd for) on our larboard side  
 A thing turmoiling in the sea we spyed,  
 Like to a *Merman* ; wading as he did  
 All in the sea his nether parts were hid,  
 Whose brawny limbs, and rough neglected beard,  
 And grim aspect, made half of us afear'd,  
 And as he unto us his course did make,  
 I courage took, and thus to him I spake.  
*Man, monster, fiend or fish, what'er thou be,  
 That travelest here in Neptunes monarchy,  
 I charge thee by his dreadful three-tin'd mace,  
 Thou hurt not me or mine, in any case,  
 And if thou be'st produced of mortal kind,  
 Shew us some course, how we the way may find  
 To deeper water, from these sands so shallow,*

*In which thou seest our ship thus wash and wallow.*  
 With that (he shrugging up his shoulders strong)  
 Spake (like a Christian) in the *Kentish* tongue,  
 Quoth he, kind sir, I am a fisherman,  
 Who many years my living thus have wan  
 By wading in these sandy troublous waters  
 For *shrimps, whelks, cockles*, and such useful matters,  
 And I will lead you, (with a course I'll keep)  
 From out these dangerous shallows to the deep.  
 Then (by the nose) along he led our boat,  
 Till (past the flats) our bark did bravely float.  
 Our *Sea-horse*, that had drawn us thus at large,  
 I gave two groats unto, and did discharge.  
 Then in an hour and half, or little more,  
 We through the *Downs* at *Deal* went safe on shore.  
 There did our Hostess dress the fowl we kill'd,  
 With which our hungry stomachs well we fill'd,  
 The morrow being Wednesday (break of day)  
 We towards *Dover* took our weary way :  
 The churlish winds awak'd the seas high fury,  
 Which made us glad to land there, I assure ye.  
 Blind Fortune did so happily contrive,  
 That we (as sound as bells) did safe arrive  
 At *Dover*, where a man did ready stand,  
 To give me entertainment by the hand,  
 A man of metal, mark and note, long since  
 He graced was to lodge a gracious Prince,  
 And now his speeches sum, and scope and pith

Is *Jack* and *Tom*, each one his cousin *Smith*,  
That if with pleasant talk you please to warm ye,  
He is an Host much better than an army,  
A goodly man, well fed, and corpulent,  
Fill'd like a bag-pudding with good content,  
A right good fellow, free of cap and leg,  
Of compliment, as full as any egg :  
To speak to *Him*, I know it is of *Folly*,  
He is a mortal foe to Melancholy,  
Mirth is his life and trade, and I think very,  
That he was got when all the world was merry :  
Health upon health, he doubled and redoubled,  
Till his, and mine, all our brains were troubled,  
Unto our absent *Betters* there we drank ;  
Whom we are bound to love, they not to thank :  
By us mine Host could no great profit reap,  
Our meat and lodging was so good and cheap,  
That to his praise thus much I'll truly tell,  
He us'd us kindly every way and well. ·  
And though my lines before are merry writ,  
Where'er I meet him, I'll acknowledge it.  
To see the Castle there I did desire,  
And up the Hill I softly did aspire,  
Whereas it stands, impregnable in strength,  
Large in circumference, height, breadth, and length,  
Built on a fertile plat of ground, that they  
Have yearly growing twenty loads of hay,  
Great Ordnance store, pasture for kine and horses,



Rampires and Walls, t'withstand invasive forces,  
That it be well with truth and courage man'd,  
Munition, victual'd, then it can withstand  
The powers of twenty *Tamberlanes* (the Great)  
Till in the end with shame they would retreat.  
'Tis govern'd by a grave and prudent Lord,  
Whose justice doth to each their right afford,  
Whose worth (within the Castle, and without)  
The five Ports, and the country all about,  
The people with much love, do still recite,  
Because he makes the wrongers render right.  
The kindness I received there was such,  
That my remembrance cannot be too much.  
I saw a gun thrice eight foot long of brass,  
And in a wheel I saw a comely ass  
(Dance like a dog) that's turning of a spit,  
And draw as it were from the infernal pit,  
(Whose deep abyss is perpendicular)  
One hundred fathom (or well near as far)  
So crystalline, so clear, and cool a water,  
That will in summer make a mans teeth chatter :  
And when to see it up, I there had stood,  
I drank thereof, and found it sweet and good.  
So farewell *Castle, Dover, Dover pier,*  
Farewell, Host *Bradshaw*, thanks for my good  
cheer.  
My bonny bark to sea was bound again ;  
On Thursday morn, we launch'd into the main,

*f. The right  
Honourable  
the Lord  
Zouch, Lord  
Warden of  
the Cinque  
ports.*

By *Folkestone*, and by *Sandgates* ancient Castle,  
Against the rugged waves, we tug and wrestle  
By *Hyde*, by *Romney*, and by *Romney* Marsh,  
The tide against us, and the wind blew harsh,  
'Twixt *Æolus* and *Neptune* was such strife,  
That I ne'er felt worse weather in my life :  
Toss'd and retoss'd, retoss'd and toss'd again ;  
With rumbling, tumbling, on the rolling main,  
The boist'rous breaking billows curled locks  
Impetuously did beat against the rocks,  
The wind much like a horse whose wind is broke,  
Blew thick and short, that we were like to choke :  
As it outrageously the billows shaves,  
The gusts (like dust) blown from the briny waves,  
And thus the winds and seas robustious gods  
Fell by the ears stark mad at furious odds.  
Our slender ship, turmoiled 'twixt shores and seas,  
Aloft or low, as storms and flaws did please :  
Sometimes upon a foaming mountain's top,  
Whose height did seem the heav'ns to underprop,  
When straight to such profundity she fell,  
As if she div'd into the deepest Hell.  
The clouds like ripe apostumes burst and shower'd,  
Their mattery watery substance headlong pour'd ;  
Yet though all things were mutable and fickle,  
They all agreed to souse us in a pickle,  
Of waters fresh and salt, from seas and sky,  
Which with our sweat joined in triplicity,

That looking each on other, there we saw,  
We neither were half stew'd, nor yet half raw,  
But neither hot or cold, good flesh or fishes  
For *Canibals*, we had been ex'lent dishes.  
Bright *Phæbus* hid his golden head with fear,  
Not daring to behold the dangers, there,  
Whilst in that strait or exigent we stand,  
We see and wish to land, yet durst not land,  
Like rolling hills the billows beat and roar  
Against the melancholy beachy shore,  
That if we landed, neither strength or wit  
Could save our boat from being sunk or split  
To keep the sea, stern puffing *Æolus* breath  
Did threaten still to blow us all to death,  
The waves amain (unbid) oft boarded us,  
Whilst we almost three hours beleagur'd thus.  
On every side with danger and distress,  
Resolv'd to run on shore at *Dungeness*.  
There stand some thirteen cottages together,  
To shelter fishermen from wind and weather,  
And there some people were as I suppos'd,  
Although the doors and windows all were clos'd :  
I near the land, into the sea soon leapt  
To see what people those same houses kept,  
I knock'd and call'd at each, from house to house,  
But found no form of mankind, man or<sup>o</sup> mouse.  
This news all sad, and comfortless and cold.  
Unto my company I straightways told,

g. No  
dwelling  
within near  
three miles  
of those  
Cottages.

Assuring them the best way I did think,  
 Was to haul up the boat, although she sink.  
 Resolved thus, we all together please  
 To put her head to shore, her stern to seas,  
 They leaping overboard amidst the billows,  
 We pluck'd her up (unsunk) like stout tall fellows.  
 Thus being wet, from top to toe we stripp'd,  
 (Except our shirts) and up and down we skipp'd,  
 Till wind and sun our wants did well supply,  
 And made our outsides, and our insides dry.

*h. The towns  
 name is  
 Lydd, two  
 miles from  
 Romney in  
 Kent.*

Two miles from thence, a ragged<sup>b</sup> town there stood,  
 To which I went to buy some drink and food :  
 Where kindly over-reckon'd, well misus'd  
 Was, and with much courtesy abus'd.  
 Mine Hostess did account it for no trouble,  
 For single fare to make my payments double:  
 Yet did her mind and mine agree together :  
 That (I once gone) would never more come thither :  
 The cabins where our boat lay safe and well,  
 Belong'd to men which in this town did dwell :  
 And one of them (I thank him) lent us then  
 The key to ope his hospitable den,  
 A brazen kettle, and a pewter dish,  
 To serve our needs, and dress our flesh and fish :  
 Then from the butchers we bought lamb and sheep,  
 Beer from the alehouse, and broom to sweep  
 Our cottage, that for want of use was musty,  
 And most extremely rusty-fusty-dusty.

There, two days space, we roast, and boil, and broil,  
 And toil, and moil, and keep a noble coil,  
 For only we kept open house alone,  
 And he that wanted beef, might have a *stone*.  
 Or Grandame earth (with beds) did all befriend us,  
 And bountifully all our lengths did lend us,  
 That laughing, or else lying<sup>d</sup> down did make  
 Our backs and sides sore, and our ribs to ache.  
 On Saturday the winds did seem to cease,  
 And brawling seas began to hold their peace,  
 When we (like tenants) beggarly and poor,  
 Decreed to leave the key beneath the door,  
 But that the landlord did that shift prevent,  
 Who came in pudding time and took his rent,  
 And as the *Sun*, was from the ocean peeping,  
 We launch'd to sea again, and left house-keeping.  
 When presently we saw the drizzling skies  
 'Gan pout and lower, and winds and seas 'gan rise,  
 Who each on other played their parts so wild,  
 As if they meant not to be reconciled,  
 The whilst we leap upon those liquid hills,  
 Where *porpoises* did show their fins and gills,  
 Whilst we like various Fortune tennis ball,  
 At every stroke, were in the *hazard* all.  
 And thus by *Rye*, and<sup>d</sup> *Winchelsea* we past  
 By *Fairlight*, and those rocky cliffs at last.  
 Some two miles short of *Hastings*, we perceiv'd  
 The *Lee* shore dangerous, and the billows heav'd,

i. Our beds  
 were Cables  
 and Ropes,  
 every feather  
 at the least  
 20, fathom  
 long.

j. I walk'd  
 to  
 Winchelsea,  
 were I thank  
 my Cousin  
 Mr Collins,  
 the Mayor  
 there, he  
 made me  
 kindly  
 welcome,

Which made us land (to scape the seas distress)  
 Within a harbour, almost harbourless,  
 (We give God thanks) amongst the rocks we hit,  
 Yet were we neither wash'd or sunk, or split.  
 Within a cottage nigh, there dwells a weaver  
 Who entertained us, as the like was never,  
 No meat, no drink, no lodging (but the floor)  
 No stool to sit, no lock unto the door,  
 No straw to make us litter in the night,  
 Nor any candlestick to hold the light,  
 To which the owner bid us welcome still,  
 Good entertainment, though our cheer was ill,  
 The morrow when the Sun with flushed face  
 In his diurnal course began to trace,  
 The wind exceeding stiff and strong and tough,  
 The seas outrageous, and extremely rough,  
 Our boat laid safe upon the beachy sand,  
 Whilst we to *Hastings* went or walk'd by land.  
 Much (to that town) my thankfulness is bound,  
 Such undeserved kindness there I found.  
 There nights we lay there, and three days we spent,  
 Most freely welcom'd, and much merriment.  
 Kind Mr.<sup>k</sup> Mayor his love above the rest :  
 Me and my crew, he did both feed and feast,  
 He sent us gold, and came himself to us ;  
 My thanks are these, because his love was thus.  
 Mine Host and Hostess *Clayton* thus I thank  
 And all good fellows there, I found so frank,

*k. The  
 Mayors  
 name was  
 Mr. Richard  
 Boyse, a  
 Gentleman  
 whose  
 laudable  
 life, and  
 honest  
 government  
 is much  
 beloved and  
 approved.*

That what they had, or what could there be got,  
They neither thought too heavy or too hot.  
The winds and seas continued still their course,  
Inveterate seem'd their rage, untam'd their force,  
Yet were we loath to linger and delay :  
But once again to venture and away.  
Thus desperately resolv'd, 'twixt hope and doubt,  
Half sank with launching, madly we went out,  
At twelve a clock at noon, and by sunset  
To *Meeching*, or *New Haven* we did get.  
There almost sunk (to save our boat at last)  
Ourselves into the shallow seas we cast :  
And pluck'd her into safety to remain  
Till Friday that we put to sea again.  
Then 'mongst our old acquaintance (storms and flaws)  
At every stroke near Deaths devouring jaws :  
The weary day we past through many fears,  
And land at last quite sunk o'er head and ears.  
All dropping dry, like five poor rats half drown'd  
From succour far, we ha'd the boat on ground,  
Cast out our water, whilst we bravely drop'd,  
And up and down to dry ourselves we hop'd.  
Thus we our weary pilgrimage did wear,  
Expecting for the weather calm and clear :  
But storms, flaws, winds, seas, took no minutes rest,  
Continual fiercely blowing West Southwest,  
A town call'd *Goring*, stood near two miles wide,  
To which we went, and had our wants supplied :

There we reliev'd ourselves (with good compassion)  
With meat and lodging of the homely fashion,  
To bed went in hope of rest and ease,  
But all beleaguer'd with an host of fleas :  
Who in their fury nip'd and skip'd so hotly,  
That all our skins were almost turn'd to motley.  
The bloody fight endur'd at least six hours,  
When we (opprest with their increasing pow'rs)  
Were glad to yield the honour of the day  
Unto our foes, and rise and run away :  
The night before, a constable there came,  
Who ask'd my trade, my dwelling, and my name :  
My business, and a troop of questions more,  
And wherefore we did land upon that shore ?  
To whom I fram'd my answers true, and fit,  
(According to his plenteous want of wit)  
But were my words all true, or if I ly'd,  
With neither I could get him satisfi'd.  
He ask'd if we were Pirates ? We said no,  
*(As if we had, we would have told him so.)*  
He said that Lords sometimes would enterprise  
T'escape, and leave the Kingdom, in disguise :  
But I assur'd him on my honest word,  
That I was no disguised Knight or Lord.  
He told me then that I must go six miles  
T'a Justice there, Sir *John*, or else Sir *Giles* :  
I told him I was loth to go so far :  
And he told me, he would my journey bar.



Thus what with fleas, and with the several prates  
 Of th'officer, and his associates,  
 We arose to go, but Fortune bade us stay :  
 The constable had stolen our oars away,  
 And borne them thence a quarter of a mile,  
 Quite through a lane, beyond a gate and stile,  
 And hid them there, to hinder my depart,  
 For which I wish'd him hang'd with all my heart.  
 A ploughman (for us) found our oars again,  
 Within a field well fill'd with barley grain.  
 Then madly, gladly out to sea we thrust,  
 'Gainst winds and storms and many a churlish gust :  
 By *Kingston* Chapel, and by *Rustington*,  
 By *Littlehampton*, and by *Middleton*,  
 To *Bognors* fearful rocks, which hidden lie  
 Two miles into the sea, some wet, some dry :  
 There we suppos'd our danger most of all,  
 If we on those remorseless rocks should fall :  
 But by the Almighty's mercy and His might,  
 We row'd to *Selsey*, where we stay'd all night.  
 There, our *necessity* could *have no law*,  
 For want of beds, we made good use of straw  
 Till *Sol*, that old continual traveller,  
 From *Thetis* lap, 'gan mount his flaming car.  
 The weather kept it's course, and blow'd and rag'd,  
 Without appearance it would e'er be suag'd,  
 Whilst we did pass those hills, and dales, and Downs,  
 That had devour'd great ships, and swallow'd towns,

Thus after six or five hours toil at least,  
 We pass'd along by *Wittering*, *West*, and *East*,  
 Upon the Lee shore still the wind full South,  
 We came near *Chichesters* fair Havens mouth  
 And being then half sunk, and all through wet,  
 More fear'd than hurt, we did the Haven get.  
 Thus in that harbour we our course did frame  
 To *Portsmouth*, where on Monday morn we came.  
 Then to the Royal Fleet we row'd aboard,  
 Where much good welcome they did us afford.  
 To the Lord General, first my thanks shall be,  
 His bounty did appear in gold to me,  
 And every one aboard the *Prince* I found,  
 Instead of want, to make their loves abound,  
 Captain *Penruddock* there amongst the rest,  
 His love and bounty was to us exprest,  
 Which to requite, my thankfulness I'll show,  
 And that I'll ever pay, and ever owe.  
 On Tuesday morning we with main and might,  
 From *Portsmouth* cross'd unto the *Isle of Wight* :  
 By *Cowes* stout Castle, we to *Yarmouth* hasted.  
 And still the winds and seas fierce fury lasted.  
 On Wedn'sday we to *Hursts* strong Castle cross'd.  
 Most dangerously sous'd, turmoil'd and toss'd :  
 Good harbour there we found, and nothing dear,  
 I thank kind Mr. *Figge*,<sup>1</sup> the porter there,  
 He show'd us there a Castle of defence  
 Most useful, of a round circumference :

*Matheve*  
*Figge, a*  
*right good*  
*fellow.*

Of such command, that none can pass those seas  
Unsink, or spoil'd, except the Castle please.  
On Thursday, we our boat row'd, pull'd and haul'd  
Unto a place, which is *Key Haven* call'd.  
The wind still blowing, and the sea so high,  
As if the lofty waves would kiss the sky,  
That many times I wish'd with all my heart,  
Myself, my boat, and crew, all in a cart ;  
Or anywhere to keep us safe and dry,  
The weather raged so outrageously.  
For sure I think the memory of man  
(Since winds and seas to blow or flow began)  
Cannot remember so stormy weather  
In such continuance, held so long together,  
For ten long weeks ere that, 'tis manifest,  
The wind had blown at South or West Southwest,  
And rais'd the seas : to show each others power,  
That all this space (calm weather) not one hour,  
That whether we did go by sun or moon,  
At any time, at midnight, or at noon :  
If we did launch, or if to land we set,  
We still were sure to be half-sunk, and wet.  
Thus toiling of our weary time away,  
That Thursday was our last long look'd for day :  
For having pass'd, with peril, and much pain,  
And plough'd, and furrow'd, o'er the dangerous  
main,

O'er depths, and flats, and many a ragged rock,  
We came to *Christ-Church* Hav'n at five o'clock.  
*Thus God, in mercy, His just judgment sparing,*  
*('Gainst our presumption, over-bold, and daring)*  
*Who made us see His wonders in the deep,*  
*And that His power alone aloft did keep*  
*Our weather-beaten boat above the waves,*  
*Each moment gaping to be all our Graves.*  
*We sinking 'scap'd: then not to us, to Him*  
*Be all the Glory, for he caused us swim.*  
*And for his mercy was so much extended*  
*On me (whose temptings had so far offended)*  
*Let me be made the scorn and scoff of men,*  
*If ever I attempt the like again.*  
My love, my duty, and my thankfulness,  
To Sir *George Hastings* I must here express :  
His deeds to me, I must requit in words,  
No other payment, poor mens state affords.  
With fruitless words, I pay him for his cost,  
With thanks to Mr. *Templeman* mine Host.  
So leaving *Christ Church*, and the Haven there,  
With such good friends as made us welcome cheer,  
Some serious matter now I must compile,  
And thus from verse to prose I change my style.



GOD, who of his infinite wisdom made *Man*,  
 of his unmeasured mercy redeemed him,  
 of his boundless bounty, immense power,  
 and eternal eye of watchful providence *relieves*,  
 guards, and conserves him; It is necessary, that  
 every man seriously consider and ponder these  
 things, and in token of obedience and thankfulness  
 say with *David*: *What shall I render?* and the  
 man having thus searched considerably the Causer  
 of his being, then let him again meditate for<sup>m</sup> what<sup>m. Men</sup>  
 cause he hath a being: indeed it may be objected,<sup>should</sup>  
 that almost everything hath a being; as stones have<sup>consider w<sup>l</sup></sup>  
 being, trees, herbs, and plants, have being and life:  
 Beasts, fowls, and fishes, have being, life, and sense:  
 but to man is given a being, life, sense, and reason,  
 and after a mortal, an immortal ever-being. This  
 consideration will make a man know that he hath  
 little part of himself, which he may justly call his  
 own: his body is Gods, he made it; his soul is his,  
 who bought it; his goods are but lent him, by him  
 that will one day call him to a reckoning, for the  
 well or ill disposing of them: so that man having  
 nothing but what he hath received, and received  
 nothing but what is to be employed in the service  
 of God, and consequently his Prince or Country,  
 it is plainly to be perceived, that every man hath<sup>n. No man</sup>  
 the least share or portion of himself to boast of.<sup>is owner of</sup>

I have written this Preamble, not only to inform such as know not these things already ; but also to such whose knowledge is, as it were, fallen into a dead sleep: who do live, as though there were no other being than here, and that their life and being was ordained only of themselves, neither God, Prince, or Country, having no share or portion of them, or of what they call theirs. But oh you Inhabitants of *Salisbury*, I hope there are no such crawling cankerworms, or commonwealth caterpillars amongst you. Nay, I am assured of the contrary, that there are many, who (with religious piety, open hands, and relenting hearts) do acknowledge that your goods are but lent in trust unto you), and do patiently bear the over-burthensome relieving of many hundreds of poor wretches, which (were it not for your charity) would perish in your streets.

*o. Here is an  
honest course  
set down  
for the  
enriching of  
your poor.*

This being entered into my consideration, that your City is so<sup>o</sup> much overcharged with poor, as having in three parishes near 3000 besides decayed men a great many, and that those few which are of the wealthier sort, are continually overpressed with sustaining the wants of the needy, the City being as it were at the last gasp, the poor being like *Pharaoh's* lean kine, even ready to eat up the fat ones: I have made bold to write this treatise ensuing, both to entreat a constant perseverance in

those who have begun to do good works, and an encouragement or animating of all others, who as yet seem slow in these good proceedings. And if anything here written by me, be either impertinent, extravagant, rude, harsh, or over-bold, I humbly entreat you to impute it rather to my want of judgment, learning, and capacity, than to any presumption, or want of love and duty to the City and cause, which is hereafter handled.

It is sufficiently known, that my intent and purpose at this time, was not to make any profit to myself upon any adventure (as it is deemed by many) by my passage from *London* to *Salisbury* with a wherry, but I was entreated by a\* waterman<sup>p. His name is Gregory Bastable, and his ordinary place where he plies, or attends his labour, is at the Temple, and there also plies Thomas Estman another Wiltshire man, which went with me.</sup> which was born in *Salisbury*, that I would bear him company for the discovery of the sands, flats, depths, shoals, mills, and weirs, which are impediments, and lets whereby the river is not navigable from *Christ-Church*, or the sea to *Salisbury*. Which after many dangerous gusts, and tempestuous storms at sea, (which I have recited in verse before) it pleased God that at the last we entered the river, which in my opinion is as good a river, and with some charge may be made as passable as the river of *Thames* is upwards from *Brentford* to *Windsor*, or beyond it; the shallow places in it are not many, the mills need not be removed, and as for the weirs, no doubt but they may with conscience

be compounded for. By which means of navigation, the whole City and Country would be relieved loiterers turned into labourers, penury into plenty, to the glory of God, the dignity and reputation of your City, and the perpetual worthy memory of all benefactors and well-willers unto so noble a work.

If you will but examine your own knowledges, you shall find that in the whole dominion of *England*, there is not any one Town or City which hath a Navigable River at it, that is poor, nor scarce any that are rich, which want a River with the benefits of Boats : The Town of *Kingston* upon *Hull* in Yorkshire, the River there was cut out of *Humber*, by mens labours 20. miles up into the Country, and what the wealth and estate of that Town is, (by the only benefit of that river) it is not unknown to thousands : but you men of *Sarum* may see what a commodity navigation is, nearer hand ; there is your neighbour *Southampton* on the one side, and your dear friend *Poolc* on the other, are a pair of handsome looking-glasses for you, where you may see your want in their abundance, and your negligence in their industry.

Gods hath placed your being in a fertile soil, in a fruitful valley, environed round with Corn, and as it were continually besieged with plenty ; whilst you within (having so many poor amongst are rather lookers upon happiness enjoyers : more



over (by Gods appointment) Nature hath saved you the labour of cutting a River, for I think you have one there as old as your City ready made to your hands ; if you will be but industrious to amend those impediments in it, I dare undertake to be one of the 3. or 4. men which shall bring or carry 16 or 20 tuns of goods betwixt the Sea and your City now, with extreme toil of men, horses and carts, your wood is brought to you 18. or 20. miles, whereby the poor which cannot reach the high prices of your fuel, are inforced to steal or starve in the winter, so that all your near adjoining woods are continually spoiled by them : which faults by the benefit of the River would be reformed : for the New Forest standeth so near to the water, that it is but cut the wood and put it into a boat, which shall bring as much to your City as twenty carts, and fourscore horses : besides, by this River you might draw to you a trade of Sea-coal, which would enrich you, and help the plain and inland Towns and Villages where no wood grows. And for the exportation of your corn from Port to Port, within our own Country, as it is well known what abundance of your barley is continually made into malt amongst you : which if you had carriage for it, might be brewed into beer, wherewith you might serve divers places with your beer, which is now served with your malt besides carriages of bricks, tiles, stones, charcoals, and other necessarys,

which is now carried at dear rates by horse and cart, which you now send in carts, or on horses backs, to *Southampton*, to *Bristol*, and to many other places: so that the dearness of the Carriages eats up all your commodities and profit; which commodity may be avoided, [if your River be cleansed : and what man can tell what good in time may redound to your City from the Sea, by foreign goods, which may be brought into *Christ-Church* Haven by shipping? nor can it be truly imagined, what now and useful profitable businesses may arise in time by this means.

Our Forefathers and Ancestors did in their lives time in former ages do many worthy and memorable works, but for all their industry and cost, they did (or could not) do all; but as there was much done to our hands, so there was much left for us to do, and very fitting it was, that it should be so : for it is against common sense and reason, our Fathers should toil in good works like drudges, and we spend our times loitering like Drones : no, what they did, was for our imitation. And with all, that we should be leaders of our posterities by our examples, into laudable endeavours, as our progenitors have before shewed us : we are their sons and off-spring, we have their shapes and figures, we bear their names, we possess their goods, inherit their lands ; we have materials of Stones, Timber, Iron, and

such necessities which they had, (if not greater abundance) and having all these, let us with all have their willing and liberal hearts, and there is no question to be made, but that our River of *Avon* will quickly be cleaned, to the honest enriching of the rich, and the charitable relieving of the poor.

I am assured there are many good men in the City and County of *Wiltshire*, and others of worth and good respect in this Kingdom, who would willingly and bountifully assist this good work : but (*like Gossips near a stile*) they stand straining courtesy who shall go first : or the Mice in the Fable, *not one will adventure to hang the bell about the cats neck* : So that if one good man would begin, it would be (like a health drank to some beloved Prince at a great feast) pledged most heartily, and by God's grace effected most happily.

You have already began a charitable work amongst you, I mean, your common Town Brew-house, the profit of which you intend shall be wholly employed for the supply of the poor and impotents, which live in your City ; from which sort of people (being such a multitude) the brewers there have found their best custom : for no doubt but the meanest beggar amongst you, is (in some sort) more valiant than the richest man ; because the one dares to spend all he hath at the ale-house, so dares not the other ; for the poor man drinks stiffly to drive care away, and hath nothing to loose, and the rich

man drinks moderately, because he must bear a brain to look to what he hath. And of all traders in the world, a Brewer is the Load-stone, which draws the customers of all functions unto it. It is the mark or upshot of every mans aim, and the bottomless whirlpool that swallows up the profits of rich and poor. The brewers art (like a wild kestrel or unman'd hawk) flies at all games; or like a butlers box at Christmas, it is sure to win, who-soever loses: In a word, it rules and reigns (in some sort) as *Augustus Cæsar* did, for it taxeth the whole earth. Your Inns and Alchouses are Brooks and Rivers, and their Clients are small Rills and Springs, who all (very dutifully) do pay their tributes to the boundless Ocean of the Brewhouse. For all the world knows that if men and women did drink no more than sufficed Nature, or if it were but a little extraordinary now and then upon occasion, or by chance, as you may term it; if drinking, were used in any reason, or any reason used in drinking, I pray ye what would become of the Brewer then? surely we do live in an age, wherein<sup>e</sup> the seven deadly sins are every mans trade and living. Pride is the main-tainer of thousands, which would else perish; as Mercers, Tailors, Embroiderers, Silkmen, Cutters, Drawers, Sempsters, Laundresses, of which functions there are millions which would starve but for

g. Some  
make a  
profit of  
quarrelling,  
some pick  
their  
livi. g out of  
contentions  
and debate,  
some thrive  
and grow  
fat by  
giuttony,  
many are  
bravely  
maintained  
by bribery  
theft,  
cheating,  
roguey, and  
villany: but.  
put all  
together,  
and join to  
them all  
sorts of  
people else,  
and they all  
in general  
are drinkers,  
and conse-  
quently the  
Brewers  
Clients and  
Customers.

Madame Pride with her changeable fashions. Lechery, what a continual crop of profit it yields, appears by the gallant thriving, and gawdy outsides of many he and she, private and public sinners, both in City and Suburbs. Covetousness is embroidered with extortion, and warmly lined and furred with oppression. And though it be a devil, yet is it most idolatrously adored, honoured, and worshipped by those sheepheaded fools, whom it hath undone and beggared. I could speak of other vices, how profitable they are to common-wealth; but my invention is thirsty, and must have one carouse more at the brewhouse, who (as I take it) hath a greater share than any, in the gains which spring from the worlds abuses: for Pride is maintained by the humble, yet one kind of Pride doth live and profit by another: Lechery is supported by the cursed swarm of Bawds, Panders, Pimps, Apple-squires, Whores, and Knaves; and so every sin lives and thrives by the members, agents, ministers, and clients, which do belong unto them: but drunkenness plays at all; all trades, all qualities, all functions and callings can be drunk extempore: note at any great Feast, or but at every ordinary dinner or supper almost, when men are well satisfied with sufficiency, that then the mystery of quaffing begins, with healths to many an unworthy person (who perhaps) would not give the price of

the Reckoning to save all them from hanging (which make themselves sick with drinking such unthankful healths,) I myself have oftentimes dined or supped at a great mans board, and when I have risen, the servants of the house have enforced me into the cellar or buttery, where (in the way of kindness) they will make a mans belly like a souse-tub, and enforce me to drink, as if they had a commission under the Devils great seal, to murder men with drinking, with such a deal of complimentary oratory, *As, off with your Lap, wind up your bottom,* Up with your taplash, and many more eloquent phrases, which *Tully* or *Demosthenes* never heard of; that in conclusion I am persuaded three days fasting would have been more healthful to me, than two hours feeding and swilling in that manner.

If any man hang, drown, stab, or by any violent means make away his life, the goods and lands of any such person, are forfeit to the use of the King: and I see no reason but those which kill themselves with drinking, should be in the same estate, and be buried in the high ways, with a stake drove through them: and if I had but a grant of this suit, I would not doubt but that in seven years (if my charity would agree with my wealth) I might erect Alms-houses, Free-schools, mend highways, and make bridges: for I dare swear, that a number (almost numberless) have confessed upon their death-beds that

at such and such a time, in such and such a place, they drank so much which made them surfeit, of which they languished and died. "The main benefit of these superfluous and man-slaughtering expences comes to the Brewer, so that if a Brewer be in any office, I hold him to be a very ungrateful man, if he punish a drunkard: for every stiff pot-valiant drunkard is a post, beam, or pillar, which holds up the Brew-house: for as the bark is to the tree, so is a good drinker to a brewer.

But you men of *Salisbury*, wisely perceiving how much *Evil* to your City, hath come by the abuse of *Good* drink, you would now work by contraries, to draw *Good* for your poor, out of these forepassed and present *Evils*. To draw evil out of good, is devilish, but to work or extract goodness out of what is evil, is godly, and worthy to be pursued. The abuse of good drink, and excessive drinking, hath made many beggars amongst you, to the enriching of a few Brewers, and now you would turn the world off from the Barrels, as I would off from the Coach-wheels, that the benefit of your new built Town Brewhouse might relieve many of those poor amongst you, who have formerly been impoverished by the enriching of your Town Brewers. It is no doubt but they will oppose this good work of yours, as the image-makers in *Ephesus* did *Paul*, when he preached against their idolatrous worship-

ping *Diana*; but be not you discouraged, for *Nehemiah* (in time) did build the Temple, although  
s. Tobiah,  
Arabians,  
Ammonites. *Sanballat* and<sup>s</sup> many others did oppose him : for as  
 your intents are pious, so no doubt but God will  
 make your events prosperous.

Now to turn from beer and ale to fair water,  
 (your river I mean) which if it be cleansed, then  
 with the profit of your Town-brew-house, and the  
 commodity of the river, I think there will be scarce  
 a beggar or a loiterer to be found amongst you. I  
 have written enough before concerning the benefit  
 of it, and to encourage such as seem slow towards so  
 good a work, which had it been in the Low-Countries,  
 the industrious Dutch would not so long have  
 neglected so beneficial a blessing, witness their  
 abundance of Navigable Rivers, and ditches, which  
 with the only labour of men they have cut, and in  
 most places, where never God or Nature made any  
 River ; and lately there is a River made navigable  
 to *St. Yeades*\* in *Huntingdonshire*, wherein stood  
 seven mills, as impediments in the way. And now  
 the City of *Canterbury* are clearing their Rivers,  
 that boats may pass to and fro betwixt them and  
*Sandwich* Haven : the like is also in hand at *Leeds*  
 in *Yorkshire* : Now, if neither former or present  
 examples can move you, if your own wants cannot  
 inforce you, if assured profit cannot persuade you,  
 but that you will still be neglective and stupid, then

\*ST. NEOT'S.



am I sorry that I have written so much, to so little purpose, but my hopes are other ways : if all blind, lame, and covetous excuses be laid aside, then those who are willing, will be more willing, and those who are slack or backward, will in some reasonable manner draw forward : And there is the mouth of an uncharitable objection which I must needs stop, which is an old one, and only spoken by old men ; for (say they) we are aged and stricken in years, and if we should lay out our moneys, or be at charges for the river, by the course of Nature we shall not live to enjoy any profit to requite our costs: this excuse is worse than Heathenish, and therefore it ill becomes a Christian ; for as I wrote before, man was not created, or had either the goods of mind, body, or *Fortune*, bestowed on him by his Maker, but that he should have the least part of them himself, his God, Prince and Country, claiming (as their due) almost all which every man hath. The oldest man will purchase land, which is subject to barrenness, and many inconveniences ; he will buy and build houses, which are in danger of fire, and divers other casualties ; he will adventure upon wars or goods at high prices, which to his loss may fall to low rates ; he will bargain for cattle and sheep, who are incident to many diseases, as rot, the murrain, and divers the like, and all this will he do, in hope to raise his state, and leave his

heirs rich : at his death perhaps (when he can keep his goods no longer, when in spite of his heart he must leave all) he will give a few gowns, and a little money to pious uses, a gross or two of penny loaves, and there's an end of him, so that there remains no more memory of him.

But this good work of your river, is not subject to barrenness or sterility, but contrarily it will be a continual harvest of plenty, it is not in danger of being consumed, or wasted, but it is assured of a perpetual increase, the names and memories of contributors towards it, shall be conserved in venerable and laudable remembrance, to the eternizing of their fames, the honour of their posterities, and the good example of succeeding times to imitate. Therefore you men of *Salisbury*, I entreat you in this case to be good to yourselves. Or else you may say hereafter, *If we had been industrious, we had been happy: If we had not been covetous, we had been rich.*<sup>1</sup>

Now, to return to my travels and entertainments: As I passed up the River, at the least 2000. Swans, like so many Pilots, swam in the deepest places before me, and showed me the way. When I came to the town of *Ringwood* (14. miles short of

<sup>1</sup>The design advocated of rendering the River Avon navigable from Christchurch to Salisbury was attempted under the patronage of Seth Ward, Bishop of Salisbury (1670-80), but the scheme proved abortive.—*Thatcher's History of Old and New Sarum.*

*Salisbury*) I there met with His Majesties Trumpeters, and there my fellows Mr. *Thomas Underhill*, and Mr. *Richard Stock*, Mr. *Thomas Ramsey*, Mr. *Randall Lloyd*, with others, which I name not, did walk on the bank, and gave me two excellent flourishes with their Trumpets, for the which I thank them in print, and by word of mouth. At last I came to a town called *Fording Bridge*, where (not many days before) a grievous mischance happened; For two men being swimming or washing in the river, a butcher passing over the bridge (with a mastiff dog with him) did cast a stone into the water, and say, A duck; at which, the dog leaped into the river, and seized upon one of the men and killed him; and the butcher leaping in after, thinking to save the man, was also slain by his own dog, the third man also hardly escaping, but was likewise bitten by him.

From thence I passed further, to a place called *Hale*, where we were welcomed by the Right Worshipful, *Sir Thomas Penrudduck*, Knight, whom we carried there in our Boat, and who, I am assured, will be a forward and a liberal Benefactor towards clearing of the River.

So passing on our course by the Villages of *Burgate Breamore*, *Charford*, *Downton*, and *Stonely*, we came to *Langford*, where we were well entertained by the Right Honourable, the Lord *Edward*

*George* (Lord Baron of *Dundalk*, and Captain of his strong and Majesties defencible Castle of *Hurst*, in *Hampshire*) to whom in love and duty we proffered the gift of our tattered, wind-shaken and weather-beaten boat, which (after our being at *Salisbury*, being but two miles from thence) his Lordship accepted. And though he knew she was almost unserviceable, yet his noble bounty was such, that he rewarded us with the price of a new boat. I had some conference with his Honour, concerning the impediments and cleansing of the River, and I know he is most forwardly and worthily affected towards it, and no doubt if it be pursued, that then he will do that which shall become a gentleman of his Honourable calling and Rank.

So on the same Friday at night we came to *Salisbury*, where we brought our boat through *Fisherton* bridge, on the west side of the city, taking our lodging at the sign of the Kings head there, with mine Host *Richard Estman*, whose brother *Thomas*, was one of the Watermen which came in the boat thither from *London*: on the morrow, I with my company footed it two miles to *Wilton*, where at the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pembrokes*, my Lord Chamberlains house, I was most freely (and beyond my worth and merit) kindly welcomed, by the Right Worshipful, Sir *Thomas Morgan*, Knight, with whom I dined, and by whose

command I was showed all or the most part of the admirably contrived rooms, in that excellent, and well-built house; which rooms were all richly adorned with costly and sumptuous hangings; his Majesty some few days before having dined there with most magnificent entertainment, as did express the love of so Noble a House-keeper for so Royal a Guest: upon the sight of which house with the furniture, I wrote these following verses.

*If Wholesome Air, Earth, Woods, and pleasant Springs  
Are Elements, whereby a house is grac'd:*

*If strong and stately built, contentment brings,  
Such is the house of Wilton, and so plac'd.*

*There Nature, Art, Art, Nature hath embrac'd;  
Without, within, below, aloft complete:*

*Delight and state, are there so interlac'd  
With rich content, which makes all good, and great  
The Hangings there, with Histories replete,  
Divine, Profane, and Moral pleasures giving.*

*With work so lively, exquisite, and neat,  
As if mans Art made mortal creatures living.  
In brief, there all things are compos'd so well,  
Beyond my pen to write, or tongue to tell.*

Then I was showed a most fair and large Armoury, with all manner of provision and furniture, for pike, shot, bills, halberts, javelins, with other weapons, and munition, which for goodness,

number, and well-keeping, is not second to any Noblemans in *England*: Afterwards I went to the Stables, and saw my Lords great horses, whom I saw such, and so good, that what my untutored pen cannot sufficiently commend, I am forced with silence to overpass. But amongst the rest, the pains and industry of an ancient gentleman Mr. *Adrian Gilbert*, must not be forgotten: for there hath he (much to my Lords cost and his own pains) used such a deal of intricate setting, grafting, planting, innoculating, railing, hedging, plashing, turning, winding, and returning circular, triangular, quadrangular, orbicular, oval, and every way curiously and chargeably conceited: there hath he made walks, hedges, and arbours, of all manner of most delicate fruit trees, planting and placing them in such admirable artlike fashions, resembling both divine and moral remembrances, as three arbours standing in a triangle, having each a recourse to a greater Arbour in the midst, resembleth three in one, and one in three: and he hath there planted certain Walks and Arbours all with<sup>t</sup> Fruit trees, so pleasing and ravishing to the sense, that he calls it *Paradise*, in which he plays the part of true *Adamist*, continually toiling and tilling. Moreover, he hath made his Walks most rarely round and spacious, one walk without another, as the rinds of an onion are greatest without, and less towards the centre) and

*i. Not a tree stands there, but it bears one good or rare fruit or other.*

withal, the hedges betwixt each walk are so thickly set, that one cannot see through from the one walk who walks in the other : that in conclusion,<sup>u</sup> the <sup>a round</sup> work <sup>is</sup> <sup>endless,</sup> and I think that in *England* it <sup>having no</sup> is not to be fellowed, or will in haste be followed. <sup>end.</sup> <sup>It will</sup> And in love which I bear to the memory of so <sup>not the</sup> industrious and ingenious a Gentleman, I have <sup>matchless</sup> <sup>adjoining</sup> <sup>wood and</sup> <sup>walks of</sup> written the following Anagrams. <sup>Rowlington</sup> <sup>here, whose</sup> <sup>praises</sup> <sup>consists in</sup>

*Adryan Gilbert,* } Anagrams. { *Art redily began*  
                              }                        { *A breeding tryall.*

Art redily began a breeding tryall,  
*When she inspir'd this worthy Gentleman :*  
*For Natures eye, of him took full espiall,*  
*And taught him Art, Art readily began,*  
*That though Dame Nature was his Tutorress, he,*  
*Outworkes her, at his workes apparent be.*

*For Nature brings but earth, and seeds and plants,  
Which Art, like Tailors, cuts and puts in fashion :  
As Nature rudely doth supply our wants,  
Art is deformed Natures reformation.  
So Adryan Gilbert mendeth Natures features  
By Art, that what she makes, doth seem his creatures.*



THUS with my humble thanks to Sir *Thomas Morgan*, and my kind remembrance to all the rest of my lords servants there, my legs and my labouring lines return again to *Salisbury*, and from the next day (being Sunday) to *Langford*, to my Lord *George* his house, with whom I dined, and left my humble thanks for the reckoning. In brief, my fruitless and worthy lip-labour, mix'd with a deal of airey, and non-substantial matter, I gave his Lordship, and the like requital I bestowed on the right Worshipful Mr. *Thomas Squibb*, Mayor of *Sarum*, with Mr. *Banes*, Mr. *John Ivy*, Mr. *Windour*, with all the rest; and more than thanks, and a grateful remembrance of their Honourable, Worshipful, and friendly favours, I know they expect not, and less than such a common duty as gratitude I must not, or cannot pay. To shut up all in few words, I know, his Majesties pious inclination is so ample, that he will be graciously pleased with any of your laudable endeavours for your welfare and commodity, if you take good and speedy advice, then no doubt but the effects will be according to your honest intendments.

So farewell, *Salisbury*, till we meet again, which I hope will be one day: in the mean space I pray thee take this poor pamphlet as a loving pledge of



my return. Me thinks I see already, men, horses, carts, mattocks, shovels, spades, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, and baskets at work for the clearing of your river : But if my *thoughts* do deceive me, and my *expectation* fail, I shall ever hereafter give small credit to their intelligence. So once more, *Salisbury*, I with thee thankfully well to fare.

On Thursday the 21. of *August* I took *Winchester* in my way homewards : where I saw an ancient City, like a body without a soul : and I know not the reason of it, but for ought which I perceived, there were almost as many parishes as people. I lodged at the sign of the Cock, being recommended to the Host of the house, by a token from *Salisbury*, but mine Host died the night before I came, and I being weary, had more mind to go to bed than to follow him so long a journey, to do my message, or deliver any commendations : but the whole City seemed almost as dead as mine Host, and it may be they were all at Harvest work : but I am sure I walked from one end of it to the other, and saw not 30. people of all sorts : So that I think if a man should go to *Winchester* for a *Goose*,<sup>1</sup> he might lose his labour, for a trader cannot live there, by vending such commodities.

<sup>1</sup>WINCHESTER GOOSE, OR PIGEON.—A name for a syphilitic bubo.

On Friday I gallop'd a foot pace one and twenty miles, from *Winchester* to *Farnham*; where I and one of my company hired a couple of *Hampshire* Jenets, with seven legs, and three eyes betwixt them, upon whom we hobbled seventeen miles, to *Staines*, whence on Saturday the 23. of August we footed it to *Brentford*, and boated it to Lon-

D O N.



# THE GREAT EATER *OF KENT,*

OR PART OF THE ADMIRABLE TEETH  
and Stomach Exploits of

*Nicholas Wood, of Harrisom,*  
in the *County of Kent*, His Excessive manner  
of Eating without manners in strange  
and trve manner described

By IOHN TAYLOR.



LONDON,  
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1630.





## THE GREAT EATER OF KENT.

**R**ECORDS and Histories do make memorable mention of the diversity of qualities of sundry famous persons, men and women, in all the Countries and Regions of the world, how some are remembered for their Piety and Pity; some for Justice; some for Severity, for Learning, Wisdom, Temperance, Constancy, Patience, with all the virtues Divine, and moral: Some again, have purchased a memory for greatness and tallness of body; some for dwarfish smallness; some for beautiful outsides, fair feature and composition of limbs and stature, many have gotten an earthly perpetuity for cruelty and murder, as *Nero*, *Commodus*, and others: for Lechery, as *Heliogabalus*: for drunkenness, *Tiberius*, (*alias Biberius*;) for effeminacy, as *Sardanapalus*: for gluttony, *Aulus Vitellius*, who at one supper was served with two thousand sorts of fishes, and seven thousand fowls, as *Suetonius* writes in his ninth book, and *Josephus* in his fifth book of the Jews wars. *Caligula* was famous for ambition, for he would be

ador'd as a God, though he liv'd like a Devil, poisoning his Uncle, and deflowering all his Sisters : And in all ages and countries, time hath still produc'd particular persons, men and women, either for their virtues or their vices, to be remembered, that by meditating on the good, we may be imitating their goodness, and by viewing the bad, we might be eschewing their vices.

To descend lower to more familiar examples, I have known a great man very expert on the Jew-harp ; a rich heir excellent at Noddy,<sup>1</sup> a Justice of the Peace skilful at Quoits ; a Merchants wife a quick gamester at Irish<sup>2</sup> (especially when she came to bearing of men) that she would seldom miss entering. Monsieur *La Ferr* a Frenchman, was the first inventor of the admirable Game of Double-hand, Hot-cockles, and *Gregory Dawson* an Englishman, devised the unmatchable mystery of Blind-man's-buff. Some have the agility to ride Post, some the facility to run Post ; some the dexterity to write Post, and some the ability to speak, Post. For I have heard a fellow make a Hackney of his tongue, and in a moment he hath gallop'd a lie from *China* to *London*, without bridle or saddle. Others do speak Post, in a thick shuffling kind of ambling trot, and that in such speed, that one of them shall talk

<sup>1</sup>NODDY, an old game at cards, conjectured to be the same as cribbage.

<sup>2</sup>IRISH, similar to backgammon.

more in one quarter of an hour, than shall be understood in seven years. And as every one hath particular qualities to themselves, and dissonant from others, so are the manners of lives (or livings) of all men and women various one from another ; as some get their living by their tongues, as Interpreters, Lawyers, Orators, and Flatterers ; some by tails, as Maquerellæ,\* Concubines, Curtezans, or in plain English, Whores ; some by their feet, as Dancers, Lackeys, Footmen, and Weavers, and Knights of the public or common order of the fork ; some by their brains, as Politicians, Monopolists, Projectmongers, Suit-joggers, and Star-gazers ; some (like the *Salamander*) live by fire, as the whole race of *Tubal Cain*, the *Vulcanæan* brood of Blacksmiths, Firemen, Colliers, Gunners, Gun-founders, and all sorts of metal-men ; some like the *Chameleon*, by the air, and such are Poets, Trumpeters, Cornets, Records, Pipers, Bagpipers ; and some by smoke, as Tobacconists, Knights of the Vapour, Gentlemen of the Whiff, Esquires of the Pipe, Gallants in *fumo* ; some live by the Water as Herrings do, such are Brewers, Vintners, Dyers, Mariners, Fishermen, and Scullers ; and many like moles live by the Earth, as griping Usurers, racking Landlords, toiling Ploughmen, moiling Labourers, painful Gardeners, and others.

Amongst all these before mentioned, and many more which I could recite, this subject of my pen is

\*MAQUERELIÆS.—i.e., bawds, procuresses.

not (for his quality) inferior to any : and as near as I can, I will stretch my wit upon the Tenters, to describe his name and character, his worthy acts shall be related after *in due time duly*.

And, be it known unto all men, to whom these presents shall come, that I *John Taylor*, Waterman of Saint *Saviours* in Southwark, in the County of Surrey, the Writer hereof, &c., will write plain truth, bare and thread-bare, and almost stark-naked-truth, of the descriptions, and remarkable, memorable actions of *Nicholas Wood*, of the Parish of *Harrisom*<sup>1</sup> in the County of Kent, Yeoman, for these considerations following.

First, I were to blame to write more than truth, because that which is known to be true, is enough.

Secondly, that which is only true, is too much.

Thirdly, the truth will hardly be believed, being so much beyond mans reason to conceive.

Fourthly, I shall run the hazard to be accounted a great liar, in writing the truth.

Lastly, I will not lie, on purpose to make all those liars that esteem me so.

Yet by your leave, Master Critic, you must give me license to flourish my phrases, to embellish my lines, to adorn my Oratory, to embroider my speeches, to interlace my words, to draw out my sayings, and to bumbast the whole suit of the

<sup>1</sup>HARISOM.—i. e. Harrietsham.



business for the time of your wearing. For though truth appeareth best bare in matters of Justice, yet in this I hold it decent to attire her with such poor rags as I have, instead of robes.

First then ; the place of his birth, and names of his parents are to me a mere *Terra incognita*, as far from my knowledge, as content from a Usurer, or honesty from a Bawd, but if he be no Christian, the matter is not much, he will serve well enough for a man of Kent ; and if his education had been as his feeding, it is evident he had been of most mighty breeding ; he hath gotten a foul name, but I know not if it came to him by Baptism, for it is partly a *Nick*-name, which in the total is *Nicholas*, I would abate him but a Saint, and call him *Nicholas Shambles*, and were the goodness of his purse answerable to the greatness of his appetite, out of all question, no man below the Moon would be a better customer to a shambles than he, for though he be chaste of his body, yet his mind is only upon flesh, he is the only Tugmutton, or Muttonmonger betwixt *Dover* and *Dunbar* : for he hath eaten a whole sheep of sixteen shillings price, raw at one meal (pardon me) I think he left the skin, the wool, the horns, and bones : but what talk I of a sheep, when it is apparently known, that he hath at one repast, and with one dish, feasted his carcase with all manner of meats ? All men will confess that a hog

will eat any thing, either fish, flesh, fowl, root, herb, or excrement, and this same noble *Nick Nicholas*, or *Nicholas Nick*, hath made an end of a hog all at once, as if it had been but a rabbit sucker, and presently after, for fruit to recreate his palate, he hath swallowed three pecks of damsons, thus (Philosophically) by way of a chemical infusion, as a hog will eat all things that are to be eaten, so he in eating the hog, did in a manner of extraction distil all manner of meats through the limbeck of his paunch.

But hold a little, I would be loath to cloy my Reader with too much meat and fruit at once, so that after your sheep, hog and damsons, I think it best to suffer you to pause and pick your teeth (if you have any) whilst I spend a few words more in paraphrasing upon his surname. *Wood* is his appellation, denomination, or how you please to term it.

Some of the ancient Philosophers have compared men to a Tree with the bottom upwards, whose root is the brain, the arms, hands, fingers, legs, feet and toes, are the limbs and branches, the comparison is very significant, many trees do bring forth good fruit, so do some few men; some stately trees grow high and fair, yet stand for nothing but shades, and some men grow high and lofty, yet are nothing but shadows; Some trees are so malignant,

that nothing can prosper under the compass of their branches; and some men are so unlucky, that very few can thrive in their service. And as of one part of a tree a chair of State may be made, and of another a carved image, and of a third a stool of office; So men, being compounded and composed all of one mould and metal, are different and dissonant in estates, conditions, and qualities. Too many (like the barren Fig-tree) bear leaves of Hypocrisy, but no fruits of Integrity, who serve only for a flourish in this life, and a flame in that hereafter.

So much for that: now to return to my theme of *Wood*, (indeed this last digression may make my Reader think that I could not see wood for trees) what Wood he is, I know not, but by his face he should be Maple, or Crabtree, and by his stomach, sure he is heart of *Oak*; some say he is a *Meddler*, but by his stature, he seems like a low short *Pine*, and certain I am, that he is *Popular*, a well timbered piece, or a store-house for belly timber.

Now Gentlemen, as I have walked you amongst the Trees, and through the Wood, I pray sit down, and take a taste or two more of this banquet.

What say you to the leaf or fleck of a brawn new killed, to be of weight eight pound, and to be eaten hot out of the boars belly raw? much

good do you Gallants, was it not a glorious dish ? and presently after (instead of suckets, twelve raw puddings. I speak not one word of drink all this while, for indeed he is no drunkard, he abhors that swinish vice: Alehouses, nor Tapsters cannot nick this *Nick* with froth, curtal cans, tragical black-pots, and double-dealing bumbasted jugs, could never cheat him, for one pint of beer or ale is enough to wash down a hog, or water a sheep with him.

Two loins of mutton, and one loin of veal were but as three sprats to him : Once at Sir *Warham Saint Ledgers* house, and at Sir *William Sydlcyes* he shewed himself so valiant of teeth, and stomach, that he ate as much as would well have served and sufficed thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-men turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter, to make it stretch and hold ; and afterwards being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while : which when the Knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long time as he had lain bedrid with eating.

*Pompey* the Great, *Alexander* the Great, *Tamberlane* the Great, *Charlemagne* or *Charles* the Great, *Arthur* the Great : all these gat the title of Great, for conquering Kingdoms, and killing of men ; and surely *eating* is not a greater sin than

rapine, theft, manslaughter and murder. Therefore this noble *Eatalian* doth well deserve the title of *Great*: wherefore I instile him *Nicholas* the Great (Eater :) And as these forenamed Greats have overthrown and wasted Countries, and hosts of men, with the help of their Soldiers and followers; so hath our *Nick* the Great, (in his own person) without the help or aid of any man, overcome, conquered, and devoured in one week, as much as would have sufficed a reasonable and sufficient Army in a day, for he hath at one meal made an assault upon seven dozen of good rabbits at the Lord *Wottons* in *Kent*, which in the total is four-score, which number would well have sufficed a hundred, three-score, and eight hungry soldiers, allowing to each of them half a rabbit.

*Bell*, the famous Idol of the *Babylonians*, was a mere impostor, a juggling toy, and a cheating bauble, in comparison of this *Nicholaitan Kentish Tenterbelly*, the high and mighty Duke *All-paunch*, was but a fiction to him. *Milo* the *Crotonian* could hardly be his equal: and *Woolner* of *Windsor*<sup>1</sup> was not worthy to be his footman. A quarter of fat lamb, and threescore eggs have been but an easy collation, and three well larded pudding-pies he

<sup>1</sup>WOOLNER OF WINDSOR.—The Life and Pranks of Long Meg of Westminster, chap. vii, contains an account of "How she used Woolner the singing man of Windsor, that was the great eater, and how she made him pay for his breakfast,"

hath at one time put to foil, eighteen yards of black puddings (*London* measure) have suddenly been imprisoned in his souse-tub. A duck raw with guts, feathers, and all (except the bill and the long feathers of the wings) hath swam in the whirlpool or pond of his maw, and he told me, that three-score pound of cherries was but a kind of washing meat, and that there was no tack in them, for he had tried it at one time. But one *John Dale* was too hard for him at a place called *Lennam*, for the said *Dale* had laid a wager that he would fill *Woods* belly, with good wholesome victuals for two shillings, and a gentleman that laid the contrary, did wager, that as soon as noble *Nick* had eaten out *Dales* two shillings, that he should presently enter combat with a worthy Knight, called Sir *Loin of Beef*, and overthrow him; in conclusion, *Dale* bought six pots of potent, high and mighty ale, and twelve new penny white loaves, which he sopped in the said ale, the powerful fume whereof conquered the conqueror, robbed him of his reason, bereft him of his wit, violently took away his stomach, intoxicated his *Pia Mater*, and entered the sconce of his *Pericranium*, blind folded him with sleep; setting a *nap* of nine hours for manacles upon his *thread-bare eyelids*, to the preservation of the roast beef, and the unexpected winning of the wager.

This invincible *Ale*, victoriously vanquished the vanquisher, and over our Great Triumpher, was Triumphant : but there are precedents enough of as potent men as our *Nicholas*, that have subdued Kings and Kingdoms, and yet they themselves have been captured and conquered by drink ; we need recite no more examples but the Great *Alexander*, and *Holofernes*, their ambition was boundless, and so is the stomach of my pens subject, for all the four Elements cannot cloy him, fish from the deepest ocean, or purest river, fairest pond, foulest ditch, or dirtiest puddle, he hath a receipt for fowl of all sorts, from the *Wren* to the *Eagle*, from the *titmouse* to the *ostrich* or *cassowary*, his paunch is either a coop or a roost for them : he hath (within himself) a stall for the ox, a room for the cow, a sty for the hog, a park for the deer, a warren for conies, a store-house for fruit, a dairy for milk, cream, curds, whey, butter-milk, and cheese : his mouth is a mill of perpetual motion, for let the wind or the water rise or fall, yet his teeth will ever be grinding ; his guts are the rendezvous or meeting place or burse for the beasts of the fields, the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea ; and though they be never so wild or disagreeing in Nature, one to another, yet he binds or grinds them to the peace, in such manner, that they never fall at odds again. His eating of a sheep, a hog,

and a duck raw, doth shew that he is free from the sin of niceness or curiosity in his diet. (It had been happy for the poor, if their stomachs had been of that constitution, when sea coals were so dear here.) Besides, he never troubles a larder, or cupboard to lay cold meat in, nor doth he keep any cats or traps in his house to destroy vermin, he takes so good a course, that he lays or shuts up all safe within himself; in brief, give him meat, and he ne'er stands upon the cookery; he cares not for the peacock of *Samos*, the woodcock of *Phrygia*, the cranes of *Malta*, the pheasants of *England*, the *capercaillie*, the *heathcock*, and *ptarmigan* of *Scotland*, the goat of *Wales*, the salmon, and *usquebaugh* of *Ireland*, the sausage of *Bologna*, the skink of *Westphalia*, the Spanish *potatoe*, he holds as a bauble, and the *Italian fig* he esteems as poison.

He is an Englishman, and English diet will serve his turn. If the *Norfolk Dumpling*, and the *Devonshire white-pot*, be at variance, he will atone them, the *bag-puddings* of *Gloucester shire*, the *black-puddings* of *Worcester shire*, the *pan-puddings* of *Shropshire*, the *white puddings* of *Somersetshire*, the *hasty puddings* of *Hampshire*, and the *pudding-pies* of any shire, all is one to him, nothing comes amiss, a contented mind is worth all, and let any thing come in the shape of fodder, or eating stuff, it is welcome, whether it be *sausage*, or *custard*, or



*egg-pie*, or *cheese-cake*, or *flawn*, or *fool*, or *froise*, or *tansy*, or *pancake*, or *fritter*, or *flapjack*, or *posset*, *galley-mawfrey*, *mackeroon*, *kickshaw*, or *tantablin*, he is no pulling meacock, nor in all his life time the queasyness of his stomach needed any saucy spur or switch of sour *verjuice* or acute *vinegar*, his appetite is no straggler, nor is it ever to seek, for he keeps it close prisoner, and like a courteous kind jailor, he is very tender over it, not suffering it to want any thing if he can by any means procure it : indeed it was never known to be so far out of reparations, that it needed the assistance of *caudle*, *aleberry*, *julep*, *cullis*, *gruel*, or *stew'd-broth*, only a mess of plain frugal country *pottage* was always sufficient for him, though it were but a *washing-bowl full*, of the quantity of two pecks, which pottenger of his, I my self saw at the sign of the white *Lion* at a village called *Harrisom*, in *Kent*, the Hostess of which house did affirm, that he did at once wash down that bowl full of pottage, with nine penny loaves of bread, and three jugs of beer.

Indeed, in my presence (after he had broken his fast) having (as he said) eaten one pottle of milk, one pottle of pottage, with bread, butter, and cheese : I then sent for him, to the aforesaid Inn, and after some accommodated salutations, I asked him if he could eat anything ? He gave me thanks, and said, if he had known, that any gentleman would have

invited him, that he would have spared his breakfast at home, (and with that he told me as aforesaid, what he had eaten) yet nevertheless (to do me a courtesy) he would shew me some small cast of his office, for he had one hole or corner in the profundity of his store-house, into which he would stow or bestow any thing that the house would afford, at his peril and my cost. Whereupon I summoned my Hostess with three knocks upon the table, two stamps on the floor with my fist and foot, at which she made her personal appearance with a low curtsy, and inquisitive What lack ye? I presently laid the authority of a bold guest upon her, commanding that all the victuals in the house should be laid on the table. She said, she was but slenderly provided, by reason Goodman *Wood* was there, but what she had, or could do, we should presently have : so the cloth was displayed, the salt was advanc'd, six penny wheaten loaves were mounted two stories high like a rampier, three sixpenny veal pies, wall'd stifly about, and well victual'd within, were presented to the hazard of the *Scalado*, one pound of sweet butter (being all fat and no bones) was in a cold sweat at this mighty preparation, one good dish of thornback, white as Alabaster or the snow upon the *Scithian* mountains, and in the rear came up an inch thick shiver of a peck household loaf ; all which provision were presently, in the space of an hour utterly con-

founded, and brought to nothing, by the mere and only valourous dexterity of our unmatched grand Gormand. He courageously pass'd the pikes, and I cleared the shot, but the house yielded no more, so that my guest arose unsatisfied, and myself discontented in being thrifty and saving my money against my will.

I did there offer him twenty shillings to bring him up to me to my house on the Bankside, and there I would have given him as much good meat, as he would eat in ten days, one after another, and five shillings a day every day, and at the ten days end, twenty shillings more, to bring him down again. I did also offer ten shillings to one *Jeremy Robinson* a glover (a man very inward with him) to attend and keep him company, and two shillings sixpence the day, with good diet and lodging : all which were once accepted, until *Wood* began to ruminate and examine what service he was to do, for these large allowances. Now my plot was to have him to the Bear-garden, and there before a house full of people, he should have eaten a wheel-barrow full of tripes, and the next day, as many puddings as should reach over the Thames (at a place which I would measure betwixt *London* and *Richmond*) the third day, I would have allowed him a fat calf, or sheep of twenty shillings price, and the fourth day he should have had thirty sheeps gathers,\* thus from

\*SHEEPS GATHERS—i.e., the pluck.

day to day he should have had wages and diet with variety ; but he fearing that which his merits would amount unto, brake off the match, saying, that perhaps when his Grace, (I guess who he meant) should hear of one that ate so much, and could work so little, he doubted there would come a command to hang him : whereupon our hopeful Bear-garden business was shivered, and shattered in pieces.

Indeed he made a doubt of his expected performance in his quality, by reason of his being grown in years, so that if his stomach should fail him publicly, and lay his reputation in the mire, it might have been a disparagement to him for ever, and especially in Kent, where he hath long been famous, he would be loth to be defamed ; but as weak as he was, he said, that he could make a shift to destroy a fat wether of a pound\* in two hours, provided that it were tenderly boiled, for he hath lost all his teeth (except one) in eating a quarter of mutton, (bones and all) at *Ashford* in the County aforesaid, yet is he very quick and nimble in his feeding, and will rid more eating work away in two hours, than ten of the hungriest carters in the parish where he dwells. He is surely noble (for his great stomach) and virtuous, chiefly for his patience in putting *up much* ; moreover he is *thrifty* or *frugal*,

\*A POUND—i.e., twenty shillings.

for when he can get no better meat, he will eat ox livers, or a mess of warm ale-grains from a brew-house. He is provident and studious where to get more provision as soon as all is spent, and yet he is bountiful or prodigal in spending all he hath at once: he is profitable in keeping bread and meat from mould and maggots, and saving the charge of salt, for his appetite will not wait and attend the poudering\*; his courtesy is manifest, for he had rather have one *Farewell* than twenty goodbyes: of all things, he hold fasting to be a most superstitious branch of Popery, he is a main enemy to Emberweeks, he hates Lent worse than a butcher or a Puritan, and the name of Good-Friday affrights him like a bulbeggar; a long Grace before meat, strikes him into a quotidian ague; in a word, he could wish that Christmas would dwell with us all the year, or that every day were metamorphosed into Shrove-Tuesdays; in brief, he is a magazine, a store-house, a receptacle, a burse, or exchange, a babel or confusion for all creatures.

He is no gamester, neither at dice, or cards, yet there is not any man within forty miles of his head, that can play with him at *Maw*, and though his pasture be ever so good, he is always like one of *Pharaohs* lean kine; he is swarty, blackish hair, hawknosed (like a parrot, or a Roman), he is wattle-

\*POUDERING—To salt or spice meat.

jawed, and his eyes are sunk inward, as if he looked into the inside of his entrails, to note what customed or uncusomd goods he took in, whilst his belly (like a mainsail in a calm) hangs ruffled and wrinkled (in folds and wrathes) flat to the mast of his empty carcase, till the storm of abundance fills it, and violently drives it into the full sea of satisfaction.



**L**IKE as a River to the Ocean bounds,  
 Or as a Garden to all Britains grounds,  
 Or like a candle to a flaming link  
 Or as a single ace, unto Sife Cinque,  
 So short am I of what *Nick Wood* hath done,  
 That having ended, I have scarce begun :  
 For I have written but a taste in this,  
 To show my Readers where, and what he his.

FINIS.





*The Old, Old, very Old Man, or Thomas Parr, the Son of John Parr of Winnington, in the Parish of Alberbury, in the County of Shropshire; who was borne in the yeare 1483, in the Raigne of King Edward the 4<sup>th</sup>, being Aged, 152 Yeares and odd Monthes, in this yeare, 1635.*



# The Old, Old, Very Old Man :

OR,

The Age and long Life of *Thomas Parr*,  
the Son of *John Parr* of *Winnington*, in the  
Parish of *Alberbury* ; in the County of  
*Salopp* (or *Shropshire*) who was Borne in  
the Raigne of King *Edward* the 4<sup>th</sup>. be-  
ing aged 152. yeares and odd  
Monethes.

His Manner of Life and Conversation  
in so long a Pilgrimage ; his Marriages,  
and his bringing up to *London* about  
the end of *September* last. 1635.

Whereunto is Added a Postscript, showing  
the many remarkable Accidents that  
hapned in the Life of this *Old Man*.

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*Written by* I O H N T A Y L O R.

---

L O N D O N ,  
Printed for *Henry Goffon*, at his Shop on  
*London Bridge*, neere to the Gate.  
1635





TO  
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE,  
CHARLES, By the Grace of God,  
King of great Britain, France, and  
Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.



*F* Subjects (*my dread Liege*) 'tis manifest,  
You have the old<sup>st</sup>, the greatest, and the  
least:

*That for an Old,<sup>1</sup> a Great,<sup>2</sup> and Little man,<sup>3</sup>  
No kingdom (sure) compare with Britain can ;  
One, for his extraordinary stature,  
Guards well your gates, and by instinct of Nature  
(As he is strong), is Loyal, True, and Just,  
Fit, and most able, for his Charge and Trust.  
The other's small and well composed feature  
Deserves the Title of a Pretty Creature :  
And doth (or may) retain as good a mind  
As Greater men, and be as well inclined.  
He may be great in spirit, though small in sight,  
Whilst all his best of service, is Delight.  
The Old<sup>st</sup>, your Subject is ; but for my use,*

<sup>1</sup>Old Parr.

<sup>2</sup>William Evans,

<sup>3</sup>Sir Jeffery Hudson,

*I make him here, the Subject of my Muse :  
And as his Aged Person gain'd the grace,  
That where his Sovereign was, to be in place,  
And kiss your Royal Hand ; I humbly crave,  
His Lives Description may Acceptance have.  
And as your Majesty hath oft before  
Look'd on my Poems ; Pray read this one more.*

Your Majesties  
most  
Humble Subject  
and  
Servant,  
JOHN TAYLOR.





## THE OCCASION OF

this Old Man's being brought out  
of *Shropshire* to LONDON.

**A**S it is impossible for the Sun to be without light, or fire to have no heat ; so is it undeniable that true Honour is as inseparably addicted to Virtue, as the Steel to the Load-stone ; and without great violence neither the one or the other can be sundered. Which manifestly appears, in the conveying out of the Country, of this poor ancient Man ; Monument I may say, and almost Miracle of Nature.

For the Right Honorable, *Thomas* Earl of *Arundel* and *Surrey*, Earl Marshal of *England*, &c. being lately in *Shropshire* to visit some Lands and Manors which his Lordship holds in that County, or, for some other occasions of Importance, which caused his Lordship to be there. The Report of this Aged Man was certified to his Honour ; who hearing of so remarkable a Piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him, and in his Innated Noble and Christian Piety, he took him into his

charitable tuition<sup>m</sup> and protection ; Commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with Age) to be provided for him ; Also, that a Daughter-in-Law of his (named *Lucy*) should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her own riding with him ; And (to cheer up the Old Man, and make him merry) there was an Antique-fac'd-fellow, called *Jack* or *John the Fool*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also a Horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the Country to *London*, by easy Journeys ; the Charges being allowed by his Lordship, and likewise one of his Honours own Servants, named *Bryan Kelly*, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expenses ; all which was done accordingly, as followeth.

*Winnington* is a Hamlet in the Parish of *Alberbury*, near a place called the *Welsh Pool*, eight miles from *Shrewsbury*, from whence he was carried to *Wim*, a Town of the Earls aforesaid ; and the next day to *Shefnall* (a Manor House of his Lordship) where they likewise staid one night ; from *Shefnall* they came to *Wolverhampton*, and the next day to *Brimicham*,\* from thence to *Coventry* ; and although Master *Kelly* had much to do to keep the people off that pressed upon him in all places where he

\*Birmingham,

came, yet at *Coventry* he was most oppressed: for they came in such multitudes to see the Old Man, that those that defended him, were almost quite tired and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly that *Bryan* was in doubt he should bring his charge no further; (so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after novelties.) The trouble being over, the next day they passed to *Daventry*, to *Stony Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and so to *London*, where he is well entertain'd and accommodated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his lordship.

*One remarkable passage of the Old Man's policy must not be omitted or forgotten, which is thus.*

His three leases of 63. years being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord (one Master *John Porter*) for his life, with which lease, he hath lived more than 50 years (as is further hereafter declared;) but this Old Man would (for his wife's sake) renew his lease for years, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old *Parr*, (having been long blind) sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceiv'd Master *Edward Porter*, the son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband, saying, Husband, our young landlord is coming hither: Is he so, said old *Parr*; I prithee wife

lay a pin on the ground near my foot, or at my right toe ; which, she did ; and when young Master *Porter* (yet forty years old) was come into the house, after salutations between them, the Old Man said, Wife, is not that a Pin which lies at my foot ? Truly husband, quoth she, it is a pin indeed, so she took up the Pin, and Master *Porter* was half in a maze that the Old Man had recovered his sight again ; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them to suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hop'd to have his lease renew'd for his wife's sake, as aforesaid.

He hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter, the boys name was *John*, and lived but ten weeks ; the girl was named *Joan*, and she lived but three weeks. So that it appears he hath out-lived the most part of the people that are living near there, three times over.







## THE VERY OLD MAN :

OR,

The Life of *Thomas Parr*.



AN Old man's twice a child (the proverb says)

And many old men ne'er saw half his  
days

Of whom I write ; for he at first had life,  
When *York* and *Lancasters* Domestic strife  
In her own blood had factious *England* drench'd,  
Until sweet Peace those civil flames had quench'd.  
When as fourth *Edwards* reign to end drew nigh,  
*John Parr* (a man that liv'd by Husbandry)  
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and born was He  
The year of fourteen hundred<sup>1</sup>eighty three.  
And as his Fathers Living and his Trade,  
Was Plough, and Cart, Scythe, Sickle, Bill, and  
Spade ;  
The Harrow, Mattock, Flail, Rake, Fork, and  
Goad,  
And Whip, and how to load, and to Unload ;



The seventh and eight brave *Henries* both are dead,  
Sixth *Edward*, *Mary*, *Philip*, *Elizabeth*,  
And blest remembred *James*, all these by death  
Have changed life, and almost 'leven years since  
The happy reign of *Charles* our gracious Prince,  
*Tom Parr* hath liv'd, as by Record appears  
Nine months, one hundred fifty, and two years.  
Amongst the learn'd, 'tis held in general  
That every seventh year's climaterical,  
And dang'rous to mans life, and that they be  
Most perilous at th'Age of sixty three,  
Which is, nine climactericals ; but this Man  
Of whom I write, (since first his life began)  
Hath liv'd of climactericals such plenty,  
That he hath almost out-lived two and twenty.  
For by Records, and true Certificate,  
From *Shropshire* late, Relations doth relate,  
That He liv'd 17 years with *John* his Father,  
And 18 with a Master, which I gather  
To be full thirty five ; his Sires decease  
Left him four years Possession of a Lease ;  
Which past, *Lewis Porter* Gentleman, did then  
For twenty one years grant his Lease agen :  
That Lease expir'd, the Son of *Lewis* called *John*,  
Let him the like Lease, and that time being gone,  
Then *Hugh*, the Son of *John*, (last nam'd before)  
For one and twenty years sold one lease more.  
And lastly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh's* Son,

A lease for's life these fifty years, out-run :  
And till old *Thomas Parr*, to Earth again  
Return, the last lease must his own remain.  
Thus having shew'd th'extention of his Age,  
I'll shew some Actions of his Pilgrimage.

A tedious time a Bachelor he tarried,  
Full eighty years of age before he married :  
His continence, to question I'll not call,  
Mans frailty's weak, and oft doth slip and fall.  
No doubt but he in four score years might find  
In *Salop's* County, females fair and kind :  
But what have I to do with that ; let pass,  
At th' age aforesaid he first married was  
To *Fane*, *John Taylor's* daughter ; and 'tis said,  
That she (before he had her) was a maid.  
With her he liv'd years three times ten and two,  
And then she died, (as all good wives will do.)  
She dead, he ten years did a widower stay ;  
Then once more ventured in the wedlock way :  
And in affection to his first wife *Fane*,  
He took another of that name again ;  
(With whom he now doth live) she was a widow  
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and surnam'd *Adda*)  
She was (as by report it doth appear)  
Of *Gilsells* Parish, in *Mongom'ry-shire*,  
The Daughter of *John Lloyd* (corruptly *Flood*)  
Of ancient house, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.

But hold, I had forgot, in's first wife's time,  
He frailly, foully, fell into a Crime,

Which richer, poorer, older men, and younger,  
More base, more noble, weaker men, and stronger  
Have fallen into.

The *Cythrean*, or the *Paphæan* game,  
That thundering *Jupiter* did oft inflame ;  
Most cruel cut-throat *Mars* laid by his Arms,  
And was a slave to Loves enchanting charms,  
And many a Pagan god, and semi-god,  
The common road of lustful love hath trod :  
For from the Emperor to the russet clown,  
All states, each sex, from cottage to the Crown,  
Have in all Ages since the first Creation,  
Been foiled, and overthrown with Loves temptation :  
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to spy  
A Beauty, and Love entered at his eye,  
Whose pow'rful motion drew on sweet consent,  
Consent drew Action, Action drew Content,  
But when the period of those joys were passed,  
Those sweet delights were sourly sauc'd at last.  
The flesh retains, what in the Bone is bred,  
And one Colts tooth was then in old *Toms* head,  
It may be he was gull'd as some have been,  
And suffered punishment for others sin ;  
For pleasures like a Trap, a grin, or snare,  
Or (like a painted harlot) seems most fair ;  
But when she goes away, and takes her leave,  
No ugly Beast so foul a shape can have.  
Fair *Katherine Milton*, was this Beauty bright,

(Fair like an Angel, but in weight too light)  
Whose fervent feature did inflame so far  
The Ardent fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,  
That for Laws satisfaction, 'twas thought meet,  
He should be purg'd, by standing in a Sheet,  
Which aged (He) one hundred and five year,  
In *Alberbury's* Parish Church did wear.  
Should All that so offend, such Penance do,  
Oh, what a price would Linen rise unto,  
All would be turn'd to sheets, our shirts and smocks  
Our Table linen, very Porters Frocks  
Would hardly 'scape trans-forming, but all's one,  
He suffered, and his Punishment is done.

But to proceed, more serious in relation,  
He is a Wonder, worthy Admiration,  
He's (in these times fill'd with Iniquity)  
No *Antiquary*, but *Antiquity*;  
For his Longevity's of such extent,  
That he's a living mortal Monument.  
And as high Towers, (that seem the sky to shoulder)  
By eating time, consume away, and moulder,  
Until at last in piece meal they do fall ;  
Till they are buried in their Ruins All :  
So this Old Man, his limbs their strength have left,  
His teeth all gone, (but one) his sight bereft,  
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,  
Small solace, Imperfections manifold :  
Yet still his sp'rits possess his mortal Trunk ;

Nor are his senses in his ruins shrunk,  
But that his Hearing's quick, his stomach good,  
He'll feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.  
He will speak heartily, laugh, and be merry;  
Drink Ale, and now and then a cup a Sherry;  
Loves Company, and Understanding talk,  
And (on both sides held up) will sometimes walk.  
And though old Age his face with wrinkles fill,  
He hath been handsome, and is comely still,  
Well fac'd; and though his Beard not oft corrected,  
Yet neat it grows, not like a Beard neglected;  
From head to heel, his body hath all over,  
A Quick-set, Thick-set nat'ral hairy cover.  
And thus (as my dull weak Invention can)  
I have Anatomiz'd this poor Old Man.

Though Age be incident to most transgressing,  
Yet Time well spent, makes Age to be a blessing.  
And if our studies would but deign to look,  
And seriously to ponder Natures Book,  
We there may read, that Man, the noblest Creature,  
By riot and excess doth murder Nature.  
This man ne'er fed on dear compounded dishes,  
Of Metamorphos'd beasts, fruits, fowls, and fishes,  
The earth, the air, the boundless Ocean  
Were never rak'd nor forag'd for this Man;  
Nor ever did Physician to (his cost)  
Send purging Physic through his guts in post;  
In all his life time he was never known,

That drinking others healths, he lost his own ;  
The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Greek*, and *Spanish*  
Grape,

Upon his reason never made a rape ;  
For *Ryot*, is for *Troy*, an anagram ;  
And *Ryot*, wasted *Troy*, with sword and flame :  
And surely that which will a kingdom spill,  
Hath much more power one silly man to kill,  
Whilst sensuality the palate pleases,  
The body's filled with surfeits, and diseases ;  
By riot (more than war) men slaughtered be,  
From which confusion this old man is free.  
He once was caught in the venereal sin,  
And (being punished) did experience win,  
That careful fear his Conscience so did strike,  
He never would again attempt the like.  
Which to our understandings may express  
Mens days are shortened through lasciviousness,  
And that a competent contenting diet  
Makes men live long, and soundly sleep in quiet.  
Mistake me not, I speak not to debar  
Good fare of all sorts ; for all Creatures are  
Made for mans use, and may by Man be us'd,  
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.  
For he that dares to scandal or deprave  
Good house-keeping ; Oh hang up such a knave,  
Rather commend (what is not to be found)  
Than injure that which makes the world renowned.



*Bounty* hath got a spice of *Lethargy*,  
And liberal noble *Hospitality*  
Lies in consumption, almost pin'd to death,  
And *Charity* benum'd, near out of Breath.  
May *Englands* few good house-keepers be blest  
With endless glory, and eternal Rest ;  
And may their goods, lands, and their happy seed  
With heav'ns blest blessings multiply and breed.  
'Tis madness to build high with stone and lime,  
Great houses, that may seem the clouds to climb,  
With spacious halls, large galleries, brave rooms  
Fit to receive a King, Peers, Squires, and grooms  
Amongst which rooms, the devil hath put a witch in,  
And made a small *Tobacco-box* the Kitchen ;  
For *Covetousness* the Mint of Mischief is,  
And *Christian Bounty* the Highway to Bliss.  
To wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,  
And spangled Garters worth a Copy hold :  
A hose and doublet ; which a Lordship cost,  
A gaudy cloak (three Manors price almost)  
A Beaver, Band, and Feather for the head,  
(Priz'd at the Churches tythe, the poor mans bread)  
For which the Wearers are fear'd, and abhorr'd  
Like *Feroboams* golden *Calves* ador'd.

This double, treble aged man, I wot,  
Knows and remembers when these things were not ;  
Good wholesome labour was his exercise,  
Down with the Lamb, and with the Lark would rise,

In mire and toiling sweat he spent the day,  
And (to his team) he whistled time away :  
The *Cock* his night-*Clock*, and till day was done,  
His Watch, and chief *Sun-Dial*, was the *Sun*.  
He was of old *Pythagoras* opinion,  
That green cheese was most wholesome (with an  
onion)

Course Meslin<sup>1</sup> bread, and for his daily swig,  
Milk, Butter-milk, and Water, Whey, and Whig ;  
Sometimes Metheglin<sup>2</sup>, and by fortune happy,  
He sometimes sipp'd a Cup of Ale most nappy,  
Cider, or Perry, when he did repair  
T'a Whitsun Ale, Wake, Wedding, or a Fair,  
Or when in Christmas time he was a Guest  
At his good Land-lords house amongst the rest :  
Else he had little leisure time to waste,  
Or (at the alehouse) huff-cap Ale to taste.  
Nor did he ever hunt a Tavern Fox,  
Ne'er knew a Coach, Tobacco, or the Pox ;  
His physic was good butter, which the soil  
Of *Salop* yields, more sweet than *Candy* oil,  
And Garlick he esteemed above the rate  
Of *Venice-Treacle*, or best *Mithridate*.  
He entertained no *Gout*, no *Ache* he felt,  
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt,  
Whilst *Mavisses*, and sweet tongued *Nightingales*

<sup>1</sup>MESLIN, a mixture of different sorts of grain.

<sup>2</sup>METHEGLIN, a beverage made of honey and water.

Did chant him Roundelays, and Madrigals.  
Thus living within bounds within bounds of Natures  
Laws,

Of his long lasting life may be some cause.  
For though th' Almighty all mans days do measure,  
And doth dispose of life and death at pleasure,  
Yet Nature being wrong'd, mans days and date  
May be abridg'd, and God may tolerate.

But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,  
His Grandfather, and his Great grandfather,  
Had their lives threads so long a length been spun,  
They (by succession) might from Sire to Son  
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by  
Tradition shew Times mutability.

Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,  
Say that his Grand-fire heard his Father tell  
The death of famous *Edward* the confessor,  
(*Harold*) and *William* Conq'ror his successor ;  
How his Son *Robert* wan *Jerusalem*,  
O'er-came the *Saracens*, and Conquer'd them :  
How *Rufus* reign'd, and's Brother *Henry* next,  
And how usurping *Stev'n* this kingdom vext :  
How *Maud* the Empress (the first *Henries* daughter)  
To gain her Right fill'd *England* full of slaughter :  
Of second *Henry's* *Rosamond* the fair,  
Of *Richard Cœur-de-lion*, his brave heir  
King *John*, and of the foul suspicion  
Of *Arthurs* death, *Johns* elder Brothers Son,

Of the third *Henry's* long reign (sixty years)  
The Barons wars, the loss of wrangling *Peers*,  
How *Long-shanks* did the *Scots* and *French*  
convince,  
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his hapless son their Prince.  
How second *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,  
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen inthrall'd.  
How the third *Edward*, fifty years did reign,  
And t'honor'd Garters Order did ordain.  
Next how the second *Richard* liv'd and died,  
And how fourth *Henries* faction did divide  
The Realm with civil (most uncivil) war  
'Twixt long contending *York* and *Lancaster*.  
How the fifth *Henry* swayed, and how his son  
Sixth *Henry* a sad Pilgrimage did run.  
Then of fourth *Edward*, and fair Mistress *Shore*,  
King *Edwards* Concubine Lord *Hastings* (———)  
Then how fifth *Edward* murdered with a trick  
Of the third *Richard*; and then how that *Dick*  
Was by seventh *Henries* slain at *Bosworth* field;  
How he and's son th'eighth *Henry*, here did wield  
The Sceptre; how sixth *Edward* sway'd,  
How *Mary* rul'd, and how that royal maid  
*Elizabeth* did Govern (best of Dames)  
And *Phœnix*-like expir'd, and how just *James*  
(Another Phoenix) from her Ashes claims  
The right of *Britain's* Sceptre, as his own,  
But (changing for a better) left the Crown

Where now 'tis, with King *Charles*, and may it be  
With him, and his most blest posterity  
Till time shall end ; be they on Earth renown'd,  
And after with Eternity be crown'd.  
Thus had *Parr* had good breeding, (without  
reading)

He from his sire, and Grand sires sire proceeding,  
By word of mouth might tell most famous things  
Done in the reigns of all those Queens and Kings.  
But he in Husbandry hath been brought up,  
And ne'er did taste the *Heliconian* cup,  
He ne'er knew History, nor in mind did keep  
Ought, but the price of corn, hay, kine, or sheep.  
Day found him work, and night allowed him rest.  
Nor did Affairs of State his brain molest.  
His high'st Ambition was, A tree to lop,  
Or at the furthest to a May-poles top,  
His Recreation, and his Mirths discourse  
Hath been the *Piper*, and the *hobby-horse*.  
And in this simple sort, he hath with pain,  
From Childhood liv'd to be a Child again.  
'Tis strange, a man that is in years so grown  
Should not be rich ; but to the world 'tis known,  
That he that's born in any Land, or Nation,  
Under a Twelve-pence Planet's Denomination,  
(By working of that Planets influence)  
Shall never live to be worth thirteen pence.

Whereby (although his Learning cannot show it)  
He's rich enough to be (like me) a Poet.

But ere I do conclude, I will relate  
Of reverend Age's Honourable state ;  
Where shall a young man good Instructions have,  
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave ?  
*Rehoboam*, (Son and Heir to *Solomon*)

Rejecting ancient Counsel, was undone  
Almost ; for ten of the twelve tribes fell  
To *Jeroboam* King of *Israel*.

And all wise Princes, and great Potentates  
Select and chose Old men, as Magistrates,  
Whose Wisdom, and whose reverend Aspect,  
Knows how and when to punish or protect.  
The Patriarchs long lives before the Flood,  
Were given them (as 'tis rightly understood)  
To store and multiply by procreations,  
That people should inhabit and breed Nations.  
That th'Ancients their Prosperities might show  
The secrets deep of Nature, how to know  
To scale the sky with learned *Astronomy*,  
And found the *Oceans* deep profundity ;  
But chiefly how to serve, and to obey  
*God*, who did make them out of slime and clay ;  
Should men live now, as long as they did then,  
The Earth could not sustain the Breed of Men.  
Each man had many wives, which Bigamy,

Was such increase to their Posterity,  
That one old man might see before he died,  
That his own only off-spring had supplied  
And Peopled Kingdoms.  
But now so brittle's the estate of man,  
That (in Comparison) his life's a span.  
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plain,  
That many did a longer life retain,  
Than him I write of; for *Arphaxad* liv'd  
Four hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd  
Four hundred thirty three years, *Eber* more,  
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty four.  
Two hundred years *Terah* was alive,  
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred seventy five.  
Before *Job's* Troubles, holy writ relates,  
His sons and daughters were at marriage states,  
And after his restoring, 'tis most clear,  
That he surviv'd one hundred forty year.  
*John Buttadeus* (if report be true)  
Is his name that is styl'd, *The Wandering Jew*,  
'Tis said, he saw our Saviour die; and how  
He was a man then, and is living now;  
Whereof Relations you (that will) may read;  
But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.  
Upon a *German's* Age, 'tis written thus,  
That one *Johannes de Temporibus*  
Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemagne*,  
And that unto the age he did attain

Of years three hundred sixty one, and then  
Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth agen.  
And noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,  
Had liv'd three hundred years both Man and boy.  
Sir *Walter Raleigh* (a most learned Knight)  
Doth of an *Irish* Countess, *Desmond*, write  
Of seven score years of Age, he with her spake :  
The Lord Saint *Albanes* doth more mention make  
That she was Married in Fourth *Edwards* reign,  
Thrice shed her Teeth, which three time came  
again.

The *Highland Scots* and the *Wild Irish* are  
Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate fare.  
Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong  
And lusty, near two hundred winters long ?  
So as I said before, my verse now says  
By wronging Nature, men cut off their days.  
Therefore (as *Times* are) He I now write on,  
The age of all in *Britain* hath out gone ;  
All those that were alive when he had Birth,  
Are turn'd again unto their mother earth,  
If any of them live, and do reply,  
I will be sorry, and confess, I lie.  
For had he been a *Merchant*, then perhaps,  
Storms, Thunderclaps, or fear of Afterclaps,  
Sands, Rocks, or Roving Pirates, Gusts and storms  
Had made him (long ere this) the food of worms.  
Had he a *Mercer* or a *Silk-man* been,



And trusted much in hope great gain to win,  
And late and early strived to get or save,  
His Grey head long ere now had been i'th Grave.  
Or had he been a *Judge* or *Magistrate*,  
Or of Great Counsel in Affairs of state  
Then days important business, and nights cares  
Had long ere this, Interr'd his hoary hairs :  
But as I writ before, no care opprest him,  
Nor ever did Affairs of State molest him.  
Some may object, that they will not believe  
His Age to be so much, for none can give  
Account thereof, Time being past so far,  
And at his Birth there was no Register.  
The Register was ninety seven years since  
Giv'n by th'eight *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)  
Th'year fifteen hundred forty wanting twain)  
And in the thirtieth year of that Kings reign ;  
So old *Parr* now, was almost an old man,  
Near sixty ere the Register began.  
I have writ as much as Reason can require,  
How Times did pass, how Leases did expire ;  
And Gentlemen o'th County did Relate  
T'our gracious King by their Certificate  
His age, and how time with grey hairs hath crowned  
him ;  
And so I leave him older than I found him.



HE changes of Manners, the variations of Customs, the mutability of Times, the shiftings of Fashions, the alterations of Religions, the diversities of Sects, and the intermixture of Accidents which hath happened since the Birth of this old *Thomas Parr*, in this Kingdom; although all of them are not to be held worthy of mentioning, yet many of them are worthy to be had in memory.

In the sixth year of his Age, and in the second year of the reign of King *Henry* the seventh, one *Lambert Symnel*, (the Son of a Baker) claimed the Crown, and was crowned King of *Ireland*, and Proclaimed King of *England* in the City of *Dublin*: This Paltry fellow did put the King to much cost and trouble, for he landed with an Army at *Fowdrey* in *Lancashire*, and at a place called *Stoke*, the King met him, and after a sharp and short battle, overcame and took him, and pardoning him his Life, gave him a Turn-broaches<sup>1</sup> place in the Kitchen, and afterwards made him one of his Falconers. *Anno.* 1487.

In the tenth year of his Age, and the eighth of *Henry* the seventh another Youngster, whose name was *Perkin Warbeck* (as some write, a Tinkers Son in *Tournay*) some say his Father was a Jew; not-

<sup>1</sup>BROACH, —i.e., a spit.

withstanding, he likewise put the King to much charge and trouble, for he was assisted with soldiers from *Scotland* and *France*; besides, many joined with him in *England*, till at the last, the King took him, and (on his true Confession, pardon'd him) he falling again to his old Practice, was executed at *Tyburn*, 1499.

The same year also, a Shoemakers Son, dwelling in *Bishopsgate-street*, likewise claimed the Crown, under the name of *Edward*, Earl of *Warwick*, the Son of *George*, Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* the fourth; but this young Shoemaker ended his claim in a halter at *Saint Thomas a Waterings*\*; which was a warning for him, not to surpass *Ne Sutor Ultra Crepidam*.

Another Counterfeit, the Son of a Miller claimed the Crown, (in the second year of Queen *Mary's* reign) saying that he was King *Edward* the sixth; but the tenth of *May* 1552, those Royal Opinions were whip'd out of him for a while, till he fell to his old claim again, and purchas'd a hanging the thirteenth of *March* following. So much for Impostures and Counterfeits.

For Religion, he hath known the Times of divers Sects and Changes, as the Romish Catholic Religion from his Birth, till the 24 year of King

\*THOMAS-A-WATERINGS.—A place of execution for the county of Surrey, situated close to the second mile-stone on the Old Kent-road.

*Henry* the eight, the time of 50 years ; And the 26 of his reign (the King's understanding being Illuminated from above) he cast the Pope's authority out of this Kingdom, 1534, and restored the Ancient and Primitive Religion, which continued under the Title of *Protestants*, till the end of his Son, King *Edward* the sixth his reign, which was near about 20 years, then was a bloody alteration, or return to Papistry for more than 5 years, all the reign of Queen *Mary* ; since whose death, the Protestant Religion again was happily restored, continued and maintained by the Defenders of the True, Ancient, Catholic, and Apostolic Faith, these 66 years and more, under the blessed Governments of Queen *Elizabeth*, King *James*, and King *Charles*. All which time, *Thomas Parr* hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing down of Abbeys, and Religious Houses ; nor did he ever murmur at the manner of Prayers, let them be Latin or English, he held it safest to be of the Religion of the King or Queen that were in being ; for he knew that he came raw into the world, and accounted it no point of wisdom to be broiled out of it : His name was never questioned for affirming or denying the Kings Supremacy : He hath known the time when men were so mad as to kneel down and pray before a Block, a Stock, a Stone, a Picture, or a Relic of a He or She Saint departed ; and he liv'd in a time

when mad men would not bow their knee at the name of *Jesus*; that are more afraid to see a white Surplice, than to wear a white Sheet; that despise the Cross (in anything but money) that hold Latin to be the language of the beast, and hate it deadly because the Pope speaks it; that would patch up a Religion with untemper'd Morter, out of their own Brains, not grounded upon the true Corner-stone; who are furnish'd with a lazy idle *Faith*; that holds good works a main Point of Popery; that hold their Religion truest, because it is contrary to all Order and Discipline, both of Church and Commonwealth: These are sprung up since old *Tom Parr* was born.

But he hath out-lived many Sectaries and Heretics; for in the 32 year of the reign of King *Henry* the eighth, 1540. the 3. of *May*, three Anabaptists were burnt in the High-way, between *Southwark* and *Newington*. In the fourth year of King *Edward* the sixth, one *George of Paris*, a Dutchman, was burned in *Smithfield*, for being an Arian Heretic, 1551. 1583, One *John Lewis* denied the Godhead of Christ, was burnt at *Norwich*, in the 26 year of *Elizabeth*. Not long before that, there was one *Joan Butcher* (Alias) *Joan of Kent*, burnt for the like.

In the third year of Queen *Elizabeth's* reign, one *William Geffrey* affirmed one *John Moore* to be

Christ, but they were both whipped out of that presumptuous Opinion, 1561.

In the 17 of Queen *Elizabeth*, the Sect of the Family of Love began 1575, but it took no deep root.

In the 21 of Queen *Elizabeth*, one *Matthew Harmont* was burned at *Norwich* for denying Christ to be our Saviour.

In the 33 of Queen *Elizabeth*, one *William Hacket* was hanged for professing himself to be Christ, 1591.

In the 9 year of king *James*, the 11 of *April*, 1611, one *Edward Wightman* was burned at *Litchfield* for Arianism.

So much have I written concerning Sects and Heresies which have been in this Kingdom in his time, now I treat of some other Passages.

He hath out-lived six great Plagues. He was born long before we had much use of Printing: for it was brought into this Kingdom 1472. and it was long after ere it was in use.

He was above 80 years old before any Guns were made in *England*, 1535.

The Vintners sold no Sacks, Muscadels, Malmseys, Bastards, Allegants, nor any other Wines but White and Claret, till the 33 year of King *Henry* the eight 1543, and then was Old *Parr* 60 years of age: all those sweet Wines were sold till that time

at the Apothecaries for no other use, but for Medicines.

There was no Starch used in *England*. A *Flanders* woman, one Mistress *Dinghen Vandein Plasse* brought in the use of Starch, 1564: and then was this man near 80 years old.

There were no Bands worn till King *Henry* the eights time; for he was the first King that ever wore a Band in *England*, 1513.

Women's Masques, Busks, Muffs, Fans, Periwigs, and Bodkins, were invented by *Italian* Courtezans, and transported through *France* into *England*, in the ninth of Queen *Elizabeth*.

*Tobacco* was first brought into *England* by Sir *John Hawkins*, 1565, but it was first brought into use by Sir *Walter Raleigh* many years after.

He was 81 years old before there was any Coach in *England*: for the first that ever was seen here, was brought out of the *Netherlands*, by one *William Boonen* a *Dutch-man*, who gave a coach to Queen *Elizabeth*, (for she had been seven years a Queen before she had any Coach) since when, they have increased (with a mischief) and ruined all the best House-keeping, to the undoing of the Watermen, by the multitudes of Hackney or hired Coaches: but they never swarmed so thick to pester the streets, as they do now, till the year, 1605,\* and

\*During the hearing of the case of the Mid-London Railway Company before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, April, 1872, some

then was the Gun-powder Treason hatched, and at that time did the coaches breed and multiply.

He hath out-lived the Fashion at least 40 times over and over.

He hath known many Changes of Scarcity (or Dearth) and Plenty: but I speak only of the Plenty.

In the year 1499, the 15 of *Henry* 7, Wheat was sold for 4s. the quarter, or 6*d.* the bushel, and Bay salt at 4*d.* and Wine at 40 shillings the tun, (which is about three farthings the quart.)

curious details were elicited relative to the street traffic of London. Mr. W. Casey, a traffic taker, gave evidence that on the 28th of March last, in Cheapside, from 8 a.m. to 12 midnight, 9,032 vehicles passed a given point, and 80,257 passengers on foot or in omnibuses and private carriages. At the Post-office end of Newgate-street the number of vehicles was 9,322, and of passengers 64,212. The traffic was taken at twelve stations on or near the line of the proposed railway. In Oxford-street, near Tottenham-court-road, the number of vehicles was 8,803, and of passengers 62,110. In the same thoroughfare, near Regent-circus, the number of vehicles was 9,361, and of passengers 68,872. The witness stated that it had been ascertained that 853 omnibuses passed along Oxford-street in each direction, east and west, daily. The proportions of vehicles of various kinds, and of passengers and their modes of conveyance, varied considerably at the different points of observation. For the sixteen hours from 8 a.m. to 12 p.m. the numbers in Cheapside, near Old Jewry, were:—Omnibuses, 2,604; cabs, 3,477; four-wheeled waggons, 1,438; two-wheeled carts, 1,104; private carriages, four wheels, 326; private carriages, two wheels, 83. Passengers on foot, 54,677; in omnibuses, 21,247; in cabs, 3,307; in private carriages, 1,022; equestrians, 4. Mr. Haywood, engineer to the Commissioners of Sewers, gave evidence as to the street improvements that had been effected in the city of London during the last 25 years, amounting to more than 150 in number. He spoke also to the density of the population of different parts of London, and of the districts that would be accommodated by the proposed railway. St. Luke's contained a population of 159,909 to the square mile. The whole population of the City proper was 74,000. In the observations of street traffic, made under direction, he had found that on different days in February last there passed in 12 hours a point in Oxford-street, between Tottenham-court-road and Regent-street, 8,236 carriages; near Great Turnstile, 10,560 carriages; at the Mansion House, east of the junction with Queen Victoria-street, 13,650 carriages. In Newgate-street 33,000 foot passengers passed a given point in 12 hours; and in the Poultry, before Queen Victoria-street was opened, the foot passengers numbered 75,100 in 12 hours.



In the first of Queen *Mary*, Beer was sold for sixpence the Barrel, (the Cask and all) and three great loaves for one penny.

In the year 1557, the fifth of Queen *Mary*, the Penny Wheaten Loaf was in weight, 56 ounces, and many places people would change a Bushel of Corn for a Pound of Candles.

So much shall suffice for the declaring of some Changes and Alterations that have happened in his time.

Now for a Memorial of his Name, I'll give a little touch. I will not search for the Antiquity of the name of *Parr*, but I find it to be an Honorable name in the 12 year of King *Edward* the fourth, the King sent Sir *William Parr* Knight, to seize upon the Archbishop of *Yorks* Goods, at a place called the *Moor*, in *Hartfordshire*, 1472: this Sir *William Parr* was Knight of the Right Honourable Order of the Garter.

In the 22 of *Edward* the fourth, the same Sir *William Parr* went with an Army towards *Scotland*, with *Richard* Duke of *Gloster*.

In the year 1543, the 35 year of King *Henry* the eight, *July* 22, the King was married to Lady *Katharine Parr*; and the 24 of *December*. following, the Queen's Brother, *William* Lord *Parr*, was created Earl of *Essex*, and Sir *William Parr* their Uncle was made Lord *Parr* of *Horton*, and Cham-

berlain to the Queen, and the first of King *Edward* the sixth, *William Parr*, Earl of *Essex* was created Marques of *Northampton*; and in the 4 year of King *Edwards* reign 1550, the said Marques was made Lord Great Chamberlain of *England*, and on the last of *April*, 1552, he (amongst other Lords) Mustered 100 brave well appointed Horsemen of his own charge before King *Edward* in the Park at *Greenwich* (his Cognisance or Crest being the *Maidenhead*) in the first of Queen *Mary* he took part with the Lady *Jane* against the Queen, for which he was taken and committed to the Tower, *July* 26, and (contrary to expectation) released again shortly after, *March* 24.

Also the first of Queen *Elizabeth*, *William Parr*, Marquess of *Northampton* sat in *Westminster* Hall, Lord High Steward, upon a Trial of *William* Lord *Wentworth*, (who had been late Lord Deputy of *Calais*; which noble Lord *Wentworth*, came off most Honourably acquitted, *April* 22.

After the death of King *Henry* the eighth, Queen *Katherine Parr* was married to Sir *Thomas Seymour*, Lord High Admiral, and she died the 2 of *September*, 1548.

And thus I lay down the Pen, leaving it to whomsoever can, or will make more of this *Old Man*, than I have

DONE.

# Part of this Summers Travels.

OR NEWS

From *Hell, Hull, and Halifax,*  
from *York, Linne, Leicester,*  
*Chester, Coventry, Lichfield,*  
*Nottingham, and the*  
*Divells Ars a Peake.*

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With many pleasant passages,  
worthy your observation  
and reading.

---

By *John Taylor.*

---

Imprinted by J. O.





*A few words of direction to the Reader.*



HAVE not written every place in that order, as is set down in the title of this pamphlet, but of such places as I travelled unto, I have truly related the passages, and the time, both when, where, why, and how I went, came and performed it. If any man ask wherefore this book is good, or how it may be any way useful, I answer that it is four ways commodious : First, it is profitable, for it will direct a man the high-ways of crossing divers countries from place to place, which no other book shows, as from *Leicester* to *Lynn* in *Norfolk*, from *Lynn* to *Kingston upon Hull* in *Yorkshire*, from *Hull* to *York*, thence to *Halifax*, to *Chester*, *Derby*, *Nottingham*, *Coventry*, *Lichfield*, and *the Devils Arse a Peak*: all these ways are herein described ;

secondly, there are some monuments of 'antiquity  
are mentioned, which greater authors have  
omitted ; thirdly, there are some passages  
of delightful mirth and recreation.

And lastly all is true, or else you  
have the authors leave to  
travel as he hath done,  
and do your best  
and worst to  
prove him  
a liar.





Passages and Entertainments from  
*London to Leicester*, with some  
observations of the said Town  
and Shire.



*UPON Saint Swithins day, I noted well,  
The wind was calm, nor any rain then fell,  
Which fair day (as old saws saith) doth  
portend,  
That heav'n to earth, will plenteous  
harvest send,  
The morrow being July's sixteenth day,  
In my progression I began my way.  
I need not to relate the towns that lie  
Just in my way, (as I rode through or by)  
Only at Mims, a cockney boasting bragger  
In mirth, did ask the women for Belswagger,  
But straight the females, like the furies fell,  
Did curse, scold, rail, cast dirt, and stones pell mell,  
But we betook us nimbly to our spurs,  
And left them calling us rogues, knaves, and curs,*

*With other pretty names, which I discerned  
They from their old fore-mothers well had learn'd.  
The reason why they are with rage inflam'd,  
When as they hear Belswagger nam'd,  
Is (as report doth say) there dwelt a squire,  
Who was so full of love, (or lusts desire)  
That with his fair tongue, hypocritic-hood,  
(By slanderous people 'twas misunderstood)  
The women were so fruitful, that they were  
All got with child, in compass of one year,  
And that squires name, they say, Belswagger was,  
And from that tale, the lying jeer doth pass,  
Wherefore the women there will chide and swagger,  
If any man do ask them for Belswagger.  
Thence passed I on my journey unto Hockley,  
Where as I saw a drunkard like a block lie,  
There I alighted at the sanguine Lion,  
Where I had meat, drink, and a bed to lie on,  
The next day I rode stately to Northampton,  
And all the way my horse most proudly stamped on,  
On Thursday, trotting, galloping and ambling,  
To Leicester I proceeded in my rambling :  
There, at the Blue Boar I was welcome than  
Unto my brother Miles, a downright man,  
Plain dealing, free from flattery, fraud or fear,  
Who hath lived long with reputation there,  
He's old and honest, valiant, courteous, free :  
(I write not this for making much of me)*



*But they that doubts on't, let them go and try,  
And if he be a changling, say I lie.  
That house King Richard lodged in, his last night,  
Before he did the field of Bosworth fight,  
And there's a room, a King to entertain,  
The like is not in Leicester town again,  
The Assizes then were there, some causes tried,  
And law did there the corpse and souls divide,  
Of two offenders, one had with a knife  
Stabbed his contracted love, and revealed her life,  
T'other, a wench that had stolen some poor raiment,  
And fired the house, deserved the hangmans payment.  
King Lear a temple did to Janus rear,  
And placed a flamine in't, there doth appear  
The arched ovens four yards thick at least,  
Wherein the heathen sacrifices drest ;  
Like as the Jews in their idolatry,  
Offered their sons and daughters impiously,  
To Moloch, Nisroch, Ashtaroth, and Baal :  
And to those devilish gods adore and fall,  
So people here, when war or peace they sought ;  
They offerings unto Janus temple brought ;  
This was eight hundred forty and four year  
Before our Saviour's birth, built by King Lear,  
Long after Ethelred (the Mercian king)  
A happy and a Christian change did bring,  
The temple raz'd the flamine he defac'd,  
And there a Christian bishops see he placed,*

*Which last but few years, for then this land  
Was seven-fold yoked, beneath 7 kings command,  
And those Kings still were in perpetual wars  
That England was quite spoiled with endless jars,  
And in those Garboiles Leister had her share,  
Spoiled, rifled, ransacked, robbed, and left most bare,  
Till Ethelred, with great magnificence,  
Repaired and walled it strongly for defence.  
Then did it flourish long in wealth and state,  
Till second Henry it did ruinate :  
He in out-ragious fury fired the town,  
Diswalled it quite, and cast the castle down,  
So nothing but some ruins doth appear,  
Whereby men may perceive that such things were.  
Thus Leister fell, from state superlative,  
Her fifty churches all consumed to five.  
Yet it is fair and spacious at this day,  
And East, West, North and South 'tis every way  
Above a mile in length, so that no doubt,  
The town's in circuit six large miles about.  
Henry first Duke of Lancaster in war,  
In peace, or bounty a bright blazing star  
For buildings in this city is renowned  
Which as time rais'd, time did again confound.  
Yet one large fabric there doth still abide,  
Whereby the good Dukes name is dignified.  
And that's an hospital or bead-house, where  
One hundred and ten men are harbour'd there,*

*From perishing through want, still to defend  
Those aged men until the world shall end.  
Twice every day a chaplain doth repair  
To them; and unto God sends praise and prayer,  
And nurses are allow'd to dress their meat,  
To make their beds, to wash, and keep them neat:  
For which they thankful be to God alone  
Who raised such means to ease the poor mans mone.  
Good Henry Earl of Huntingdon (renown'd)  
A free school did erect there, from the ground,  
With means (though mean) for maintenance endowed  
Two ushers. and one schoolmaster allowed,  
They teach young lads, such rules as do belong,  
To read, the English and the Latin tongue,  
And when their knowledge is with hope discerned,  
They in the Greek may learn, and be more learn'd.*

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But to relate something in prose of this ancient town of *Leicester*, in the time of nine weeks, which I abode there to and fro, I observed such a civil government and decency, which is not in many places to be found or equalized.

First, I noted the peace, tranquility, and unity which the people live in, under the rule and command of the Mayor and his brethren, to whose authority and power (under the King) the inhabitants do willingly obey.

Secondly, the clergy (or ministry) are learned, diligent, and painful; and both clergy and laity, are conformable to the orders and discipline of the Church of *England*, and I did not hear of any one, residing there, that is, either schismatically opinionated with dogmatical whimseys, or *Amsterdamnable* fopperies.

Thirdly, they are so charitable and careful in providing for the relief of the poor and needy, that a man must go seek where to bestow his alms, for there is not any one (that I could see) that begg'd in the whole town.

Fourthly, the streets are so well paved, and kept so clean from dunghills, filth, or soil, that in the wettest and foulest weather, a man may go all over the town in a pair of slippers, and never wet his feet.

Lastly, the people are generally so loving one to another, that the lawyers want work, and so honest that the apparitors are idle, and those few drunkards which they have, are very civil and fair condition'd.

*Certain other observations.*

There is a fair library, and a well founded alms-house within the town, also two gaols, two houses of correction, and for mad and frantic people.

Also it is reported, that when King *Richard* the Third went from *Leicester*, to fight the battle near *Bosworth*, that then there was a man of mean calling (some say he was a weaver, and some say a ploughwright by his trade) he had a spirit of divination or prophecy, of whom the tyrant King *Richard*, demanded some questions, what the event of that days fight might be to him, to whom the other (most bluntly) answered, *Mark my words King Richard, that as thou dost ride out of the town of Leicester, this morning thou shalt hit thy right foot against a stone, and as thou returnest thou shalt knock thy head against the same*; which proved true, for as he rode, he did strike against the corner of a wall his foot, and after he was slain in the field, he was stripped, and his body laid cross behind a man on horse-back (like a calf) and in that vile and ignominious manner, as they brought his corpse back to *Leicester*, his head did knock against the aforesaid wall or stone, which place I saw there; also I went eight miles to see *Redmore* field, where the King fell, which is a moorish kind of ground, altogether unfruitful, and the water doth seem red, which some foolish people do suppose to be the stain of King *Richards* blood; but it is only the colour of the red earth that makes the water seem so, and the ground close adjoining is very fertile for corn and pasturage, but in the lower parts it is boggy and moory: by nature, and not

either barren or bloody by any reason of the King's death.

Another observation is concerning the alteration of the measures of miles, and good sufficient pots or jugs of drink, but the further I travelled Northward, the more the miles were lengthened, and the pots shrunk and curtailed ; but indeed, what the liquor wanted in measure it had in strength : the power of it being of such potency, that it would fox a dry traveller, before he had half quenched his thirst.

In this county of *Leicester*, I observed a piece of extreme justice, executed upon three geese, which was thus.

At a village called *Dadlington*, eight miles from *Leicester*, there dwells a gentlewoman a kinswoman of mine, who the last Trinity Term 1639 was at *London*, about some business in law, which much concern'd her ; and in her absence, the Pinder of *Dadlington*, finding three of her geese innocently grazing upon the common, for to show the full power, force, virtue, and marrow of his office and authority, drave the geese into the pound or pindfold, and because they could procure no bail for their release, nor sureties for their true imprisonment, he put all their three necks into a horselock, which engine and neck-fetter was so straight, close, and pinching, that the geese were all strangled : Now the question is whether *Willy*, *Tilly* (the

Pinder so silly) were the cause of their deaths, or whether the geese did desperately cast away themselves : all which I humbly refer to the discretion of the jury.

But some readers may muse why I do write so much of *Leicester*, in this little book ; the reason is that I lay there from the 17 of *July*, to the 20 of *August*, which was five weeks, but in the mean space, I rode to *Coventry*, and return'd in a day to *Leicester* again, of *Coventry* I have little to say, but that it is a fair, famous, sweet, and ancient city, so walled about with such strength and neatness, as no city in *England* may compare with it ; in the walls (at several places) are 13 gates and posterns whereby to enter, and issue too and from the city : and on the walls are 18 strong defensible towers, which do also beautify it : in the city is a fair and delicate cross, which is for structure, beauty, and workmanship, by many men accounted unmatched in this kingdom : although my self with some others, do suppose, that of *Abingdon* in *Berkshire* will match it, and I am sure the cross in Cheapside at *London* doth far out-pass it. I have been at this city four times, and have written of it before, and therefore at this time (my stay being so short there) I have but little to say, only this that some are of opinion, that at the first it was called *Coventry*, from the *French* word *Trey Covent*, because there were founded three

convents, for three several Orders of Friars, namely, the *Franciscan* Friars, the *Augustine* Friars, and the *Dominicans*. It matters not much who erected the said foundations and convents, but it is certain, that the renowned King *Henry* the Eighth did suppress and demolish them, whose memories now is almost quite buried in their own ruins. *Coventry* is a county of itself, it hath been grac'd and dignified much by the grants and privileges given to it by former kings, as King *Edward* the Third, and King *Henry* the Sixth; the Mayors name (at my being there, was Master *Thomas Forrest* a vintner) and Master *Thomas Phineas* sword-bearer there died at the beginning of the sessions (much about the time of my being there) he was a man of that comely bulk and corpulency, that his coffin was a full yard wide at the shoulders, and it is said, that in his life time he could have been (at one meal) the consumption of a large shoulder of mutton: but he and his good stomach being both deceased, I left *Coventry*, because it was sessions time, and returned to my rendezvous at *Leicester*.

The eleventh day of *August* I rode from *Leicester* to *Nottingham*, where I lodged at the sign of the Princes Arms; but I was well entertained at the house of the Right Worshipful Sir *Thomas Hutchinson* Knight, himself and his good lady made me welcome, and did express their bounty to me in



good cheer and money : for the which I am heartily thankful.

The town of *Nottingham* is seated on a hill, which hill is almost of one stony rock, or a soft kind of penetrable sandy stone ; it hath very fair buildings, many large streets, and a spacious market place ; a great number of inhabitants (especially the poorer sort) do dwell in vaults, holes, or caves, which are cut and digged out of (or within) the rock : so that if a man be destitute of a house, it is but to go to *Nottingham*, and with a mattock, a shovel, a crow of iron, a chizel, a mallet, and such instruments, he may play the *Mole*, the *Coney*, or the *Pioneer*, and work himself a hole, or a burrow, for him and his family : where, over their heads the grass and pasture grows, and beasts do feed ; fair orchards and gardens and their coverings, and cows are milked upon the tops of their houses. I was much befriended by Master *Palmer* the jailor there ; for he went with me, and showed me the (sometimes) strong and defencible castle, but now much ruined : yet still there are many fair and sumptuous rooms in reasonable reparation and estate. On the lofty battlements of the said castle, there is a most spacious prospect round about : for from thence I could see the most stately Castle of *Belvoyre* or *Bever* Castle, which doth (as it self) belong to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Rutland* ; and nearer

hand, within three miles, I saw the ancient town of *Gotham*, famous for the seven sages (or wise men) who are fabulously reported to live there in former ages.

In the aforesaid Castle of *Nottingham*, I was showed divers strange wonderful vaults, cut or hewn out of the rock, whereof one is said to be the place where *David* King of *Scots* was detained many years in captivity ; where the said King, with his own hands (without any other instrument than the nails of his fingers) did with the said tools engrave and claw out the form of our Saviour's life, death and passion ; which work is there to be seen upon the walls.

Also there is another vault or passage through the rock, whereby men may descend or ascend out, or into the castle ; which vault is called *Mortimer's Hole*, through which hole (as report goes) the great *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *Wigmore*, and Lord of *Wallingford*, had egress and regress to the Queen, wife to King *Edward* the Second, or the unfortunate *Edward* of *Carnarvon*.

Thus having seen as much of *Nottingham* town and castle as is related ; on the twelfth of *August*, I rode to the ancient town of *Derby* ; on the thirteenth of *August* I left *Derby*, with an intent to retire to *Leicester* ; but after I had rode half a mile, I met with an acquaintance of mine, who was travelling towards

the *Peak* in *Derbyshire*, to a town called *Wirksworth*, and from thence to *Chesterfield*, I returned with him. The country is very mountainous, and many lead mines are found thereabouts : the best and most richest is called *Dove Gany*, within a mile or little more of *Wirksworth* (corruptly called *Wortsworth*) and two miles from thence are most dangerous ways, stony, craggy with inaccessible hills and mountains : the grounds there are lawful (as they told me) for any man to dig or mine in for lead, be they of what condition soever ; for the laws of mining is, that those that will adventure their labours shall have all the profits, paying the tenth part to the lord or landlord, of all the lead which they get. If it happen that they take pains, a year or two in sundry places to find a mine if their fortune be so hard to find none (as it often falls out so) they do work all that while for nothing, and find themselves as they are able, and in the end their toil and labour is all lost : but if they do hit upon a good mine that doth hold out, and yield plentifully, then they may quickly enrich themselves (if they be good husbands.) I was told of a poor thatcher that left his trade, and venturing his time and pains, he found so rich a lead mine, that he would turn a gentleman, and he kept men in liveries, living at the rate of the expence of 100 pound a week : so that he supposing that leaden, golden world would never be ended,

took no care to save any thing, but after a while, the mine failed, and he spent that little which he had left in digging for more, could find none, so that for a conclusion, he forsook the Peak, and turned thatcher again.

That part of the *Peak*, which is called the *Devils Arse*, is at or near a town named *Castleton*, or Castle Town, so styled from an ancient ruined castle on a hill, at the end of the town, it is 30 miles from *Derby*, the castle stands at the top of a hill, and under it is a cliff or riff in the said hill, which is as wide at the entrance as three barn doors, but being entered in it is enclosed again so narrow, that a man must stoop to pass further, but after that straight passage is past, there is rooms of incredible and wonderful greatness, with strange and intricate turnings, and windings, which no man can see without great store of lights, and by reason that those things are natural, and formed without any art or labour of man, and with all so dismal, horrid, dark and hideous, that place is called the *Devils Arse a Peak*, at or upon which I have (according to my promise) given three jerks with my pen, at the latter end of this book.

From thence I returned towards *Leicester*, 30 miles, on the 15 of *August*, and lodged at a market town called *Narbury*, and the next day I came all tired and weary (both man and beast to

*Leicester*) and on the 20 day, I took my journey 64 miles into *Norfolk*, to the famous town of *Lynn*, and three miles from thence, at a village called *Wooton*, I was there well welcomed by Master *Richard Miles*, (to whom I am and must be thankful brother in law) whose loving kindness to me was showed in such extraordinary manner, which because I cannot express, I will remain grateful with silence.

Concerning, *Lynn*, it is an excellent sea-town and strong port, it is gravely and peaceably governed by a mayor, 12 aldermen, and a recorder. It hath been honoured by divers, but chiefly by King *John* 440 years since, and by King *Henry* the Third, the first gave them a fair gilt cup, which is there to be seen, as a witness of his Royal liberality : and who so will know more of *Lynn*, let them go thither and look the records of the town, or else let them read Master *Camdens Britannia*, or the painful labours of Master *John Speed*. The truth is, mine host *noble*, was a noble host to me, at whose house, my brothers kindred and friends, gave me a friendly farewell. On Tuesday the 27 of *August*, from *Lynn* to *Boston* in *Lincolushire* 24 miles, where I dined with the right Worshipful Sir *Anthony Thomas* Knight, from *Boston* I rode 14 miles to *Horn Castle*, where I lodg'd the 28 of *August*. But I crave pardon of the reader, for I had almost

forgotten a merry passage or two which happened in *Norfolk*, not far from *Lynn*; and thus it was.

At a place called *Priors Thorns*, near two towns, namely, *Northbury* and *Sapham*, there dwelt a man named *Friar*, who was rich in substance, but very poor and miserable in his conditions: belike he had read or heard of a play that was written 40 years since by Master *Benjamin Jonson*, the play is extant, and is called *Every Man out of his Humour*, in which play was acted and personated a miserly farmer, that had much corn in his barns, and did expect a scant or barren harvest, that through want and scarcity he might sell his corn at what dear rates he pleased, but (contrary to his wicked hopes) the harvest proved abundantly plentiful, wherefore he being in an extraordinary merry or mad vein, put himself to the charge of the buying a two penny halter, and went into his barn as secretly as he could, and putting the halter about his neck with a riding knot, he fastened the other end to a beam, and most neatly hang'd himself: But (as ill luck would have it) his man presently came into the barn, and espied his master so bravely mounted, the unlucky knave drew his knife and cut the halter, crying out for help as loud as he could, rubbing and chafing his master with all care and diligence to recover him to life again; at the last he awakened

out of his trance and fetched a deep groan, began to stare and look about him ; and taking the end of the cut halter in his hand, his first words to his man was Sirrah, who did cut this, O Master (said the fellow) it was I that did it, and I thank God that I came in good time to do it, and I pray you to take God in your mind, and never more to hazard your soul and body in such a wicked manner : to which good counsel of the poor fellow, the caitiff replied, Sirrah, If you would be meddling (like a saucy busy rogue) you might have untied it, that it might have serv'd another, time, such an unthrifty rascal as thou will never be worth such a halter, it cost me two pence, and I will abate the price of it in thy quarters wages. And when the quarter day came, he did abate the said two pence, for the which the fellow would dwell no longer with him, but went and got him another service : This was acted really and lately at the place aforesaid, in imitation of that part in the play, of *Every Man out of his Humour*.<sup>1</sup>

After the said *Friar* had some hogs which were like to die of the murrain, which hogs he killed and powdered,<sup>2</sup> and his wife, children, and family, as many as did eat of the pork, fell sick and died all : for the which the slave deserv'd a hanging, and a hangman, but he yet lives for some worse purpose.

<sup>1</sup>In Act iii. sc. 2.—by *Sordido*.

<sup>2</sup>POWDERED, *i.e.*, salted.

Concerning a pair of brewers, and a piece of justice. Another short *Norfolk* tale is not impertinent. There was one Master *Fen* a brewer at *Fensham*, and one Master *Francis Dix* a brewer at *Sapham*, this *Dix* was riding in the country amongst his customers (the innkeepers and victuallers) and he called for a pot of ale or beer as he rode by; (now that ale-house was a customer to *Fen*, as soon as *Dix* had drank, he asked who brewed that drink, to whom the hostess said, that Master *Fen* of *Fensham* brewed it; well said *Dix*, I dare lay a wager, that I will give my mare but a peck of malt, and she shall piss better drink than this; at the last these words came to *Fens* hearing, for the which disparagement, he sued *Dix*, and recovered from him twenty pound damage, besides costs, at the Assizes last at *Norwich* 1639. And now to return to the narration of my travels, from whence I have digressed, since I lodged at *Horn Castle* in *Lincolnshire*.

From thence on the 18 of *August*, I rode 30 miles to *Barton* upon *Humber*, and the next day (being Friday) I took a boat for myself, my squire, and my two palfreys, down to *Hull*, or *Kingston* upon *Hull*, the strength and situation of which town I have formerly written of:\* and I had no new thing

\*I HULL, I HAVE FORMERLY WRITTEN OF.—See Taylor's "A Very, Merry, Wherry, Ferry Voyage, or Yorke for my Money, 1623."



there whereof to make any new relation : let it suffice, that it is absolutely accounted the strongest and most defensible town in the kingdom of *England*, and for good government inferior to none : I might speak somewhat of their good fellowship ; but my book would swell big with it, therefore I will pay them with thinking and thanking of them, both my old friends and new acquaintance all in general.

The 31 of *August* I left *Hull*, and rode to *Holden*, 16 miles, and on the morrow I rode to *Cowood* Castle, to see the most Reverend Doctor *Neale*, the Lord Archbishop of *York* his Grace, whom in all humility I do acknowledge myself much bound in duty daily to pray for, and remember him with unfeigned reverend thankfulness, not only for the undeserved favours and bounty which his Grace extended towards me now, but for many other former approvments of his Graces love and liberality, when his Grace liv'd near me at *Winchester* House. At dinner with his Grace, I had the happiness to renew my acquaintance with the noble and worthy Knight Sir *Francis Wortley*, who most courteously invited and commanded me to visit him in my journey, of which more followeth.

My humble thanks remembered to the right worthy worshipful Knight Sir *Paul Neale*, with his fair and virtuous lady, as also my grateful remembrance to all my lords gentlemen and servants, to

whose loves and for whose friendships I shall ever acknowledge myself an engaged debtor.

Thus having past the Sunday with my Lords Grace, and those other before named gentlemen. On Monday the second of *September*, I took my breakfast and my leave both of *Cowwood*, and rode to *York*, where I visited the worthy Knight (my old acquaintance) Sir *Arthur Ingram*, with whom I thank his worship, I dined, and also had some other token of his love and bounty, for the which I remain thankful.

Of *York* I have but little to say, though it be a great, a fair, and the second city in *England*, built 989 years before our Saviours birth, by *Ebranc* King of this land, from whom the city is called *Eboracensis*, this *Ebranc* is said to have 21 wives, by whom he had 20 sons, and 70 [*sic*] daughters: he reigned here when as King *Solomon* reigned in *Jerusalem*, he overran *France*, he builded *Alclaid*, or *Dumbritton* in *Scotland*, he founded *York*, he erected a temple there, and therein plac'd a *flamine* to *Diana*; but after (in King *Lucius* time) *Elutherius* pull'd down the said idolatrous wooden temple, and displac'd the *flamine*, and caused the minster to be built in that magnificent manner of free stone, placing there an Archbishop; *Scverus* the *Roman* Emperor died there, and also there died the Emperor *Flavius Valerius Constantius* (which some

call *Chlorus*,) those that will know more of *York*, let them read Chronicles and larger volumes.

The Lord Mayor of *York* was (at my being there, one Sir *Roger Jaques* Knight, a gentleman of approved wisdom and government : myself did not stay three hours, and mine host Master *Corney* at the Talbot, told me all the news which I heard there, which was a fellow, that (amongst other offenders) was the first that was hang'd, and the last that was cut down, and being put into the grave or pit, with his fellows, when the earth was cast upon them, he began to stir and recover life, and was returned to the gaol is now there living, and able to report truly what hanging is. *Probatum est.*

From *York* I rode after dinner to *Tadcaster*, and so to a place called *Kidell*, where at a poor ale-house I was glad of entertainment, and had the company of a tinker who made pretty music with his *Banbury* kettle-drum, there was also with him two drovers and 35 hogs, which were to be driven on the morrow seven miles further to *Leeds* market, this good lodging and company, I passed the night with all, and on the morrow I rode to the town of *Leeds* ; of which town I must say somewhat. This town is (for the bigness of it) one of the most populous towns in *England*, it hath in it above 12,000 people, and having but one church there, it was not half capable to receive so great a congrega-

tion, they were extremely thronged and dangerously crowded (especially in the heat of summer, or sultry contagious weather) that the most part of the people were enforced either to go two or three miles several ways to other village churches, or else to stay at home and want the hearing of Gods word, and the means of their salvation. The care and consideration of these grievances entered into the pious mind of one Master *John Harrison* gentleman there, (now living) so that God opened his heart, that of his own proper costs he caused a church to be built (though it have but the name of a chapel) which is so large, that it will contain 4000 people, it is so neatly compacted and framed, with exquisite art of carving and masonry, with painting, gilding, polishing, embellishing, and adorning, with a most stately roof, a fair lofty tower or steeple, a sweet ring of bells ; besides the admirable and costly joiners and carvers workmanship in the font, pulpit pews, chancel, communion-board, and all other things and ornaments for the decent adornment of such a house consecrated and dedicated to the Service of God. I do absolutely affirm, that neither the church or the founder hath any fellows to be found.

This chapel is called by the name of Saint *John Evangelist*, it hath a fair churchyard for burials, well and strongly walled about, and at the west end of the churchyard, the said gentleman hath

founded a fair alms-house, and therein placed 21 poor aged people; also he hath founded and finished a fair school house, for the instruction of youth, and a fine sweet street he hath built on both sides in a uniform and fair manner, with houses: the rents whereof are for the maintenance of the alms-houses, the school, and reparations of the church to the end of the world. And I leave this worthy founder to God for a blessing and to the world, for imitation.

From *Leeds* I went to *Wakefield*, where if the valiant *Pindar* had been living, I would have played *Don Quixot's* part and challenged him; but being it was so happy that he was dead, I passed the town in peace to *Barnsley*, and so to *Wortley*, to Sir *Francis Wortley's* ancient house. The entertainment which himself, his good lady, and his most fair and hopeful daughter gave me there, as I never did or can deserve, so I never shall be able to requite, to talk of meat, drink, money, and free welcome for horse and man, it were but a mere foolery for me to begin, because then I should run myself into a labyrinth, out of which I should hardly find the way: Therefore to his worship, my humble thanks remembered, and everlasting happiness wished both to him, and all that is his. Yet I cannot forbear to write a little of the further favour of this noble knight. Upon the fourteenth of *September* after-

noon, he took horse with me, and his lady and daughter in their coach, with some other servants on horseback; where three miles we rode over rocks and cloud-kissing mountains, one of them is so high, that (in a clear day) a man may from the top thereof see both the minsters or cathedral churches, *York* and *Lincoln*, near 60 miles off us : and as it is to be supposed, *That when the Devil looked over Lincoln, as the Proverb is* (that he stood upon the mountain) or near it : Sir *Francis* brought me to a lodge, the place is called *Wharnclyff*, where the keeper dwells, who is his man, and keeps all this woody, rocky, stony, vast wilderness under him, for there are many deer there, and the keeper were an ass if he would want venison, having so good a master.

Close to the said lodge, is a stone in burthen at the least 100 cart loads, the top of it is four square (by nature) and about 12 yards compass, it hath three seats in the form of chairs, made by art (as it were in the front of the rock) wherein three persons may easily sit, and have a view and goodly prospect over large woods, towns, corn-fields, fruitful and pleasant pastures, valleys, rivers, deer, neat, sheep, and all things needful for the life of man : contained in thousands of acres, and all (or the better part, belonging to that noble Knights ancestors, and himself. Behind the stone is a large inscription, engraven, where in an old character is described the

ancient memory of the *Wortley's* (the progenitors to Sir *Francis* now living) for some hundreds of years, who were lords and owners of the said lands and demains which he now holds as their right heir. About a bow shoot from thence (by the descent of many rungs of a ladder) his worship brought me to a cave or vault in the rock, wherein was a table with seats, and turf cushions round, and in a hole in the same rock, was three barrels of nappy liquor, thither the keeper brought a good red deer pie, cold roast mutton, and an excellent shoeing-horn of hanged *Martimas* beef; which cheer no man living would think such a place could afford: so after some merry passages and repast, we returned home.

On the fifth of *September*, I hired a guide, and rode to *Halifax* 16 miles, the ways were so rocky, stony, boggy and mountainous, that it was a days journey to ride so short a way. At *Halifax* I saw the fatal *Engine*, wherewith they do behead pilfering thieves, which Sir *Francis Wortley* told me was set upon this occasion following.

This town of *Halifax* hath (for time out of mind) liv'd and subsisted by the rich and laudable trade of clothing, and often times their clothes were stolen from the tenterhooks, (or tenters) whereupon the King (then reigning) upon their humble suit had privilege granted to the town for ever: That if a thief were taken either of these three ways, which is,

*hand-napping, back-bearing, or tongue-letting*, that is, either *about to steal*, or *carrying it away*, or *confessing*, that then the party offending (after trial by a jury of townsmen) if the goods, be it cloth, cattle, or whatsoever is valuable, is judg'd to have their heads struck off with the said Engine, without any assize or sessions. Now the Engine is two high pieces of timber, an ell or yard asunder, fixed and closed on the top, with a cross piece like a gallows; in the inner sides of the two standing pieces are two gutters, and on the top (or cross piece) is a pulley through which they do put a small line or rope, and fastening it to another heavier piece of wood of 100 weight (in which they do fix the sharp-edge tool) then they do pull or hoist up the said weight, and the stolen goods is brought to the place of execution with the malefactor; now the one end of the rope is made fast to a pin or stake, which being cut, the Engine falls so ponderously and speedily, that it severs the head from the body in a moment, but there is no man will or must cut the line, but the owner of the stolen goods, which if he do, he hath all again: if he will not cut it, then he must lose all, and it is employed to some charitable uses; by which means the thief escapes; and this is *Halifax* law.

The sixth day I left *Halifax*, and rode over such ways as are past comparison or amending, for



when I went down the lofty mountain called *Blackstone Edge*, I thought myself with my boy and horses had been in the land of *Breakneck*, it was so steep and tedious, yet I recovered 12 miles to *Rochdale*, and then I found smooth way to *Manchester*, and to *Sandy Lane* end 13 miles; and to *Chester* 14 miles, which was the furthest place of my tedious travel.

For my short stay at *Chester* (which was but one day and two nights, I had good and friendly entertainment, of many Gentlemen, to whom I must rest thankful, especially to the worshipful Master Alderman *Edwards*, and to Master *Wright* and his Wife. It was my fortune to see and rejoice at the sight of the Noble, Right Honourable Earl and Knight of the Renowned Order of Saint *George*, *William* Earl of *Derby*: and although I have no relation to his Lordship or acquaintance with him, yet for the reverend respect which I do owe and bear to Nobility, it did me good to see so grave and honourable a peer.

The city of *Chester*, is of ancient erection and fame, it was the Royal Seat of Kings, and there are yet some ruins left of the memorable Palace of King *Edgar*, to which manion the said King was rowed in a barge by eight captives (or tributary kings from Saint *Johns*) on the river of *Dee*, which river there

is spoiled and impeached by a bank of stones all over it, only for the employment of a mill or two, which river other ways would be both passable and profitable to the whole country, for many miles, for the carriage of goods in boats and barks. *Chester* it self is a fair city four square, well walled, with an old ruined castle, which hath been a strong fabric, but now a gaol, the streets are spacious, the buildings sumptuous, and so contrived, that four or five men may walk in the most parts of a breast, dry from the injury of rain, or any falling weather; it is gravely and peaceably governed by a mayor and his 12 brethren, it hath four gates and three posterns, goodly churches, and chiefly painful and learned preachers. And so much for *Chester*.

Only a merry tale, of a late true business which happened there; There dwelt a bricklayer, a good workman (but a good husband) whose name was *John Tilly*, who had the good hap to spend all that he got in his lifetime, except two sons and one daughter: And being sick and in his death-bed, there came a poor neighbour to visit him, whom he desired to make or write his last Will and Testament; the poor man (having ink and paper) asked him what he should write?

*Quoth honest John Tittle, my estate is but little, but I pray thee write thus.*



*IMPRIMIS, I give and bequeath to my wife (for her solace and comfort) my little dog, for it is a pretty nimble active cur, and will make her some sport that may delight her, and put the grief of my death out of her sad remembrance.*

*Item, I give and bequeath to my eldest son Fohn, all my working tools belonging to my trade of brick-laying, which as he may use, may be as available to him, as they have been to me, and this is the sum of my Will.*

His youngest son standing by, said, father have you nothing to give me? Yes son (*quoth he*) I had almost forgotten thee, but I will leave thee somewhat.

*Item, I give and bequeath to my son George seven foot of ground under the gallows.*

Good father take comfort (said George) for my hope is that you will recover, and live to enjoy that legacy your self.

Then the daughter prayed him to give her somewhat whereby she might remember his fatherly love, yes, *quoth he, I pray write.*

*Item, I give and bequeath to my only daughter a whores conditions and qualities, which as she may use them, she may live in such estate, and fame that she may be mistaken for a gentlewoman.*

*Lastly, I do make and ordain my neighbour here, my full Executor : and for his pains for writing my*

*Will, I do give him and his heiress male for ever, an old shoeing-horn.*

The ninth of *September* I turned my back upon *Chester*, (almost without taking leave) and rode 15 miles to *Nantwich*, the tenth I rode to *Stone* and to *Lichfield*, 32 miles.

Of the ancient town of *Lichfield* I can say nothing (by reason of my short stay) only there is a fair and curious old cathedral church or minster.

And the town hath that privilege (as mine host told me) that they can draw and hang one another, and never trouble any other judge, assize or sessions.

The eleventh I rode to *Fazeley*, *Abersom*, *Hinckley* and *Dadlington*, eighteen miles, where all weary and almost worn out with age and travel, I rested until Saturday the fourteenth of *September*, and then rode eight miles to my brother *Miles*, at my old welcome lodging at *Leicester*.





News from *Hell*, with a short  
description of the *Hell*  
at *Westminster*.

**N**OT from that *Hell* where souls tormented  
lie  
In endless death, and yet shall never die,  
Where gnashing cold, commixed with  
flames still burning,  
Where's entrance free, but never back returning :

Where nought but horror, fiends, and torments dwell.  
I bring no news from that accursed *Hell* ;  
Yet mine own merits are of such low price,  
To bar me from *Celestial Paradise*,  
And sink me in that horrid *Lake infernal*,  
But that my hope and faith is fixt *supernal*.  
The *Hell* I write of is well known to be  
A place of pleasure, and for all men free,  
Where wretched Ghosts are not in torments staid,  
For all the pains upon the purse is laid.  
To find this *Hell* you need not travel far,  
'Tis understood the high *Exchequer* bar

*At Westminster, and those who thither venter,  
Do not give Cerberus a sop to enter,  
For Charons fury, you need never fear it,  
(Although ten thousand do land somewhat near it)  
Within this Hell is good content and quiet,  
Good entertainment, various sorts of diet,  
Tables a score at once, in sundry places,  
Where hungry mouths fall to, and say short Graces,  
And then (in some sort) I may parallel  
This earthly Hell, with the infernal Hell.  
Hot swelt'ring vapours, pots, and cauldrons boiling.  
Great vehement fires, with roasting, stewing, broiling;  
The cooks & scullions, all besmear'd and smook'd,  
And in their masters grease well stew'd & soak'd,  
And had the Devil a stomach unto it,  
The cook himself is not the rawest bit,  
Like as th' infernal Hell doth entertain  
All comers, so this Hell doth not refrain  
To give free welcome unto every one  
If money fail not, there's excepted none.  
This Hell is govern'd by a worthy Duke,  
That Pluto like, his under fiends rebuke,  
There the tormenting tapster is controll'd,  
If courteously he Nick not (as he should)  
He must attend at every knock and rap,  
His reverend jug deck'd with a frothy cap,  
He fills and empts, and empts and fills again  
Like Sisypheus, he toils, but not so vain,*

*Like Danaus daughters, taking up, and spilling,  
He's always emptying, and he's never filling.  
Thither the Counsellor for comfort comes  
To rince his toiling tongue, and was his gums.  
The Client having Tityus empty maw  
(His guts tormented with the Vulture Law)  
He coming to this Hell may find relief.  
Of comfortable plum broth, and roast beef;  
There, for your solace you may feed upon  
Whole seas of pottage, hot as Phlegethon,  
And midst those seas, by art, the cooks hath laid  
Small Isles of mutton, which you may invade  
With stomach, knife and spoon, or tooth and nail,  
With these, the victory you cannot fail.  
Therefore this earthly Hell is easier far,  
Then were the miserable damned are,  
There's no redemption from that black Abyss,  
And here regress, as well as egress is,  
Therefore they falsely do mistake the story  
To call this Hell, which is but Purgatory,  
For here's no Thraldom, from this place you may  
Get present freedom, if the shot you pay.*



Here followeth three Satyrical *Lashes* or  
*Ferks*, given with the *pen* of  
the *Author*, at or upon  
the *Devil's Arse*  
a *Peak*.



*ENS*, are most dangerous tools, more sharp  
by odds  
Than swords, and cut more keen than whips  
or rods,  
Therefore (most high and mighty Duke of Dis)  
Commander where the lake *Avernus* is,  
Great Lord of *Limbo*, *Styx*, and *Phlegethon*,  
Of *Tartarus*, *Gehenna*, *Acheron*,  
Most potent Monarch of black *Erebus*,  
Prince of the triple-headed *Cerberus*,  
Sole Emperor, of *Darkness*, and dark works,  
Master Heretics, Infidels and *Turks*,  
Arch-flamine of hot *Tophets* smouldering flames,  
King of *Cocytus*, and th' infernal streams  
Earl of *Errors*, and chief Dominator  
Of all sins done, by earth air, land, or water,  
Viscount, and Baron of large *Barathrum*,  
Since I have lived to come so near your Bum



*As is your wicked worships Arse a Peake,  
 Though some men think my Muse is all too weak ;  
 I with my pen do mean to jerk and ferk ye,  
 And (as I promis'd) with three jerks will jerk ye.  
 I know that many fools will jeer and frump,  
 That I durst come so near the Devil's rump,  
 And lash with my poor pen satyrical,  
 This great Don Diego Diabolical :  
 But I would have him and his friends to know,  
 I jeer him not, for all his bug-bare show :  
 'Tis known that he, and all that him attend,  
 To any Poet never was a friend :  
 And therefore now I daring him oppose,  
 And jerk his hellish Majesty in Prose.*

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ALTHOUGH you (great master of the hot-house) *Don sel de Lucifer*, have on the earth in all places and countries many multitudes of damnable sons, friends, and servants, to oppose me and take your part, yet I being come so near your *Podex*, must jerk your breech with my *satyre pendragonly* goose quill, you know that reproof is as ill taken as correction by the ungracious. Therefore although you are so bad that you are quite past any mending, yet your graceless Majesty may be lawfully touch'd by reprehending; you have been a cheater ever since

the Creation, and in that art of Cozening, you first cheated your self of everlasting happiness, and gained thereby perpetual perdition, and ever since you have play'd *Hocus Pocus*, and with your tricks, Sleights, and juggling Legerdemain, done your best to draw all the whole race of mankind after you into your kingdom of *Cimerian Tenebrosity*; you taught our first Parents Infidelity, Pride, Disobedience and Lying, which qualities of theirs are so naturally descended to us, that (by your industrious instigation) we do continually shew (by our lives and conversations) of what house we came. By their example of believing too much in you, we are grown incredulous in things which most concerns our better and best of being, and we are so inur'd and practised in lying, (by your inspiration being the father of lies) that we are doubtful to believe one another. And yet (like the *Cretans*) with long use and custom, we do many times believe our own lies to be true.

May it please your infernal Hell-hood to take into your execrable consideration, that you were the first inventor of the most ignoble Science of Offence, you taught *Cain* the *Imbrocado*, and showed him how to murder his Brother, and from that time to this, the Art of Murdering, Killing and Cutting Throats hath been universally and perfectly learned and practised. You have been the inventor of all manner of destroying weapons, from the high degree

of the Welsh-hook, to the lower descent of the Tailor's Bodkin ; and in these later times you (with the help of a Friar) have devised a burning, smouldering, most Hèllish and undefencible mischief that murders men by heaps, (and with a powder) can blow whole Kingdoms into the Firmament ; and for the innumerable Engines that are daily used and cast for such uses, your most high and Imperial malediction have declared yourself an excellent Artist, from the double *Cannon* to the *Elder* Gun-mines, Counter-mines, Petards, Granadoes, Fire-works, Wild-fire, and the Devil and all do continually seek and work the destruction of miserable mankind. You are a great traveller, and will take the pains to compass the whole earth to find just man, on purpose to do him mischief, but for a crew of common Drunkards, Rascals, Bawds and Whores, you know you need not wet your foot to seek them, they are your own already, and by your good will, you would fill Hell so full, that Heaven should have but a few.

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*And so let that pass for one and  
the first Ferk.*



SECONDLY, you know that there is but one narrow way to happiness, and many ways to your *Zona Torrida, Frigida*, (for all those large ways do meet in one at the last,

and bring poor souls into your pestiferous purse net) some go by the way of *Sodom*, to find out your most damnable Mansion, some by the way of *Incest*, some by *Adultery*, some by *Fornication* (for they say you are the Master of the Honourable and Worshipful Company, and Brother-hood of the *Fornicators*) in which regard you are a great friend to Parators and Panders. You shew'd *Cham* the way how to deride his father, by which example a company of *Chammists*, have ever since practised not only to mock, scoff, and abuse their natural parents, but also to contemn, rail and revile against Kings and Princes, who are the Royal Fathers of Terrestrial Government, and further to despise, slight, and libel against the most Reverend Fathers, the Stewards and painful Dispensers of the spiritual food of Eternity; you directed *Corah* and his Complices the high road-way to murmur; *Ahithophel* to give wicked counsel, and *Absalom* to rebel and usurp; you shewed *Joab* the way to treachery, *Achan* to steal, *Jobs* wife to abuse her husband, from whom the most part of women (like apt scholars) are very expert in that kind of miserable mystery. You put *Gehazi* into the high-way of taking a bribe, and it is too well known what a wicked number of followers he hath had of all degrees, from the Sceptre to the swain, from the black gown to the buckrum bag. You directed *Nabal* (who Anagrammatized

or read backward is *Laban*) to be as churlish as a hog, from whom miserable *Dives* hath perfectly learned the way to true misery, you taught *Nimrod* the way to tyrannize and enclose and encroach upon Land and Territories, which hath been the bounding, mounding, and curtailing of Commons. The raising of ambition, Pride, Voluptuousness, and such earthly virtues of accursed greatness, and to the Almighty making of Beggars. You tie fast the rich mans purse, and let loose the poor mans curse, you instructed *Pharaoh*, *Senacherib*, and *Rabshakeh* in the way of blasphemy, and from those Hellish presidents, their wickedness is daily impiously imitated, *Shimei* was one of your *Anathema* profound scholars, and from you he learned to curse the Lord's Anointed extempore: once (as I have read) you were so addicted to peace and unity that you made *Herod* and *Pilate* friends, who were hateful enemies, but afterwards your Hypocrisy was found, that it was your plot to destroy innocence; you made *Demas* to forsake the truth, and embrace the world (your wicked sister :) you have never been unprovided of a kennel of Whores, Queans, and Concubines, to tempt and draw the wisest men to folly, and for him that is most strong (in his own opinion) you have always one darling sin or other to fit his disposition, constitution,

inclination, or humour, that like a *Daliah* shall weaken him, or quite overthrow him.

*And this shall suffice for the  
second Ferk.*

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HARDLY and lastly, you know that your end draws nigh, and therefore now you rave, rage, and are more mad than ever you were, you know that after Doomsday, that you shall have no more power over Mortals, then you shall be for ever chained in your den like a dog in a kennel; and therefore now you with all double diligence, do endeavour to do your best to do your worst, and as much as in you lieth, you draw us from bad to worse, and from worse to worse. The Hypocrite (by your enticement) doth vizard all his villany, with the mask or veil of virtue; he follows the steps of *Ananias and Saphira* to a hair, he with his sour look shrouds a lofty mind. You have scattered pride into as many shapes as *Proteus*, so that a proud fashion hunter (if either money or credit will furnish him) will transform himself into as many forms as you can do; our roarers (who by your pestiferous favour are styled the damn'd crew) are so given to most unhallowed meditations, that they lie a bed almost till dinner time, to study new oaths, to vent at this Ordinary, at bowls, cock-fight-

ing, horse-race, whore-house, or any other place of gentleman-like or noble exercise, and as you have taught them to swear without fear, so they do often forswear without shame: although sometimes they hazard their ears, as they do their souls. You set bad projectors (and unprofitable) a work, as thick as crab-lice or caterpillars, and it is no doubt but you will deal so justly with them, that you will pay them their wages, and after you have set them agog (with a vengeance) to do injury with a mischief. You are so skilful in Physic, that you have made too many believe that the loss of a Maiden-head is an approved and speedy medicine for the green sickness. Poets, Painters (and some few Courtiers) you have so well taught that they can flatter most artifiically with pen, picture, and by word of mouth.

It is long of you that what ever the choplin and the chaplain hath, yet the thin-cheek'd chiplin hath nothing at all. I know a poor Curate that comes and goes a mile every Sunday, be it winter or summer, all manner of weathers, sometimes wet to the skin, and preaches once a week (on Sundays) for bare five pound a year, the Tithe being valued at sixty pound *per annum*, so that the miserable stipend or hireling wages, will hardly buy wood to make a fire for him when he comes home to dry him; when he is through wet. This is your work (*Monsieur Diabola*) for it is your inspiration to put

such wrangling spirits into Impropriators, that for the not paying off a tenth pudding or a tithe egg the Law must take his course. You have brought the Schismatical Separatist to be as unconformable as your self, for (like you) they cannot bide the Cross or the sign of it (if it be not upon money) and you have made them as unmannerly as your self, for they will not move a hat, or bow a knee at the name of our Saviour, and they are wax'd as slovenly as you can make them, for they hate clean linen, and all order, neatness and decency in the church ; And you have long practised a politic slight, which is, that when a Reverend Pastor is painfully, and carefully preaching to his audience, instructing them how to avoid your snares and traps ; then you are so angry and impatient when you are told of your faults, and hear your damnable devices laid open, that you could afford to pull the preacher out of the pulpit by the ears, or to tear him in pieces, but that he is so happy that you have no power over him : your inveterate malice being limited, curb'd, and snaffled by an unresistable High and Omnipotent power, and he very well understands and knows in whose service he is, and whose embassy he delivers, and therefore is so valiant that he neither fears or cares a rush for you ; which your imperial malevolence perceiving, you have another trick for him, which is to lull the people asleep, (of which



number many times the best of the Parish are some) by which means you do debar them of what they should hear, and in the mean time, the Preacher speaks to the bare walls. And I am persuaded that is against your will, that there is any good Preacher living, and seeing they do live (in despite of you) and that by their care and industry they do now and then violently pluck a soul from you, in revenge thereof you chiefly seek their confusion, either by war, slander, or starving them through want of means. Yet this much may be spoken as one of your good parts, which is, that you were never known to be drunk, and though you never walk uprightly, yet you never stumbled, you were never so fox'd but you knew the way home (and the truth is, you are so bold, that you would make every place your home) the Court, the City, the Country, the Palace, the Castle, the Cottage, and the Church and all, you are so audacious either to enter them by force, or else to insinuate and sneak into them by craft and subtilty. And though you are no drunkard, yet you do love the whole Rabble of them so well, that you are unwilling to lose one of them all, but my hope is better. For if they leave it, and mend their manners as they should do, the Devil the one of them you are like to have. You have the art to make great Scholar to learn Retrograde, for if a man be never so good a Grammarian, and hath *Greek*

and *Latin* as perfect as *Homer* or *Virgil*, yet (if he be married) you do too often teach his wife the way to read him backward, like an *Hebrician*, and though he be never so well skill'd in learned Volumes, and the Seven liberal arts, yet she puts him again into his *Horn-book*. You have so much Devotion in you, that you do assist those Brethren that do pray zealously, that they may be disobedient with a safe Conscience, and you make them so stout and valiant that some of them are more able to do more service in a white sheet then the honestest man in the whole shire can do. You know that the Projector would be an honest man if he did not keep company with himself, therefore you might do somewhat to be talked of, if you would separate him. It is a scurvy fashion of your devising, that wise men in russet, must reverence and stand bare to silken fools; but to conclude, you have gotten such a freedom that you have a finger in all trades, and an oar in every mans boat, nor was there ever any bad thought, word or deed, imagined, spoken, or committed since the Creation, but you were at the middle and both ends of it: and I do remember that I have read how once you bragged, boasted and promised to give all the Kingdoms of the world to be worshipped, and afterwards you were in that poor roguish case, that you were fain to ask leave to take possession of a silly hog. In which manner

of vain-glorious ostentation, bragging and boasting, the most part of men are expert, and to promise much, and to perform nothing is, so easy a lesson of your teaching, that many great men are more ready and perfect in it than in their *Pater noster*. And now you Grand Master of mischief, you may truss up your hose, for at this time my pen is worn blunt, my inkhorn dry and my self weary with jerking, where correction is in pain, and no possibility of no amendment.

Thus after the expense of much money,  
and ten weeks time, having riden 645  
miles (of sundry measures and  
sizes) all weary and almost  
money-less, I returned to  
*London* on Friday  
the twentieth of  
September,  
1639.

FINIS.



THE  
*LAMENTABLE*  
COMPLAINTS

OF

Hop the Brewer

AND

*Kilcalfe* the Butcher,

As they met by chance in the Coun-  
trei, against the restraint lately set out by the  
Parliament, against Tapsters and Cookes: which  
hath caused them to cracke their credit, and  
to betake them to their heeles.



Printed in the Yeare 1641.





THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINTS OF  
HOP THE BREWER AND KILCALF  
THE BUTCHER.

*Hop.*

**W**HAT neighbour *Kilcalf*, who would have thought to meet you here, what good news is there stirring in London I pray can you tell?

*Kilcalf.* News Mr. *Hop*, there is great store such as it is, but none I am sure that is good for you or me.

*Hop.* I hope Mr. *Kilcalf* there is none will prove hurtful to us.

*Kilcal.* Yes truly neighbour there is ill news for us.

*Hop.* I pray my good friend let me hear all the news whatsoever it be.

*Kilcal.* Why? I will tell you, Sir, since you are so inquisitive: There is A-Bell (and one of the greatest in the Town) lately fallen from Aldermary Church, and some say it is burst all in pieces.

*Hop.* Well Sir what can this hurt you or me ? but say this Bell be broke, it may be new cast and hanged and all will be well again.

*Kilcal.* Very right Sir, and this may be done with little charge, and besides there are ropes provided already; there are three generous Vintners in the Parish that have promised to defray the whole charge.

*Hop.* The Vintners may afford it neighbour, I hear they pay no Tunnage now the wine Patent is put down, but pray what is the news you speak off ?

*Kilcal.* Why, have you not heard of the restraint that was lately set forth by the Parliament, whereby all Cooks and Tapsters and many other professions are forbidden to dress meat and draw drink on Sundays ?

*Hop.* Indeed I have heard that some such thing was intended, but I never heard that it was in black and white until this hour, I hope there is no such thing, is there neighbour, are you sure ?

*Kilcal.* Sure say you ! Am I sure that ever I knocked down an ox and cut his throat on a Sunday morning think you ? s'foot shall I not believe my own eyes ?

*Hop.* I would they had been out, so thou hadst not lived to see this chance.

*Kil.* Nay now neighbour I must tell you, you are some what too bitter, did you not promise to



hear me whatsoever it were, and seeing you are so hot, farewell.

*Hop.* Nay good neighbour stay, I cry thee heartily mercy, it was my passion which made me so much forget myself, but if this be true.

*Kil.* If me no if's, tis true as I tell you.

*Hop.* Why then what will become of us ?

*Kil.* Truly I know not, we must e'en shut up our doors, and never so much as take leave of our Landlords.

*Hop.* As I am an honest man, you and I are both of a mind, you have spoke my own thoughts, for I am sure if I tarry till quarter day, my Landlord will provide me a house *gratis*, I should be very unwilling to accept of his kindness, and he to my knowledge was always very forward to do such a curtesy to the worst debtor he had.

*Kil.* Truly Master *Hop*, I am not so much engaged to my Landlord for his love, as you to yours ; but this I am sure there is a Grazier dwelling in this part that hath my hand (down upon a piece of sheepskin) not for my honesty, but for some certain money which I owe him, and if I do not wisely prevent him, I know not which of the Counters I am like to keep my Christmas in.

*Hop.* I pray Master *Kilcalf* can you prevent him ?

*Kil.* Why, I'll show him the bag, I'll run man, dost understand me ?

*Hop.* Yes very well, but I believe that he had rather you would show him his money, and then he would understand you.

*Kil.* But by his favour he shall not understand, nor stand under any money of mine if I can keep it from him.

*Hop.* But I pray tell me, how came you so much in debt? did you use to trust your customers for your meat? I beleive you dealt with them for ready money, did you not?

*Kil.* Truly Sir I was forced to trust some times when my customers had not money to pay me: There was one master *Rule roast* a Cook that owed me almost one hundred pounds, who no sooner heard of this strict command against selling of meat on Sundays, but he hanged a padlock on the door and away went Pilgarlick. I cannot hear of my Gentleman since his departure, nor do I ever look to receive my money now.

*Hop.* Now, why not now?

*Kil.* Because I do never look to see him again, but put the case he should ever come again, he would never be able to pay me without he were suffered to sell meat on Sundays in service time.

*Hop.* Why? is it impossible for Cooks to get money on the week days? I know no reason but why they may as well as on the Sundays.

*Kil.* Yes Sir, tis very possible, but I will tell you what I have observed in some of these Cooks. You should have a Cook that upon Sundays would dress twice so much meat as upon any other day, and sell it three times as dear; for Sir his door shall stand open all the service time, and any body may be suffered to come in (the Church wardens excepted) and he that calls for any of his roasted beef, hath it weighed to him by the ounce, or at least one would think it so by the thin slices, which he with much policy carveth from the spit; and so by this his policy he will make you eighteen pence of that which (on any other day) he would take eight pence for, and greet you with a welcome into the bargain, but those days are now past and therefore I despair of ever seeing my money.

*Hop.* I am just in your case, did you not know *Nick Froth* the Tapster at the Bell? he was a man that used his customers as your Cook used his, for in service time on Sundays you should have him draw his beer out at a penny a demi can, or a half pint; besides the witty knave had an excellent faculty in frothing, he would get as much in drawing half a barrel on a Sunday as he should by a whole barrel on any other day; and for his Indian smoke he sold that as dear as Apothecaries do their Ambergreece: I seeing him in this hopeful thriving way, trusted him with a hundred and fifty barrels of Beer, in

hope (though) I should have had my money before this time, but he being debarred of this privilege, I utterly despair of payment, and so by this and many others such like debtors I am like to be undone, and therefore I'll not stay in England.

*Kil.* Then let us both return to London and gather up as many of our debts as we can, to bear our charges in our journey. If we can but once get cross the great pond, we may with confidence outface our Creditors, our days of payment draw near, therefore let us make good use of our time that we have to tarry.

*Come let's away, and if the wind sit right,  
We'll be at Dover by to morrow at night.*

FINIS.

THE  
COUNTRY-MANS  
CARE,  
*And the Citizens Feare*

In bringing up their Children  
in good Education.

Set forth in a Dialogue betweene a  
Citizen and Country-Man.

*Citizen.*

*Country Man.*



Printed at London for T.B. 1641.





## THE COUNTRYMAN'S CARE AND THE CITIZEN'S FEAR

IN THESE DANGEROUS AND TROUBLESOME TIMES.

*Citizen.*

**W**ELL met *Countryman*, what is the best news that the Country doth afford at this time ?

*Count.* Alas sir ? I wonder you should so earnestly enquire news of me, that live in the Country, whenas we receive all our news from you. I confess, you did prevent me, therefore I pray, what is the best news in the City ?

*Citiz.* Alas ! the ambiguous rotation of the World is very mutable, nothing is constant, nothing durable, but all things do precipitate themselves most strangely in a mutual levity.

*Count.* This news is hard indeed : for I did expect better in regard that I have a Son, truly a

pretty scholar (as his Master tells me) and of a hopeful expectation, whose preferment I intend to raise (God willing). Therefore I beseech you (if you can) instruct me, what way I may settle him in.

*Citiz.* What can he understand the Latin tongue or how far hath he proceeded therein?

*Count.* Truly sir he is past his *Proprius quæmaribus* and his *Asse in præsentibus* too I'll assure you; yea, and he can read any Chapter in the Bible very punctually, and withal he hath read to Master Practise on the Piety, and many other Godly books I thank God for it, who hath endued him with so much grace: Therefore because he is come to some knowledge now, I would willingly bring him up to some Scholar-ship: what think you Sir, if I should send him to the University?

*Citiz.* Sir I commend your sedulity herein: but I have often heard, and withal I know by experience, that the University is much polluted, and contaminated with Popish superstitions, which if your son should be seduced into, perhaps it will cause both his utter ruin, and your perpetual sorrow.

*Count.* Is it possible that the University should be corrupt? 'Tis no marvel then that the whole kingdom is misled, since the very fountains themselves are polluted.

*Citiz.* I Exhort you as a friend; and I hope you will not contemn my friendly admonition.



*Count.* But my Son may avoid their crafty allurements, and if he then uncessantly follow his study, he may one day prove a Minister of Gods word.

*Citiz.* Pish, a minister of Gods word quother ! Now a days every man will become a Minister : therefore it will be but vanity for you to send your son thither to attain to the Sacerdotal function.

*Count.* But dare every man presume so far without learning :

*Citiz.* That is the chief cause thereof : for learning is abused, contemned, derided, neglected, despised : they will have no praying, nor preaching, unless it be performed by instinct and inspiration, as the spirit moves them. And if a man heaps up knowledge, and Scholar-ship by indefatigable study, he is thought to have filled his mind only with more advantage to do wickedness.

*Count.* Oh lamentable !

*Citiz.* Yea you may see Cobblers and Tinkers rising from the very Dunghill, beating the Pulpits as conformably, as if they were the Kings professors of Divinity, scattering their new doctrine and discipline in the Church, and are accounted great divines too of the vulgar. Here you shall see one making himself a Prophet preaching in a Tub as confidently as if he were Doctor in Divinity. There you shall see another thumping forth his new doctrine in a Barn among his conniticles (I should have said)

conventicles, as if he were Master of Arts. In the meanwhile revolve all, and you shall find Scholarship most shamefully despised.

*Count.* But if he diligently continue in his study, God knows but that he may one day become a Bishop.

*Citiz.* How ? a Bishop ? alas ! I fear there will be no more of that dignity : for the general assent and consent too of the Commons will admit of no Bishops : and they must all very shortly resign their Titles, which shall be abrogated. Your son shall never be Arch-Bishop I'll warrant you : and if you intend to make a Divine of him, he must have a great care lest the Arch-Bishop do not cut off his ears. But I will free you from that fear, for I tell once again that there will be no more Bishops : Yet if it seems more just, and secure, that the holy Church should admit a degree of less, and greater, they will have no Bishops, but only Lay-Elders : to the election of which dignity, they judge and suppose none more fit, and none more prepared for the performance of everything, belonging to Gods word than those venerable, and reverend Fathers Master *Cobbler*, *Tinker*, and *Button-maker*, men (although but of mean Scholarship) yet most wonderfully inspired. Therefore I think it mere vanity for you, to bring your son up to be a Scholar.

*Count.* Alas ! then what shall I do ? unless I should put him to the Inns a Court.

*Citiz.* So you'll make a young *Suckling* of him, and then he'll run away.

*Count.* But I intend to make him a *Lawyer*.

*Citiz.* Alas the Star-Chamber, and High-Commission Court is down long ago : and he must be as busy as a *Duck*, or else he will lose preferment. For Lawyers are not respected, neither are they accounted Honest, because they sell their lines dearer the *Apothecaries* Physics, which I confess is dear enough, yet nothing comparable to the price of their lines, which gape wider then an Oyster-wifes mouth, and straddle wider then a French-man's legs Fie, fie ! Lawyers are accounted Knaves over all the Country.

*Count.* Tis strange ! For I'm sure they have more Angels come hourly to them in Term time, then all the Puritans in the Town.

*Citiz.* But here lies the difference : their Angels do wear crosses : and because the Puritans will admit of no cross, therefore they hate the Lawyers the more, because they are so ready to receive them.

*Count.* And there is none of their whole Tribe, that will deny such crosses, I'll warrant you.

*Citiz.* But Lawyers are so little regarded now a days that I fear before they can procure other men's Suits at Law, they'll want Suits to their own Backs.

*Count.* But perhaps he may come to the honour of a Judge one day.

*Citiz.* I hope you do not desire to have your Son hang'd. That's a dangerous title I'll assure you: Did you not hear that most of the Judges are to be judged under other Judges, yea and they'll hardly escape hanging too, unless they give ample satisfaction to the Parliament: for they are acknowledged to be the Original of all our grievances. Therefore if you be wise desist from that opinion.

*Count.* Alas! What education shall I then impose upon my Son? Since all these grounds of hope hath deceived me. What think you Sir, if I train him up to be a Soldier?

*Citiz.* He must swear lustily then: and brag of many things with ostentation, although he can perform nothing. But stay! Now I think on it: Perhaps he may be suspected to be some Trooper;) for they say the Country is very full of them) then apprehended and so incontinently committed only upon suspicion.

*Count.* You say true indeed Sir: Therefore I know not what course to take with him. I entreat you Sir to lend me your advice.

*Citiz.* If the Lad be so hopeful, as you declare him to be: I care not greatly if I take him under my Tuition, and if you please to condescend there unto, he shall be my Apprentice, and I'll assure

you for your sake he shall be both kindly kept, and religiously instructed.

*Count.* I humbly thank you for your love, wherefore I acknowledge my self much engaged to you : But I pray what trade are you off Sir ;

*Citiz.* I am a Vintner by my Trade.

*Count.* I am very glad to hear of that : and if my Son be wise enough, but to take forty Shilling a Tun, he may prove an Alderman too. Well Sir, I am much obliged unto you, for your love unto him, and I will bring him unto you, and if you like his morality and ingenuity, I will willingly send him unto you.

*Citiz.* He shall be most lovingly respected.

*Count.* Thanks Noble Sir ; In the meanwhile farewell.

*FINIS.*





S I O N S  
C H A R I T Y  
T O W A R D S H E R

Foes in misery,  
I N

A D I A L O G U E B E -  
tweene a Citizen of L O N D O N  
and a Country Gentleman, concer-  
ning the Offenders of these times.

Mat. 7. 1. *Iudge not, that ye be not Iudged.*

1 Cor. 13. 6. *Charity reioyceth not in iniquity, but reioyceth  
in the truth.*



*London Printed by R.H. for I.D. 1641*







## SIONS CHARITY.



*ENTLEMAN.* Well overtaken Sir.

*Citizen.* You are very welcome Sir.

*Gent.* I pray you Sir how far travel you this way.

*Citt.* As far as Nottingham, if the Lord permit.

*Gent.* And whence come you Sir I pray you.

*Citt.* From London Sir.

*Gent.* Indeed I thought by your habit you were a Citizen of London, and to tell you truly, I am glad I met with you, for that I much desire to hear what news at London this Parliament time ; therefore if I can intreat so much favour at your hands, as to accept of my company a mile or two of your way, and to relate unto me some of your news at London, I shall think myself much bounded unto you.

*Citt.* Sir, you seem to be an honest grave country Gentleman, and therefore your company to me is very acceptable, and I should be glad that

you had further to go on in my way, and shall be willing to pleasure you in telling you any news I know at London.

*Gent.* Sir, I thank you very kindly, and first of all I pray you tell me, is the Parliament like to sit still, and not be dissolved.

*Citt.* Yea, I make no doubt of it, for thanks be to the Lord, there is an Act for that purpose.

*Gent.* Blessed be the Lord for it, I rejoyce to hear it, assuring myself, if they sit without disturbance they will amend many things that are amiss both in the Church and Commonwealth.

*Citt.* God grant it, say I ; for in my judgment there is great need.

*Gent.* Yea doubtless, and I pray you Sir what hear you concerning those that have been the troublers of this our Israel.

*Citt.* Concerning them, this I say for certain, that some of them are fled, and one is dead, and others are yet alive.

*Gent.* And who be they I pray you that are fled.

*Citt.* *Finch*, *Windebank*, and divers of that wretched crew, whose names I cannot know now remember.

*Gent.* And who is he I pray you that is dead ?

*Citt.* The Deputy of Ireland, that traitorous wretch, and murdering caitiff.

*Gent.* And who are they I pray you that are yet alive.

*Citt.* Great Belzebub, that Prince of devils, who though he is fast chained up in the Tower, yet many others of his infernal Spirits are yet at liberty.

*Gent.* Sir, by your favour, I must make bold to tell you before we proceed any further, that I think you do very ill in giving them such titles, you seem by your civil habit to be a man professing the fear of God, and therefore I think it meet for me to tell you that these are unchristian-like speeches.

*Citt.* Why Sir, I pray you, can a man speak too ill of them that have been enemies to all righteousness, did not the Apostle *Paul* call *Elymas* Acts 13, 8 the Sorcerer as ill as I call them\*.

*Gent.* It is very true indeed, the Apostle *Paul* called him as ill, yet doubtless it is not lawful for you to follow his example therein, except you be full of the holy Ghost, as the Text saith *Paul* was, and thereby was able to discern him to be the child of the devil and besides, as I hope, you know our best divines\* do forbid us to speak evil either of \*M, Dent. them that are absent, or of the dead; yea the Tit, 2. 2. Apostle *Paul* goes further, speak evil of no man.

*Citt.* But if you were in London, you should not only hear bad men, but also many good men speak as ill of them as I have done : yea, you shall see divers writings, yea, and books printed, lying on

many booksellers stalls to be sold, that give them as bad language as I have done.

*Gent.* The more is the pity, I am sorry to hear it, being assured that this is not the language of Canaan, which every Christian ought to speak. Do you not remember the Apostle *Jude* writes, that when *Michael* the Archangel strove against the devil and disputed about the body of *Moses*, durst not blame him with cursed speaking, or give him any railing accusation, but only said, the Lord rebuke thee : and to tell you truly, though I myself be one whom they call a Professor, yet do I utterly dislike this disposition which I have observed in many, who are called by that name, in uttering such bitter words against gross offenders, and much more if they write or print books in that nature, to tell you truly, I like not such Satirical spirits.

*Citt.* Why, but Sir by your favour, I conceive that such Books do much good, for first, thereby it is possible that such as have offended may come to see their offence thereby and so be brought to shame, and afterwards to repentance : and then secondly, hereby it is made apparant to the world, what they are, and so they come to be detested, and at last cut off from troubling this our Israel ; as one is, and I hope more will follow.

*Gent.* Sir, I pray you conceive that it is not the matter of such Books that I do simply condemn,

but the manner or style of them ; for I conceive if such matter as is in some of them, were composed after a sober, pityful, and Christian-like manner, without tart or bitter speeches, then it were possible they might be a means to work shame and repentance in the hearts of offenders. Let the sin be shamed rather than the sinner ; the particulars offensive, then the persons offending, saith a godly man : but this tart manner spoils all ; for first it makes the offenders conceive, that the authors and approvers of them do hate their persons, and so speak out of malice, or desire of revenge, and so by that means they do but exasperate them, or harden them, and rather keep them from repentance, then bring them unto it. and besides, without Gods preventing grace, they will occasion the readers, or hearers of them, either to hate their persons, or jeer them, or both ; it is a most intemperate zeal\* faith a godly Divine, *\*M Byfield* that spends itself in the vain and bootless censure of the estate of those that are without those censures have in them much of provocation, and nothing of edification ; it were happy for some Christians if they could with the Apostle say often to their own souls, what have I to do to judge them that are without. 1. Cor. 5. 12  
13.

*Citt.* Well Sir, one thing I can assure you of upon my own knowledge, that the printing and selling of such Books hath been a means to help many a poor man in London these dead times of trading.

*Gent.* That may be indeed, and yet the Books never the more lawful or warrantable for that, you know we must not do evil that good may come thereof.

*Citt.* Well Sir, let us leave off this discourse concerning the Books, and let us proceed a little further in our discourse concerning the persons who are the subject matter of such Books, and I pray you tell me how you conceive a Christian man is to stand affected toward such persons ?

*Gent.* Without question he ought to love their persons as they are men, you know whose words they are *Mat. 5. 44. But I say unto you, love your enemies.*

*Citt.* Indeed I grant, if they were my private enemies I ought to love them, yea, and so far forth as they are so, I ought to do it ; but these men are public enemies, yea, Gods enemies, such as oppose and hate the truth of God, and persecute it in the professors thereof, yea they are such as are enemies to any good course, and godly proceedings.

*Gent.* Though they be Gods enemies, and public enemies yet for ought you know while they are alive they may be curable, and therefore though you may hate their sins, and pray against their devices, yet must you love their persons.

*Citt.* But did not *Paul* and *David* hate the persons of such, and pray against them, and may not we imitate them therein ?

*Gent.* It is true indeed, *Paul* prayed against *Alexander* the Copper-smith, that God would reward him according to his works ; So *David* saith, <sup>2. Tim. 4</sup> *Psalm* 139. <sup>32.</sup> Do not I hate them O Lord that hate thee ? &c. And so in many other *Psalms* he prays for the final and utter destruction of his enemies, which indeed is a sign of utter hatred, yet this was because they were not only Gods enemies, but desperate and irrecoverable ones, which they saw by the Spirit of God, being extraordinarily and infallibly informed thereof, and therefore their prayers were but prophecies of the final destruction of these men, as *Psalm* 63. 9. and 54. and 5. But for us, because we have not the like measure or gift of Spirit, we have no such warrant either to hate, or pray directly against any mans person.

*Citt.* Well Sir, I tell you truly I did not consider these things before now, and I begin to fear my heart hath not been so rightly affected towards these men whom I have named, as it ought therefore I pray you proceed further in this matter.

*Gent.* I will, as the Lord, shall enable me, and first as touching them that are yet living, I conceive it is the duty of a Christian, and that which doth most express a Christian-like spirit, to express our love to them in being sorry, yea, and in the mourning for them, yea, and the more we hear their faults discovered, the more we are to sorrow for them :

and this I am confident hath warrant from Scripture, do you not remember what the Apostle said to the Corinthians touching the incestuous person, and  
 1 Cor 5. 2. you are puffed up saith he, and have not rather sorrowed. It is a place that I have often thought upon, and to tell you truly, I have found such a disposition in my own heart as was in these Corinthians, and that is, when I have heard of others that have committed some gross offences, I have as it were found my heart glad within me, or rather puffed up with pride, because I have not been guilty of the like transgressions, when as it is clear by the Text, that I should rather have sorrowed for them, for want of which disposition, the Apostle blames the Corinthians; it was well said therefore of one, in the Book called the Lives of the Fathers, when it was told him that one of his brethren was fallen into whoredom; he fell yesterday saith he, and I may fall to-day; to this purpose *Luther* hath an excellent saying, we must not saith he, measure our own holiness by other mens sins, therefore let him that standeth, take heed lest he fall, and have ye not considered, when it was revealed  
 1 Cor. 10. 12. to *Elisha* by the Spirit of prophecy, what gross crimes *Hazael* should commit hereafter? The Text saith, that he looked upon him stedfastly, and wept; now if that the Prophet of God wept when he considered the evil which that wicked man should



commit hereafter, ought not we, think you, to do the like when we consider what wickedness men have committed heretofore, and indeed Sir, if we did well we should make this good use thereof unto ourselves, that is, when we hear what transgressions others have committed, we should therein as in a glass behold our own natures, we being the very same by nature as they are, and if we had the same temptations which they had, and the Lord should leave us to ourselves as he left them, we should certainly commit the like transgressions which they have done. To this purpose I remember a story which I heard a godly Divine relate in the Pulpit concerning a certain man, who being distressed in conscience by reason of the apprehension of the greatness of his sins, one of his Christian friends labouring to comfort him, willed him to consider that his sins were not so great as *Manasses* were, who yet notwithstanding were forgiven, whereupon he replied, if I had lived in *Manasses* times, and had had the same temptations as *Manasses* had, I should have committed as great sins as *Manasses* did. We cry out saith another godly Divine, against *Cain* for murdering his brother, and againt *Judas*, for betraying his Master, when as we our selves have the same murderous and traiterous disposition in us by nature: to this purpose *Austin* speaketh well,

*Gal. 3. 2.*

saying, There is no sin which any man hath done, but another man might do the same; yea, saith *Luther*, God by such examples doth shew unto us our own weakness, that we should not wax proud, but stand in fear, according to that of the Apostle, Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

*Citt.* Truly Sir, it would be very well if we could be thus affected towards them, and that we could make such good use thereof as you have spoken, for then should we pity them, and pray for them, as 'I now persuade myself it is our duty.

*Mat. 5. 44**Esa. 59. 7.*

*Gent.* Yea surely, whilst they are alive it is our duty to pray for them, the faithful, saith *Calvin* desire as much as lieth in them, that the wicked should return to a perfect mind, and so they seek their salvation, that they should not perish, thus then we must pray to God to pardon them, and to turn their hearts, and to move us hereunto, let us first consider that our Saviour commands it. Secondly let us consider that they are our own flesh. Thirdly, consider they have some part at the least of Gods image in them, but alas this duty is contrary to the nature that is in us, and the practise of the world, and therefore contrary to this duty, they do hate them, rejoyce at their fall, speak all ill both to them, and of them, and interpret all things against them.

*Citt.* Well Sir, you have fully satisfied me how we should be affected towards the living, I pray declare likewise how we should be affected towards the dead.

*Gent.* As we must pray for them whilst they are alive, so must we pity them being cut off, because they have brought misery upon themselves.

*Citt.* But may we not lawful rejoice when wicked men are taken away, are we not bidden to rejoice at wicked mens destructions, *Psal.* 52 and *Psal.* 58. 10.

*Gent.* Indeed thus much I do grant, that though we know not mens final estate, yet if we see any notorious enemy of the Church and Gospel, and good men taken away, we may give God thanks, and in some sense rejoice, as namely, for that God hath showed himself careful of his Church, and hath provided for his own glory, the comfort of his people, and passage of goodness, and for the terror of other bad ones left behind, but we must no ways rejoice as it is the destruction of the person : but I being now come to my journeys end, must of necessity break off, though abruptly, except you will be pleased to light and refresh yourself, and your horse with such provision as our Country affords.

*Citt.* Truly Sir, I am heartily sorry that you are so soon come to your own home, and that I cannot by any means stay any longer with you, for

I desire to reach to Nottingham to night, and you see the day is far spent, so that if I should stay, I fear I should be benighted, wherefore Sir I give you most hearty thanks for your good company, and especially for your Christian-like discourse, the which I hope I shall never forget, and if it please the Lord to bring me to London again, I purpose to acquaint my friends with these things, who have as well as I been heretofore too harsh in judging and speaking against these men.

*Gent.* Sir, I should have been right glad to have heard more news from London, but seeing you cannot conveniently stay, there is no remedy, I thank you for your company, and so the Lord be with you, and send you well to your journeys end.

*Citt.* The Lord be with you also I beseech him.

*Amen.*



THE  
*Poet's Blind mans bough,*

OR  
Have among you my  
blind Harpers:

BEING  
A pretty medicine to cure the Dimme,  
Double, Envious, Partiall, and Diabolicall  
eyesight Iudgement

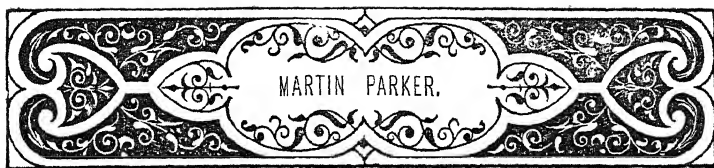
O F  
Those Dogmaticall, Schismaticall, Aenigmaticall, and  
nou Gramaticall Authors who Lycentiously, without eyther  
Name, Lycence, Wit or Charity, have raylingly, falsely,  
and foolishly written a numerous rable of pestiferous  
Pamphlets in this present (and the precedent  
year, justly observed and charitably  
censured,

By *Martine Parker.*



Printed at *London* by *F. Leach*, for *Henry Marsh*, and  
are to bee sold at his shop over against the golden  
*Lyon Tavern* in *Princes street.* 1641.





## INTRODUCTION.

**W**E know nothing about Martin Parker as a verse-maker before 1628, in which year he published a broadside, entitled :—" Rochell, her yielding to the obedience of the French King, on the 28 October, 1628, after a long siege by land and sea, in great penury and want. To the tune of *In the days of old*. Printed at London for I. Wright." He also employed himself upon Romances, the first known of which was licensed 29 Feb., 1631-2, as "A True Tale of Robbin Hood, or a briefe touch of the life and death of that Renowned Outlaw, Robert Earle, of Huntington, vulgarly called Robbin Hood, who lived and died in A.D. 1198, being the 9 yeare of the reigne of King Richard the First, commonly called Richard Cœur de Lyon. Carefully collected out of the truest Writers of our English Chronicles. And published for the satisfaction of those who desire to see Truth purged from falsehood. By Martin Parker. Printed at London for T. Cotes, and are to be sold by F. Grove, dwelling upon Snow-hill, neare the Saracen's Head. It is in 11 leaves 8vo, and in the *Black Letter*. In 1632 he put forth "The Nightingale Warbling forth her owne Disaster : or the Rape of Philomela, newly written in English Verse. By Martin Parker. London, Printed by G. P. for William Cooke, 1632, small 8vo, 22 leaves, which he dedicated to Henry Parker, Lord Morley, and Mounteagle : in his address to the Reader he pleads hard for an impartial hearing and judgment.

No particulars, says Collier, have reached us regarding Parker's private history, but from and after 1628 he seems to have continually employed his pen, like his predecessor Thomas Deloney, upon nearly every public occasion, besides producing innumerable ballads upon miscellaneous topics. He had many rivals and imitators, such as Guy, Crouch, Climsell, Price, and others, but none of them possessed or attained the same readiness in rhyming, or appear to have been gifted with the same natural humour. Although in his earliest known productions Parker attempted a serious and sentimental strain,

his talents was more for subjects of a comic description, as will be seen in such pieces as "The King and a poore Northern Man," "The King enjoys his own again," &c. The last was written during the Civil Wars, and, as may be readily supposed, was astonishingly popular among the Cavaliers, both before and after the Restoration. He also wrote several Romances, which he published as. "The true story of Guy Earle of Warwicke, 1640. The most admirable Historie of that most Renowned Christian Worthy Arthur, King of the Britaines. [Col.] London, printed for Francis Coles, at the Signe of the Lamb, in the Old Bailey, 1660. The History of Valentine and Orson, the two Sons of the Emperor of Greece. London, printed and sold by C. Tyus. [1664.]

When Martin Parker ceased to produce his rhymes, or when or where he died, we cannot state\* In 1646 it is possible that he was in high repute, for S. Sheppard, in his "Times Displayed," printed in that year, thus speaks of the sort of reputation as a poet which Parker then enjoyed :—

"Each fellow, now that has but had a view  
Of the learned Phrygian's Fables, growth bold,  
And name of Poet doth to himself accrew :  
That ballad maker, too, is now extold  
With the great name of Poet."

In order that no mistake might be made as to the person intended, Sheppard inserted the initials of Martin Parker in his margin.

"A True and Terrible Narration of A horrible Earthquake, which happened in the Province of Calabria (in the Kingdome of Naples, under the dominion of the King of Spaine) in Italy, upon the 27 of March last past according to Forraigne account, and by our English computation, the 17. and the Festivity of S. Patrick : to the devastation and depopulation (some totally, some in part) of 8 great Cities, and 24 Townes and Castles (in the compasse of some 612. miles English) and the death of some 50000 persons, of all degrees, sexe, and age. The like never heard of in precedent times. From pregnant atestation, written in English verse By Martin Parker. With a memorable List of some other Earthquaks and horrible accidents, which have heretofore happened in England.—Printed at London by Tho. Cotes for Ralph Mabb, and Fr. Grove, and are to be sold at his Shop upon Snow hill, neere the Sarazins-head. 1638. 8vo. 8 leaves."

This is a very large and elaborate title to a very small book, but too long to be printed as a broadside, and therefore brought out in the shape of a chap-book. It consists of 50 six-line stanzas ; and on the last leaf but one begins "A memoriall or List of some Earthquakes and other horrible accidents



which heretofore have hapned in England :” it applies to the years A.M. 3907, A.D. 788, 1088, 1098, 1550 and 1579, the last on 6th April ; but for 1579 we ought to read 1580, as given by earlier, as well as later authorities. Of the Earthquake in Calabria Parker says—

“ It is no newes brought from Duke Humphryes tombe,  
Nor Graves-end Barge ; nor any thing invented,  
But what from Venice did (to England) come,  
Where in Italian ’twas (with Licence) printed.  
If any to gaine say it goes about,  
He may as well of any writings doubt.”

The Narrative is generally very prosaic, though written in verse, as far as facility goes, not bad. It opens thus :—

“ A sable quill puld from a Ravens wing  
My muse would be accomodated with,  
An instrument fit for this mournful thing  
Of which I purpose to set down the pith.  
It is a subject which may teares extract  
From him who all his life compunction lakt.”

It ends with this stanza :—

“ Lastly, lets all invoke the Power Divine  
To keepe us from destruction and mishaps,  
And that his favours on us still may shine  
Defending us from all the snares and traps  
Which enemies may lay to this effect.  
Our King, Queene, and blest Issue, Lord protect !  
Amen.”

This tract is mentioned in both editions of Lowndes’ Bibl. Manual, but it is not stated where a copy is to be found : we never saw any other than the one to which we have resorted.

It is impossible to give anything like a list of Parker’s various pieces : many of them were merely broadside ballads, and continued to be reprinted in the same shape, until the commencement of the eighteenth century, almost invariably with the name or initials of the writer at the end of them. One of the earliest and most remarkable of these was his account of the procession of “ The Inns of Court Gentlemen ” to Whitehall, in 1633, for the performance of Shirley’s “ Masque of Peace,” it is ornamented with a wood-cut of a Cavalcade. It was written “ to the tune of our Noble King in his Progress,” and is, as usual, in two parts, with M. P. in the corner, for he says :—

“ Whatever yet was published by me,  
Was known by ‘ Martin Parker ’ or M. P.”

Much about Martin Parker and his company of ballad writers, has been collected in Chappell’s *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, pages 418 to 420 and 434-5. See also Mr. Payne Collier’s *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. II. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt’s *Handbook to Early English Literature*, and the introduction to *The King and a poore Northern Man*. Printed by the Percy Society.

Of "The Poet's Blind Man's Bough ; or, Have among you my Blind Harpers, &c.," Collier says it is "a very badly printed, and not well penned tract, which the author could not have looked at while it was going through the press, or such gross blunders as it contains could never have escaped him,"—most of which we have corrected in our "READABLE REPRINT."

It certainly was by no means the common practise of our old authors to correct their own proofs, and hence the frequent and glaring mistakes.

The object of Parker was to reply with severity to some anonymous scribblers, who had assailed him, especially as one of the defenders of Laud.

It seems that all the attacks upon Parker had not been all anonymous, since he places the name of John Thomas, in the margin, as the writer of at least some of them.

In a "Postscript" Parker makes an evident allusion to "The Scourge for Paper Persecutors" by John Davis, of Hereford, which having been originally printed about 1610, had been reprinted, at London for H. H. and G. G., &c., 1625, and was composed in something like the same spirit, and not with a very different purpose.

All Parker's productions were more or less popular, and it cannot be said that he wrote beyond, or above, the period in which he lived : he used to pen to please the multitude, and not to elevate it.



TO  
THE TRULY JUDICIOUS,  
IMPARTIAL CHARITABLE, AND  
IMPREJUDICATED CHRISTIAN

Reader of what quality age or sex  
soever, the Author dedicates  
his poor endeavours and re-  
fers himself with the  
same.

I.

**B**RIGHT Honourable, Worshipful, and right  
Judicious Christian Readers be content,  
Kindly t'accept what (to give all delight,  
And vindicate myself) I did invent,  
For to no other end this time I spent  
But in this small compendium to frame  
Something that's short and true; Liars to shame.

2.

Here's matter both for modesty and sport,  
With charitable reprehensions for  
Those who have fill'd both Country, City, Court  
And Camp with Libels void of reason, or  
The fear of Heaven (who doth such things abhor)  
Buy, Read, and Judge, then questionless you'll say  
That I have shown fair (for their base) foul play.

3.

Still I hope good men will contented be,  
With what is Publish'd by (abus'd) M.P.  
Who never wrote but in the Just defence,  
Of's King and Country; now's own innocence.





## THE POET'S BLIND MAN'S BOUGH.

**S**OME *Nemesis* lend me [a] little twig,  
Though these delinquents faults are very  
big,  
Yet I (though much exasperated) will  
Mix mercy with revenge, do good for ill.  
My work may now be term'd a demi Satyre,  
My muse hates Railing, as she Scorns to Flatter,  
Though Justice hold her scales with equal poise,  
Charity sways the beam ; she none destroys,  
Some she will check, and tell them of their deeds,  
From which rebuke if happily proceeds,  
Any amendment, she'll be like the nurse,  
That whips a child whom she loves ne'er the worse,  
Should I but give them their deserved due,  
Whom though I know not that most shameless crew  
Of nameless Authors, Authors all of lies,  
Of slanderous Pasquills railing fallacies,  
I might my pen dip in that learnean Sink,  
Which the infernal furies use for ink,

Or with Iambian rhymes Ironical,  
Make lines should serve for ropes to hang them all  
But no such cruelty is in my breast,  
All my abuses I can take in Jest.  
And give such Idiots leave to write or speak,  
Eagles slight notice take when crows do creak  
You cankers of the state, nay rather you,  
Vultures ; when law and death have said their due,  
Do even gnaw the heart of him that's dead,  
In this regard may't not be truly so said,  
That you are Pluto's fiddlers, that for pay,  
Upon the guts of th' dead do play and prey,  
Presumptuous, Petulent, flagitious, dolts dost,  
Untrue, unserviceable, unback'd coats,  
Durst you beyond the letter of the Law,  
Presume among yourselves to hang and draw  
You do assume the place, to say the troth,  
Of Apprehender, Judge, and hangman both,  
When any hath offended 'gainst the state  
Must such as you the fact exaggerate,  
Have you such clear eyes that you can espy,  
That little moat that's in your brothers eye,  
Making a mountain of each molehill when  
You do not see the beams (O senseless men)  
That in your own eyes so prevents your Sight  
And Judgment that you dare (be 't wrong or right)  
Save or condemn at pleasure ; can your pates,  
Determine more than Law or Magistrates,

Of these your facts he who will censure best,  
Cannot but say that you intend to wrest,  
The sword of Justice from the hand of them  
To whom 'tis due by Justice to condemn,  
Or save with mercy ; heaven forbid I should,  
Excuse the faults of those whom Law doth hold,  
Worthy of punishment, or death, or bonds,  
My very Soul most aptly Corresponds,  
With this ; and so it ever shall that those,  
Whom Law doth prove my King or countrys foes,  
That they have their demerits, curst be him,  
(For my part) that where Justice doth condemn,  
Will wish to save, especially Such men,  
Whose deeds deserves worse than a vulgar pen.  
Upon them can confer, yet (take my word)  
More danger comes by th'quill than by the Sword,  
Let those delinquents of the higher strain,  
Alone with what is said ; and now again,  
My muse returns unto her task : which is  
To tell these Libellers what deep abuse,  
Of hellish skill, th'ave founded to compose,  
Such fond invectives both in rhyme and prose.  
Nay come along ne'er shrink or blush for shame,  
The're none knows either of you by your name ;  
Those you were sham'd to show there's reason for't,  
Least after ages a deserved sport  
Might make of you (or your posterity,)  
Unnam'd the Authors shame with's lines will die.

But my desire and whole intent is that,  
Your folly being in general aimed at  
Each one may take his share of shame and say  
In doing this I have not showed fair play :  
For what is either more or less set forth  
'Gainst persons in particular ; what worth  
Or fame among the vulgar it may win  
Without the Authors name 't hath ever been  
Held as a Libel both in Law and sense,  
Than he who writes (whate'er be his pretence)  
His name should justify what he hath done,  
This maxim I have always thought upon  
Whatever yet was published by me,  
Was known by *Martin Parker*, or M.P.  
All Poets (as addition to their fames)  
Have by their Works eternalized their names,  
As Chaucer, Spencer, and that noble earl,  
Of Surrey thought it the most precious pearl,  
That deck'd his honour, to Subscribe to what  
His high ingenuity ever aimed at  
*Sydney* and *Shakspeare*, *Drayton*, *Withers* and  
Renowned *Jonson* glory of our Land :  
*Decker*, Learn'd *Chapman*, *Heywood* all thought good,  
To have their names in public understood,  
And that sweet Seraph of our Nation, *Quarles*  
(In spite of each splenetic cur that snarls)  
Subscribes to his Celestial harmony,  
While Angels chant his Dulcid melody.



And honest *John*<sup>1</sup> from the water to the land  
Makes us all know and honour him by's hand ;  
And many more whose names I should have told  
In their due place, in famous record enroll'd.  
Have thought it honest honour to set down  
Their names or letters to what is their own :  
But you a litter of blind whelps begot  
By Cerberus, the scum of nature's pot,  
Suborn'd by malice and a little gains,  
Invent and publish what your frothy brains,  
Evaporate some prose and some in rhymes,  
Only to please the fancy of the times  
Idle Chimeras, structures seeming fair,  
Which view'd, are prov'd mere castles in the air.  
Almanack Makers, were they of your mind,  
(Instead of Saints to every day assign'd)  
Might make a transmutation, and name all  
By your quotidian Pamphlets critical,  
And days canicular should last all th' year  
If curish writers they may domineer ;  
The Press overprest, and (justly) groans  
Under the burthen of those heavy tones  
Of Screech-owl music threat'ning death and hell,  
One striving all in malice to excel ;  
And he who can best rail, scoff, and invent,  
The greatest lies, shall give the most content :

<sup>1</sup>HONEST JOHN.—John Taylor the *Water-Poet*.

Is this the age that doth most truth profess,  
Are these the days of zeal and righteousness ;  
Are these the times that hath more light discover'd  
Revealing secrets that in darkness err'd  
Why then, O why are lies and falsehoods spread,  
Shall men by lying earn their daily bread ;  
Shall truth thus suffer paper persecution,  
Shall things well ordered hazard a confusion  
By those unsanctified pens which write  
Nothing but what to mischief may incite,  
Inventing still the theory of plots  
Which none to practice ever thought these sots  
Bewray their folly ; for they want both wit  
And judgment, for their fables do not fit  
The last of probability, which should,  
Produce such reasons for the tale that's told,  
That they who hear it may conjecture that  
It may be true ; but these men care not what  
They write, be 't contradictory or not,  
So they can get the silver by the plot ;  
But (as friends) I friendly them advise,  
That if hereafter they write any lies  
Let them more likely be than that which was  
Composed by some short hair'd, long ear'd Ass,  
Of a strange plot (beyond imagination  
To give the Arch-Bishop his free relaxation  
Out of the Tower by Necromantic spells,  
Themselves did only know it, but none else.

Note how that ancient liar (most accurst,)   
 A liar even from the very first   
 Beginning of the world, by 's instruments,   
 With subtilty mens judgments circumvents ;   
 Making the fabric of his building all   
 Of lies, which fools esteem Authentical ;   
 Yet power divine so boundeth him and his,   
 That of their envious aims they often miss,   
 Shaming themselves (by over-reaching) so,   
 That even to fools, their shame they freely show,   
 As well appears in this imagin'd plot,   
 Making the world believe that which was not   
 Had such a thing (being 'twas known a fiction,   
 And might at home expect a contradiction)   
 Been feign'd to be in Cornwall or in Wales,   
 Cumberland, or Yorkshire ; then such tales   
 Perhaps might win belief ; but here in the city   
 Where every child of eight years old that 's witty,   
 Knows there was no such thing, oh what disgrace   
 Is this to th' Author durst he show his face,   
 Or set his name to th' fable, stay there sir,   
 We'll not be known so palpably to err ;   
 The aim the Author shot at is to bring   
 Papists in hatred ; 'tis a pious thing.   
 But tell me brother (how or by what chance)   
 Cam'st thou to play on people's ignorance,   
 Think'st thou the worlds all wild and all men mad,   
 That they'll condemn those who thou countest bad,

Hath not the Honourable Parliament,  
(That hopeful Senate) wisdom to prevent,  
Such machinations (if there any were)  
But who must dictate to them, dost not fear,  
Future examinations for such crimes  
Or dost thou mean ever to trust these times ;  
What is th' archbishop to the Papists that  
They should adventure life and fortune at  
So dear a rate, he never was their friend,  
Arminians never did on Rome depend ;  
'Tis known apparently what sad report,  
Papists may give the High commission Court ;  
'Twas high indeed for them, too high a rate  
Poor men did pay : which might exact a hate  
Rather than love ; but charity says no  
Let law take place, 'tis fit it should be so,  
Heaven grant his Grace from the well spring of  
grace,

And that he may return while he hath space  
Unto the throne of grace ; by penitence,  
Let us not aggravate what's his offence :  
Nor whilst I'm speaking of the Archbishops case,  
Let me examine that malicious base,  
And senseless Libel Mercuries Message nam'd  
Whom the Author to recognize was asham'd.  
And well he might, for amongst his lies unholy  
One thing ath'first doth most bewray his folly  
And that's the Cronagram which he to make

Upon th'Arch-bishops name doth undertake ;  
And by the numeral letters their exprest  
He would denote the number of the beast  
Mention'd in the Apocalypse which is  
Six hundred sixty-six, now censure his,  
Deduction and doubt not but you'll find  
(As I have done) the beast lay's beastly mind,  
How like a monstrous beast 'twixt dog and ass  
He enviously and simply doth pass,  
His verdition the man, for thus writes he  
'Tis *WILL : LAWD*,  
Two V's he numbers ten I one, three L's,  
Seven score and ten, (thus he his lesson spells)  
V for five more, D for five hundred, thus  
He makes six hundred sixty-six, let us  
Confess 'tis true so far, but to condemn  
The Prisoner, he omits both I and M,  
Which is the name, and makes the number even,  
One thousand six hundred sixty-seven.  
See now this envious Cynic, how to win,  
Credit 'mongst fools commits a deadly sin,  
For surely malice was predominant.  
Nor can I think the fool so Ignorant,  
As that he would or could assume to frame ;  
A Chronagram and knew not the right name,  
Or else his spite was so to th' Bishops that,  
He would deprive him of th' most part of what,  
His God-father did give him at the Font.

Is this your calculation, out upon't ;  
But should this envious Author undertake,  
A Chronagram or Anagram to make ;  
For any one of whom he is a lover,  
Wer't an unlearn'd Translator or a Glover ;  
A Currier or a Weaver, then no doubt,  
Rather than he would leave [a] letter out,  
He'd venture to exchange or else to add,  
So he could make a good sense of a bad,  
He would (perhaps) But M. In the N's place,  
To make it answer to the year of grace.  
But the Arch-Bishop) whom few now applaud)  
Must be contented to be called Will Laud.  
But one thing I must marvel at ; which is,  
That he who answered it, with th'cimpbasis, [?]  
Of wit and sense ; who stoutly did defend,  
The Arch-Bishop as his Champion and true friend,  
Exacting praise from some, from others blame,  
Yet never censur'd this false chronagram  
Which negligence and monstrous over-sight,  
Extenuates his credit who did write,  
That Vindication ; passed as the rest,  
Without the Authors name: though it is guest  
That Thomas Herbert wrote it, but that fame  
Rose from th'Acrostic known to be his name,  
Written by him ath' end of th'book, that's all,  
The reason which indeed's irrational.  
For no man that's the author of a book

But sets his name whereon all easily look  
Upon the frontispiece (or title page)  
Unless he be preposterous (like the age),  
But let that pass ; for I must, pass from this  
To other things wherein are more amiss ;  
More malice, more absurdity, and more  
Nonsense than any mentioned before  
A plot discover'd of an army good,  
Secretly lurking in a private wood.  
If any such be in *Northamptonshire*  
Where Soldiers, all unknown to th'neighbours  
near

Could lie in ambush such a Multitude,  
And be maintain'd with quotidian food,  
With other necessities fit for men  
Let any of indifferent judgment scan  
Each circumstance of this pretended plot,  
And they will find the Author out a Sot :  
One that so far beyond all disability  
Doth stretch his lies (which shows his imbecility)  
That even to children he bewrays his shame,  
One man's the Author of both plots, his name \*  
I since have understood, who on no ground  
But his pestiferous fancy to confound,  
Those who ne'er meant him harm  
That this his poisonous venom spits abroad,  
Bewraying envy, Ignorance, and spleen  
And all in vain, for not one in fifteen

John  
Thomas

Gives credit to's narrations ; and those few,  
That are so confident to think all true,  
Are some whose judgments are prejudicated  
With malice ; people so consopiated,  
In mischief : must by ignorance that they  
Believe what any one can write or say,  
So't be 'gainst those whom they do affect  
But any of well govern'd intellect  
(Whose judgments are with reason regulated)  
Will say of Knave and fool naught can be bated,  
So let him rest till heaven turn his heart,  
To mix more charity with his small art,  
That he and all the rest of th' Pamphleteers,  
May use more fervent prayers, and fewer Jeers,  
To practise truth (which all of them pretend),  
And not their precious time so lewdly spend  
In sowing tears of Schismy and debate,  
By devilish means falsehood to propagate ;  
Shaming themselves, not whom they seek to shame,  
Blaming of other people, when the blame  
Upon their own heads justly may be laid  
I do admire that they are not afraid,  
Of divine Judgment which on them might fall,  
When against conscience and law rational,  
They do invent such execrable lies,  
To make men odious in the peoples eyes,  
Contrary to all charity, and grace  
Making their fond Chimeras to take place,



Instead of solid truth, these are the men  
Who make a show of zeal, and conscience when  
Their deeds and writings 'gainst the public weal  
Prove they have neither conscience, truth nor zeal ;  
Charity bids us pray one for another,  
But brother here vituperates his brother :  
But why (may some men say) should this man be  
The only Censurer ; could none but he  
Espy these faults, must he be the only man  
The works of other men to search and scan,  
Yes reader whosoever thou be I this  
Must tell thee freely, there good reason is  
For what is done or to be done, and more  
Than charity will suffer ; which in store,  
The author ever keeps to regulate  
His words and deeds 'gainst all who do him hate,  
For he 'bove all the rest hath wronged been  
Tasting the bitter gall of hellish spleen,  
Which these malignant serpents could eject  
To make the world his innocence suspect,  
In divers pamphlets, what e'er currish barker,  
The author was, he snarl'd at *Martin Parker*.  
Nor Borealist by some brother pen,  
Yet father'd on a sect to this end,  
To bring me in disgrace ; as though I had,  
Been punished heretofore for writing bad,  
Calling me th' Prelates Poet and such terms  
Which nothing but his spite at all confirms

For I ne'er wrote ith' Bishops cause so much,  
As now I have on this occasion touch.  
Another foolish idle defamation  
That is intitl'd the Popish Proclamation,  
The unnam'd Author (as in all a railer)  
Occasion takes to abuse me and *John Taylor*  
With *Herbert*, but wherefore I cannot tell,  
Nor he himself that wrote it very well ;  
For he one whom though his will were bent,  
Wanteth ability for his intent :  
And yet he could in his bare garden stuff,  
(Which with Tobacco I do take in snuff)  
Take liberty to name me in his Jeers,  
But in his works such plain nonsense appears,  
That I account his pen to be no slander,  
From true method he so far doth wander,  
That all who read may judge (if they have wit)  
That what he writes although his name's to it,  
Deserves no approbation ; yet this lad  
I malice not, but rather should be glad,  
To know him change his envy for more skill  
He can't disgrace me, writing what he will.  
Thus much for him, and indeed all the rest  
To none I am angry an enemy protest,  
But wish them more good than themselves will do,  
I will be patient and Physician too.

*FINIS.*

*Postscript.*

**P**ERHAPS the Reader may expect I should,  
More of these slanderous, envious  
sleights unfold,  
Because they more deserve ; indeed 'tis true  
Write what I can I shan't give them their due :  
This little therefore serveth for a taste,  
By which more may be guest there's too much waste  
Of paper made already, in two years :  
By these calumnious idle pamphleteers,  
Should this diurnal Lavish, two years more  
Continue ; we may fear (there's cause wherefore)  
That we should scarce get paper for good use,  
If we persevere in this great abuse,  
I have but broke the Ice, some coadjutors  
Will help to scourge these paper-persecutors.

*FINIS.*





# BARTHOLOMEVV FAIRE

OR

*Variety of fancies, vvhether you may find  
a faire of vwares, and all to please your mind.*

With

The severall Enormityes and misdemea-  
nours, which are there seene and acted.



LONDON

Printed for *Richard Harper* at the *Bible* and  
*Harpe* in *Smithfield*, 1641.





# BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

OR

Variety of Fancies, where you may find  
A fair of wares, and all to please your mind.

*With*

*The several enormities and misdemeanours, which  
are there seen and acted.*

**B**ARTHOLOMEW Fair begins on the  
twenty-fourth day of *August*, and is  
then of so vast an extent, that it is  
contained in no less than four several  
parishes, namely, Christ Church, Great and  
Little Saint Bartholomews, and Saint  
Sepulchres. Hither resort people of all sorts, High  
and Low, Rich and Poor, from cities, towns, and  
countries; of all sects, Papists, Atheists, Anabaptists,  
and Brownists : and of all conditions, good and bad,  
virtuous and vicious, Knaves and fools, Cuckolds  
and Cuckoldmakers, Bawds, and Whores, Pimps

and Panders, Rogues and Rascals, the little Loud-one and the witty wanton.

And now that we may the better take an exact survey of the whole Fair, First let us enter into Christ Church Cloisters, which are now hung so full of pictures, that you would take that place or rather mistake it for Saint *Peters* in *Rome*; only this is the difference, those there are set up for worship, these here for sale: But by the way, I'll tell you a tale of a precise puritan, who came in all haste from *Lincoln* to *London*, purposely to see the Fair, where he had never been before, and coming out of Newgate market, through Christ Church into the Cloisters, and elevating the snow-balls of his eyes, he presently espies the picture of Christ and his twelve Apostles, with the Virgin Mary, and many other Saints departed; at which sight the very thought and strong conceit of superstition set such a sharp edge upon the pure mettle of his inflam'd zeal, that very manfully like a man of valour, and son of Mars, he steps to a stall well stor'd with twopenny halberts, and wooden backswords, where having arm'd himself *Cap a Pie* (as he thought) he begins in a violent passion, to exclaim against the Idolatry of the times, that it was grown abominable; protesting that the whore of *Babylon* was crept into Christ Church, and that the good motions of the Spirit had brought him to town, to make a sacrifice of those Idle *Idols*, to



his just anger and holy indignation, which begot no small laughter to the multitude, which throng'd about him, that put him into such a chafe, in so much that at the last, like *Rosiclaire*, the Knight of the sun, or *Don Quixote*, most furiously he makes an assault, and battery upon the poor innocent pictures, till the shopkeepers apprehending him had him before a Constable, who forthwith committed my little hot fury to the stocks, where we will leave him to cool his heels, whilst we take a further view of the Fair. And now being arriv'd through the long walk, to Saint Bartholomews Hospital, that place (me thinks) appears to me a sucking Exchange, and may be so termed, not unfitly; for there many a handsome wench exchanges her maidenhead for a small favour, as a moiety of bone lace,<sup>1</sup> a slight silver bodkin, a hooped-ring, or the like toy; for she comes not thither with her sweetheart, to serve her own turn only, but also to satisfy his desire; according to the old saying, one good turn deserves another.

Let us now make a progress through Smithfield, which is the heart of the Fair, where in my heart I think there are more motions in a day, to be seen, than are in a term in Westminster Hall to be heard. But whilst you take notice of the several motions there, take this caution a long with you, let

<sup>1</sup>BONE LACE.—Lace worked on bobbins, or *bones*,

one eye watch narrowly that no ones hand makes a motion in your pocket, which is the next way to move you to impatience.

The Fair is full of gold and silver-drawers : Just as Lent is to the Fishmonger, so is Bartholomew Fair to the Pickpocket ; It is his high harvest, which is never bad, but when his cart goes up Holborn.<sup>1</sup>

The City-marshals are as dreadful to these youngsters, as the Plague is to our London actors : That restrains them from playing, and they hinder these from working ; you may quickly know these nimble youths, and likely find them very busy-bodies in quarrels, which nothing concern them, and sometimes in discourse with their wenches, (the sisters of the scabbard) for the most part to be found in a crowd or throng of people. Their buttocks walk up and down the Fair very demurely ; The end of their perambulations is to be taken up by some country-Gull, or city-coxcomb, and then your hand is no sooner in one of their plackets,<sup>2</sup> but theirs is as nimble in one of your pockets ; and if you take not heed of them, they will give you fairings with the pox. Some of your cutpurses are in fee with cheating costermongers, who have a trick now and then to throw down a basket of refuse

<sup>1</sup>UP HOLBORN.—*i.e.* On its way from Newgate to Tyburn.

<sup>2</sup>PLACKET.—A woman's pocket :—the slit in a gown, or petticoat.

pears, which prove cloak-pears to those that shall lose their hats or cloaks in striving who shall gather fastest. They have many dainty baits to draw a bit, and (if you be not vigilant) you shall hardly escape their nets; fine fowlers they are, for every finger of theirs is a lime twig, with which they catch dotterels.<sup>1</sup> They are excellently well read in Physiognomy; for they will know how strong you are in the purse by looking in your face; and for the more certainty thereof, they will follow you close, and never leave you till you draw your purse, or they for you, which they'll be sure to have, (if you look not to it) though they kiss New-gate for it. It is remarkable, and worth your observation, to behold and hear the strange sights, and confused noise in the Fair. Here a Knave in a fools coat, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum beating, invites you and would feign persuade you to see his puppets; There a Rogue like a wild woodman, or in an Antick-shape like an Incubus, desires, your company, to view his motion; on the other side, Hocus Pocus with three yards of tape or ribbon in's hand, shewing his art of Legerdemain, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockloaches. Amongst these you shall see a gray goose-cap (as wise as the rest,) with

<sup>1</sup>DOTTEREL.—A silly bird, which imitates the action of the fowler, and is taken by the stratagem. Hence a stupid fellow, a dupe.

a what do ye lack, in his mouth, stand in his booth, shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are so taken, that they presently cry out for these fopperies; And all these together make such a distracted noise, that you would think Babel were not comparable to it. Here there are also your gamesters in action; some turning of a whimsey, others throwing for Pewter, who can quickly dissolve a round shilling into a three half-penny saucer. Long-lane at this time looks very fair, and puts out her best clothes, with the wrong side outward, so turned for their better turning off; And Cloth Fair, is now in great request: well fare the Ale-houses therein; yet better may a man fare (but at a dearer rate) in the pig-market, alias, Pasty-nook, or Pye corner, where pigs are all hours of the day on the stalls piping hot, and would cry (if they could speak) come eat me, but they are so damnable dear, and the reckonings, for them are so saucy, that a man had as good lick his fingers in a bawdy house, as at this time come into one of those houses, where the fat greasy Hostess instructs Nick Froth her tapster, to ask a shilling more for a pigs head of a woman big with child, in regard of her longing, than of another ordinary comer. These unconscionable exactions, and excessive inflammations of reckonings made that angle of the Fair too hot for my company; therefore I resolved with myself to steer my course

another way, and having once got out, not to come again in haste.

Now farewell to the Fair ; you who are wise,  
Preserve your Purses, whilst you please your eyes.

FINIS.

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## LAST YEARS OF THE CONDEMNED BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

### *Earth to Earth.*

In what manner the body of the Fair was removed, few words will tell. For a dead man there needs but a coffin and a coach, for a dead institution there need contain acts and ordinances.

In the year 1830, the Corporation of London bought from Lord Kensington the old Priory rights, vested in the heirs of Chancellor Rich, and all the rights and interests in Bartholomew Fair then became vested in the City. Having thus secured full power over the remains in question, the Corporation could take into its own hands the whole business of their removal.

After Bartholomew Fair in the year 1839, a Memorial having been presented to the Corporation by the London City Mission, pointing out the pollution spread by the retention of the Fair in Smithfield, it was referred to the City Land's Committee, to consider the power of the Corporation to remove the same. The City Solicitor, Mr. Charles Pearson, gave in an able Report the opinion for which he was asked.—“He respected the question of

privilege which had induced a former City Solicitor, advised by counsel, to recommend that an Act of Parliament be sought; and did not therefore recommend the immediate and entire abolition of the Fair. He advised the abridgment of it to two, instead of three clear days, and the refusal to let standings for show-booths in a Fair that was erected in the first instance for purposes of trade."

This very effective measure followed on a course of beneficent and disinterested extortion practised upon the showmen by the Market Committee, with a view to their exclusion from the Fair. Thus Wombwell's rent was raised from £35 to £70, and all others in a like proportion. The necessary result of these measures was that in a very few years the Fair was attended only by the proprietors of a few handfuls of ginger-bread. The Mayors had withdrawn the formality as much as possible from public observation, until the year 1850. And in the Mayoralty of Alderman Musgrove, his worship having walked quietly to the appointed gateway, with the necessary attendants, found that there was not any Fair left worth a Mayor's proclaiming. After that year, therefore, no Mayor accompanied the gentleman whose duty it was to read a certain form of words out of a certain parchment scroll, under a quiet gateway. After five years this form also was dispensed with, and Bartholomew Fair, which was maintained for seven centuries, was proclaimed for the last time in the year 1855.—*Morley's Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair.* 1859.



THE  
*STAGE-PLAYERS*  
COMPLAINT.

IN

A pleasant Dialogue betweene CANE of  
the *Fortune*, and REED of the *Friers*.

Deploring their sad and solitary conditions for  
want of Imployment.

In this heavie and Contagious time of the Plague  
in LONDON.



LONDON,

Printed for THO: BATES, and are to be sold at his shop in the  
*Old-Bailey*. 1641.







## THE STAGE PLAYERS COMPLAINT.

*Cane.*

**S**TAY *Reed!* Whither away so speedily?  
What! you go, as if you meant to leap  
over the Moon. Now, what's the  
matter?

*Reed.* The matter is plain enough: You  
accuse me of my nimble feet; but I think  
your tongue runs a little faster, and you contend as  
much to out-strip facetious *Mercury* in your tongue,  
as [I do] lame *Vulcan* in my feet.

*Quick.* Me thinks you're very eloquent: Prithee  
tell me, Don't *Suada*, and the Jove-begotten-brain  
*Minerva* lodge in your facundious tongue: You  
have without doubt some great cause of alacrity,  
that you produce such eloquent speeches now.  
Prithee what is't?

*Light.* How? Cause of alacrity? S'foot I  
had never more cause of sorrow in my life: And  
dost thou tell me of that? Fie, fie!

*Quick.* Prithee why? I did but conjecture out of your sweet words.

*Light.* Well! I see you'll never be hanged for a Conjuror. Is this a world to be merry in? Is this an age to rejoice in? Where one may as soon find honesty in a Lawyers house, as the least cause of mirth in the world. Nay you know this well enough, but only you love to be inquisitive, and to search the Nature of men.

*Quick.* You say true indeed: I can't deny but that the world do swell with grief-bedaubing cares. For illustrate the whole Universe, from *Aurora's* purple doors, to the Occidental West, and you shall find all things drowned in the floods of sorrow. And no marvel too: For here Gods heavy hand doth punish, there man's oppression do reign: And what greater affection can be expected, than that both of God and Man.

*Light.* 'Tis true: And now a days 'tis very difficult to live without one of them.

*Quick.* Revolve all human nature: Here you may see a man puff'd up with the wind of popular applause, climbing to the top of Honour, but being once touch'd with the breath of Justice, oh in what a moment doth he tumble down. There you may see one oppressed with the tyranny of disgrace, and groaning under the burden of calamity, but being smil'd upon by Justice, oh how suddenly is he

mounted up with the wings of Fame. There you may perceive women lamenting the deaths of their poor Husbands; here one deploring the Churches Anarchy: there one grieving at Fortunes malignity: so that in the whole world such diverse streams of sorrow do flow every where: that if they should meet: they would easily make up an Ocean.

*Light.* You speak of the Epidemical cause, that produceth universal grief, but you shall not need, for we ourselves have cause enough to mourn for our own misfortune, and not to participate with the grief of the whole world.

*Quick.* Well! we must submit ourselves to Gods all-disposing providence, who in his own time will give a period to our irregular tears. But our cause of sorrow, is the cause of the whole world: For I'm persuaded that there's never a *What lack you Sir* in all the City, but is sensible of our calamity too, although we seem to them to bear the greatest burthen thereof.

*Light.* I believe thee: therefore I think, they may well commiserate our cause with their own, and not account us so ridiculous to the vulgar spectacle of the world. For when we rejoice, they do all rejoice with us; but when we lament, they have all cause to lament too: wherefore let not that thing trouble you so much.

*Quick.* Ay, come, let us omit this pathological passion, and think on the brave times which we have had heretofore : Oh, the times, when we have vapoured in the streets like Courtiers.

*Light.* A pretty comparison ! like Courtiers indeed ; for I think our pockets were as empty as the proudest of them.

*Quick.* Oh the times, when my tongue have ran as fast upon the Scene, as a *Windebankes* pen over the Ocean.

*Light.* Oh the times, when my heels have capered over the stage as light as a *Finches* Feather.

*Quick.* But (alas) we must look for no more of these times I fear.

*Light.* Why so ? Dost thou think because a cloud sometimes may cover and obnubilate the Sun, that it will therefore shine no more ? Yes I'll warrant you, and that more bright too : so never fear Boy, but we shall get the day again for all this.

*Quick.* But I'll assure you 'tis to be feared : For Monopolers are down, Projectors are down, the High Commission Court is down, the Star-chamber is down, and (some think) Bishops will down ; and why should we then that are far inferior to any of those not justly fear least we should be down too ?

*Light.* Pish, I can show thee many infallible reasons to the contrary : we are very necessary and commodious to all people : First for strangers, who can desire no better recreation, than to come and see a Play : than, for Citizens, to feast their wits : than, for Gallants, who otherwise perhaps would spend their money in drunkenness, and lasciviousness do find a great delight and delectation to see a Play : than, for the learned, it does increase and add wit, constructively to wit : than, for Gentlewomen, it teacheth them how to deceive idleness : than, for the ignorant, it does augment their knowledge, Pish, a thousand more Arguments I could add, but that I should weary your patience too much : Well ! in a word we are so needful for the Common good, that in some respect it were almost a sin to put us down : therefore let not these frivolous things perplex your vexatious thoughts.

*Quick.* \*But it makes me fear I'll assure you in these times : And I think it would be a very good plot to borrow good store of money and then run away : what think you of it ?

*Light.* A good plot, quother ? So you may come to lie in a worser plot for it all the days of your life. S'foot run away too ? So you may be taken for a young *Suckling*, and then followed presently with a hundred Horse. Fie, fie, remit these

fopperies, you little think of the last Comedy you acted now.

*Quick.* The last Comedy quother? I act Tragedies every day, but I cannot remember since I acted a Comedy, 'tis so long ago.

*Light.* But Prithee how comes it to pass that you act Tragedies every day.

*Quick.* How? I'll tell thee: my purse each day perisheth most Tragædically: and now I may be taken for a Scholar, since I've no money, but because I cannot speak true Latin, I'm afraid, I shall be taken for a Lawyer.

*Light.* What do's Lawyers then speak false Latin?

*Quick.* As if you know not that! Why? True Latin is as much out of fashion at *Inns of Court*, as good clothes at *Cambridge*.

*Light.* Come, come remit your jests, and think on our present estates now: and you know the Sickness is dangerous, and increaseth weekly; therefore I think we must be content in the mean while to live like *Diogenes* in his Tub.

*Quick.* Well! the best remedy that I can imagine for our present Calamity, is to down on our knees humbly, and pray God to abate the Sickness, and let each true hearted Subject conjoin with us in our supplication.

*Light.* This motion pleaseth me exceedingly, come let us go to some other friends, and unitely join in our Prayers.

*Quick.* A match, come let us perform it with expedition : and in the mean while let us conclude with part of our Litany.

*From Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, from Battle, Murder, and sudden Death :*

Good Lord deliver us.

## FINIS.

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Of the above tract, John Payne Collier, in his *Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language*, at page 381, vol. ii., says :—"Only two copies of this tract, relating to the Stage and Drama just before the closing of the Theatres by the Puritans, are known. The plague was prevailing in London at the time it was written, and the enemies of Plays and Players availed themselves of the visitation, as if it were sent by heaven as a punishment for indulging in such profanation."

"Andrew Cane (or Kane) was a famous comedian at the Fortune Theatre in Golden Lane, Cripplegate, and Reed quite as celebrated a performer at the Blackfriars Theatre. The reputation of Cane long survived him, and in a

tract by Henry Chapman, printed in 1673, on the virtues of the Bath waters, we read as follows :—"Without which a pamphlet now-a-days finds as small acceptance as a Comedy did formerly at the Fortune Play-house, without a Jig of Andrew Keins into the bargain." Regarding Reed, we may quote the following lines from "The Carless Shepherdess," printed fifteen years after the date of the tract before us :—

"There is ne'er a part  
About him but breaks jests. ———  
I never saw Reade peeping through the curtain,  
But ravishing joy entered the heart."

In our "Stage-Players Complaint" Reed and Cane are brought together conversing in the street about their misfortunes. After the two first speeches, and for the rest of the dialogue, Cane is called *Quick* in the prefixes, and Reed *Light*, which probably gives us the appellation by which they were then popularly known.

The piece is wretchedly printed, and full of errors, and everything about the tract, its authorship, its typography, and its purpose, shows that it was brought out with extreme celerity.





# THE GENEROUS VSVRER

Mr NEVELL in *Thames-street*, who allow-  
eth his maid usually a black pudding to dinner.

Who once bought a Pullett for his wife when shee  
was sicke; but he would goe to Markethimselfe,

because he would not be cosened by the Messenger;

and brought the feathers home in his hat when

it was pulled; because he would not loose

them; and how he was troubled there-

*with when the Lord Major seeing*

*him called to speak with him.*

And how he made lamentable moane to his Neigh-  
bours, that his maid had robd him; because shee  
gave her Sweet-hart a piece of bread and cheese.



L O N D O N

Printed for *Salomon Johnson*, 1641.





A Dialogue between the *Maid* and  
the *Nurse*, about their Master,  
*Mr. Nevell* his Generosity.

*Maid.*

**N**URSE, I will tell you what I heard my  
Master say even now of you.

*Nurse.* Why, what did he say? I  
pray thee tell me.

*Ma.* He said that he would turn away  
both you, and me : you to morrow, and me  
the next day after.

*Nur.* How can I go away, and my Mistress so  
ill? thou talkest strangely; or thou either, why  
what is the matter with him now? it is the strangest  
man, he is never contented, never quiet.

*Maid.* For your part he saith, that you are so  
chargeable to him, and put him to such cost for my  
Mistress, that he will not by any means endure it.

*Nur.* He is a base fellow, for all he is my  
master, would he have to starve my mistress? I



*Nurse.* Oh monstrous, I never heard of the like. But what drink did he allow you ? I hope you kept a good vessel of drink in the house.

*Maid.* We had always a firkin of four shilling Beer in the house ; but I could never come at it, except I went to him for the key, which was very irksome to me to do, he gave it me so mutteringly.

*Nurse.* Oh, fie upon it ; how could you endure to dwell with him ?

*Maid.* I must tell you that I could never have borne it, but that he promised me, that if I would live with him until he died, he would give an hundred pounds to my portion ; which he being old, moved me to undergo the greater hardship.

*Nurse.* I do assure you he is very covetous, and miserable, as ever I heard of any man in my life ; if it were not for my Mistress, I would not stay an hour in the house.

*Maid.* Did you not hear what a trick he played yesterday, when he went for the Pullet for my Mistress ?

*Nurse.* No, Why what did he do, I know it was a very poor, lean, starved fowl ; I do not think but it was some smothered pullet : was that it ?

*Maid.* No I assure you, he bought it at one of the Poulterers shops in *Gracious street*,\* it cost him rod. But here was the jest. We have a feather tub, and it will not hold I think half a bushel, and I

\* GRACIOUS STREET, *i.e.* Gracechurch Street,

have lived with him this 3 years and a half, and I dare say that there is scarce so many feathers in it, as will well cover the bottom of it; we have had such store of fowl since I dwelt with him: and yet he was so covetous, that when he had bought the Pullet, and made the woman to pull it and all, he called for the feathers, and took them from the woman, and put them in the crown of his hat, and put it upon his head, and so came home: But as he was coming home, he chanced to meet the Lord Mayor who had sent yesterday two or three times to our house, to speak with him about something, I think to speak in the behalf of a friend of my Lords, that oweth him money; and my Master seeing my Lord coming, went into an haberdashers shop, and made an excuse to beg a sheet of paper to put the pullet in, to carry it home; but my Lord espied him, and Commanded an Officer to go into the shop to call him to my Lord, which he did.

Then was my Master perplexed what to do, because of the feathers in his hat, to talk to my L. Mayor with his hat on was very misbeseeing, and not fitting; and how to put off his hat, and not descry the feathers in it he could not tell. But whilst he was pausing upon the matter, my Lord himself drew nearer the shop, and called to him, Mr. *Nevell* (quoth he, I would speak with you) then he came came to my Lord, blustering by as if he had been in

wondrous haste ; and giving his hat brim a little touch with his hand, went to pass by my Lord, telling him, that he would be with his honour presently at his house, but now he could not stay, his wife was sick, and his haste concerned her life.

But the Lord Mayor being very importunate, would needs speak with him. Then my Mr. moved his hat up and down a little with his hand, and my L. held him in talk so long, till at last the feathers began to fly out about his ears forth of his hat.

What (quoth my Lord Mayor) have you got a birds nest in your hat, Mr. *Nevell*, that the feathers fly about so. Then my Mr. put off his hat quite, and showed it my Lord, saying, that because his wife had longed for a Pullet, being not well, he brought home the feathers and all, least she should long for them too : But Oh how my Lord, and his Officers and the people about him laughed at it.

*Nurse*. Laugh (quoth I) how could they choose but laugh ; I cannot forebear laughing myself. I never heard of the like to him in every thing ; but me thinks this is as pretty a jest as ever I heard ; how can my Lord Mayor, or any that saw him, choose but laugh as long as they live, every time they see him.

*Maid*. But you little think what a quarter my Master keeps now ? did you not hear him railing at

me even now; and I must be gone now that I must?

*Nurse.* Come (quoth I) I think it will be better for you; but what was the matter?

*Maid* My Master (you know) was called forth in the Morning to go to *Grays-Inn*, and as it seems knew that he should stay forth; and therefore left me the bread and cheese out; which was I confess a great favour from him; for he doth so very seldom; but he had written upon the Cheese which was about half a Cheese, within about an inch of the edge, he had written these words; *Cut this Cheese even*; and it so fortun'd that about three hours since, a friend of mine came to see me, who when he came, I was glad that I had the bread and Cheese to set before him: and did therefore desire him to sit down, and set it before him; you was then very busy in the next Chamber with my Mistress.

But here was the mischief, that he espied this writing upon the Cheese, which he read, and knowing him to be a miserable covetous fellow, conceived that he writ it from a niggardly disposition, and therefore drew out his knife, & cuts it quite through the Cheese very handsomely, and cut about half the Cheese, which was two or three pounds, at the least, and when he had done, he took his pen and ink out of his pocket, and writ very near the edge



thus ; *Is not this Cheese cut even ;* and put the rest in his pocket ; and after some few words of discourse between us, took his leave of me ; and so we parted : but I was in a terrible perplexity to see him carry away the Cheese ; yet I was ashamed to forbid him.

But even now my Master came in, and found his Cheese gone ; but oh how he cried out against me for his Cheese ; so I was fain to tell him how it was : then he called me whore, and jade, and thief, and I know not what, and I must be gone that I must ; and now he is gone and complains to our neighbours, that I have let in thieves to rob him ; which God knows was nothing but a piece of bread and cheese, which I promised to pay him for out of my wages ; but he would not hear me speak, oh, he is gone forth in a terrible chase.

*Nurse.* Hark, hark, somebody knocks, I think.

*Maid.* No, no, I warrant you, go go down and see who is at door, I will go in to my Master.

Thus they parted, and their discourse ended.



# ARCHY'S DREAM,

SOMETIMES

Iester to his Maiestie ;  
but exiled the Court by  
*Canterburies malice.*

With a relation for whom an odde chaire  
stood void in Hell.



Printed in the year 1641.





Archy's Dream, sometimes Jester to  
his Majesty : but exiled the Court by *Canterburies*  
malice. With a relation for whom an  
odd Chair stood void in Hell.

THE brief reason of *Archy's* banishment  
was this.

A Nobleman asking what he would  
do with his handsome daughters, he  
replied he knew very well what to do with  
them, but he had sons which he knew not  
well what to do with ; he would gladly make  
Scholars of them, but that he feared the Arch-  
bishop would cut off their ears.

Why I was exiled from Court having my  
jesting coat plucked off, few men are ignorant of,  
neither do I much care who knows of it, in so much  
as my Antagonist hath no power to apprehend  
them ; if they should vouchsafe a blundering remark  
in my behalf, my name is as famous abroad as he is  
infamous : I would not have his little Grace know

so much if he were in authority at *Lambeth* house now, for the price of a pair of new shoes ears and all.

SPEAKER  
SPEAKER

*The Author.*

Most (ingenious) *Archy*, scarce more Mundane felicity would I be ambitious to enjoy, than to arrive at so happy a Haven of knowledge, by which sufficiently I might (without critical censure) divulge thy witty, admirable parts : when thou wert sailing on the main *Neptune* was then joyful of so rare a burden, and thought it unfit to carry a wrinkled front, but smiled upon thee, as if he would have wooed thee to have been his companion, that thereby the watery Nymphs; after their sports done, seeming pensive for the Metamorphosis, they might have been infused with enforced alacrity : but storming *Boreas* owing thee an ill office, broke prison, and in spite of *Neptune* shipwrecked the Pinnace which so long she bore, and cast thee on a most unhappy shore.

But yet now at length receive comfort, *Boreas* is imprisoned, and *Zephyrus* with gentle gales doth blow, I am certain well thou knowest it, I am sorry thou ever knewest to the contrary ; for me think it would be unfit to make thy Muse *quæ semper locosa fuit*, which always was merry, go with aubbard cheeks : but time which brings all things

to pass, hath brought him (thy adversary, I mean into far greater than ever thou wert in. Of whom not since thou dreamedst, which gave me license to declare unto all men which shall desire to know it.

*Archy* (sometimes Jester to his Majesty) was upon a night being prostrated upon his bed, (to take natural rest,) very much troubled by meditating of the Arch-Bishop *Lauds*, unlawful actions. First by thinking how he being a clergy man, delighted in nothing but exactions and then anon of the unheard of malice, he bore against him; thus long time tumbling, and tossing, upon his unquiet bed, at length, *Morpheus*, with his leaden maul arrested him, and then for a time was he still. But not long so, but he was disturbed in his sleep, and dreamed after this manner.

*The Dream.*

How that he was placed, on a pinnacle which reached far above *Phæbus* diocese and a little below him, he saw a poor Scholar, which was delivering of a petition to one of the Stars, which so soon as she received it, caught a fall and so lost the Petition upon which the Scholar, was forced to descend for another petition, which he thought was presently done, but by that time he was lifted up into *Phæbus* his chariot, by the reason of which splendour, he could soon perceive any terrestrial creatures. But

yet he could deceive the poor scholar, as any as high as *Phæbus*, to whom he delivered his petition, and she to *Phæbus*, who took it, and read it, the contents were these.

I the most unfortunate of the whole tribe of *Levi*, by spiritual assistance, have had the privilege to declare my grievances which are these.

First we are abused by such a flat cap\* citizen, who if he perceive one of us at one side of the way, he will be sure to cross over, on purpose to take the wall of him. Calling the scholar saucy rascal, if he but offer to withstand him.

Secondly, those which are able to buy great personages, have them, although they have had never any nurture in an Academy, except out of a library of notes, borrowed of some old clerk, or other, which he in former time had gathered at several places.

Thirdly if we be not made of canon proof, we are in danger of Episcopal censure.

Fourthly, we must not preach more than the Arch-bishop of *Canterbury*, *William Laud*, will allow of. For fear of the forfeiture of our ears. From these and the like grievances, we most humbly desire great Jove to deliver us.

Which Petition was no sooner read, But *Canterbury* was presented to my view, who looked more like a spirit come out of purgatory, than one

\* FLAT-CAPS.—A nick-name for the citizens of London, who wore *flat caps*; A cockney.



ready, to receive the papal diadem me thought I was straight descended from Heaven to Hell, where I saw blind *Bonner* and *Wolsey* dancing a galliard, whipped forward by a company of Hellish hags, the three furies danced for females, Pluto set to see the pastime, behind whom set a company of men making chairs, who as fast as they made chairs they were filled, only one was set by for whom I asked ; they answered for *Laud* ; against he came thither all, which time were the three Arch-Priests dancing, but anon, I saw a company of people which preferred bills against *Canterbury*, why *Rhadamanthus* had the perusing, who passed his judgment thus upon him saying.

It is but fit that he against whom that bill was preferred, should be for ever banished *Elysium* because the law for his heinous offences did require the same, at which poor *Canterbury* quaked, and trembled ; like a leaf ready to drop down in *Autumn* : upon whom *Cerberus* loo' ed very wishly that he might know when he saw him again, by and by me thought a troop of the chief Regents servants took him and bound him hand and foot, and so threw him into *Carons* boat, which the followers of *Pluto*, made such an horrible noise, which awaked me : notwithstanding for atime I lay speechless, not knowing where I was, at length I came to my self, and so soon as I arose, I went to a noble friend of mine,

and told him my dream, who said to me, (that the day before) *Canterbury* was carried into the Tower.

For which *Archy* said he was very sorry, but could not cry : by this may a man perceive that though a man be never so Honorable, Puissant, Rich or Learned, yet if his vices Obnubilate his virtues, he shall not be respected, but far more contemned and abhorred than if he had never had such gifts bestowed upon him. Why there is at this time scarce a child in the street, but dare speak against him, which not long since no man durst speak a syllable against, but that it should have been esteemed as petty treason.

But now the times are charged, and his pomp altered, and he now waits for a trial which heretofore tried so many.

### *A Postscript.*

You which the dream of *Archy* now have read,  
Will surely talk of him when he is dead :  
He knows his foe in prison whilst that he  
By no man interrupted but goes free.

His fools coat now is far in better case,  
Than he which yesterday had so much Grace :  
Changes of Times surely cannot be small,  
When Jesters rise and Archbishops fall.

*FINIS,*

THE  
PROPHEESIE  
OF  
MOTHER SHIPTON  
In the Raigne of King

*Henry the Eighth.*

Fortelling the death of Cardinall *Wolsey*, the Lord *Percy*  
and others, as also what should happen in  
insuing times.

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LONDON,  
Printed for *Richard Lownds*, at his Shop  
adjoyning to Ludgate. 1641.





The Prophecy of Mother *Shipton*;  
in the Reign of King *Henry*  
the Eighth.

WHEN she heard King *Henry* the eighth should be King, and Cardinal *Wolsey* should be at *York*, she said that Cardinal *Wolsey* should never come to *York* with the King, and the Cardinal hearing, being angry, sent the Duke of *Suffolk*, the Lord *Percy*, and the Lord *Darcy* to her, who came with their men disguised to the Kings house near *York*, where leaving their men, they went to Master *Besley* to *York*, and desired him to go with them to Mother *Shiptons* house, where when they came they knocked at the door, she said Come in Master *Besley*, and those honourable Lords with you, and Master *Besley*, would have put in the Lords before him, but she said, come in Master *Besley*, you know the way, but they do not. This they thought strange that she should know them, and never saw them; then they went into the house, where there was a great fire, and she bade them welcome, calling them all by their names, and sent for some Cakes and Ale, and they drunk and were very merry. Mother *Shipton*, said the Duke, if you knew what we come

about, you would not make us so welcome, and she said the messenger should not be hang'd ; Mother *Shipton*, said the Duke, you said the Cardinal should never see *York* ; Yea, said she, I said he might see *York*, but never come at it ; But said the Duke, when he comes to *York* thou shalt be burned ; We shall see that, said she, and plucking her Handkerchief off her head she threw it into the fire, and it would not burn, then she took her staff and turned it into the fire, and it would not burn, then she took it and put it on again ; Now (said the Duke) what mean you by this ? If this had burned (said she) I might have burned. Mother *Shipton* (quoth the Duke) what think you of me ? my love said she, the time will come you will be as low as I am, and that's a low one indeed. My Lord *Percy* said, what say you of me ? My Lord (said she) shoe your Horse in the quick, and you shall do well, but your body will be buried in *York* pavement, and your head shall be stolen from the bar and carried into *France*. Then said the Lord *Darcy*, and what think you of me ? She said, you have made a great Gun, shoot it off, for it will do you no good, you are going to war, you will pain many a man, but you will kill none, so they went away.

Not long after the Cardinal came to *Cawwood*, and going to the top of the Tower, he asked where

*York* was, and how far it was thither; and said that one had said he should never see *York*; Nay, said one, she said you might see *York*, but never come at it. He vowed to burn her when he came to *York*. Then they shewed him *York*, and told him it was but eight miles thence; he said that he will be soon there: but being sent for by the King, he died in the way to *London* at *Leicester* of a lask:<sup>1</sup> and *Shiptons* wife said to Master *Besley*, yonder is a fine stall built for the Cardinal in the Minster, of Gold, Pearl, and precious stone, go and present one of the pillars to King *Henry*, and he did so.

Master *Besley* seeing these things fall out as she had foretold, desired her to tell him some more of her Propheties; Master, said she, before that *Owes*<sup>2</sup> Bridge and Trinity Church meet, they shall build on the day, and it shall fall in the night, until they get the highest stone of Trinity Church, to be the lowest stone of *Owes* bridge, then the day will come when the North shall rue it wondrous sore, but the South shall rue it for evermore; When Hares kindle on cold hearth stones, and Lads shall marry ladies, and bring them home, then shall you have a year of pining hunger, and then a dearth without Corn; A woeful day shall be seen in *England*, a King and Queen, the first coming of the King of

<sup>1</sup> LASK.—A laxity, a looseness or flux.

<sup>2</sup> OWES.—i.e., Ouse,

*Scots* shall be at *Holgate* Town, but he shall not come through the bar, and when the King of the North shall be at *London* Bridge, his Tail shall be at *Edenborough* ; After this shall water come over *Owes* bridge, and a Windmill shall be set on a Tower and an Elm-tree shall lay at every mans door, at that time women shall wear great hats and great bands, and when there is a Lord Mayor at *York* let him beware of a stab ; When two Knights shall fall out in the Castle yard, they shall never be kindly all their lives after ; When all *Colton* Hagge hath born seven years Crops of corn, seven years after you heard news, there shall two Judges go in and out at *Mungate* bar.

*Then Wars shall begin in the spring,  
Much woe to England it shall bring :  
Then shall the Ladies cry well-away,  
That ever we liv'd to see this day,*

Then best for them that have the least, and worst for them that have the most, you shall not know of the War over night, yet you shall have it in the morning, and when it comes it shall last three years, between *Cadron* and *Aire* shall be great warfare, when all the world is as a lost, it shall be called Christs cross, when the battle begins, it shall be where Crookbackt *Richard* made his fray, they shall say, To warfare for your King for half a crown a



day, but stir not (she will say) to warfare for your King, on pain on hanging, but stir not, for he that goes to complain, shall not come back again. The time will come when *England* shall tremble and quake for fear of a dead man that shall be heard to speak, then will the Dragon give the Bull a great snap, and when the one is down they will go to *London Town*; then there will be a great battle between *England* and *Scotland*, and they will be pacified for a time, and when they come to *Brammammore*, they fight and are again pacified for a time, then there will be a great Battle at *Knavesmore*, and they will be pacified for a while; Then there will be a great battle between *England* and *Scotland* at *Stoknmore*; Then will Ravens sit on the Cross and drink as much blood of the Nobles, as of the Commons, then woe is me, for *London* shall be destroyed for ever after; Then there will come a woman with one eye, and she shall tread in many mens blood to the knee, and a man leaning on a staff by her, and she shall say to him, What art thou; and he shall say, I am King of the *Scots*, and she shall say, Go with me to my house, for there are three Knights, and he will go with her, and stay there three days and three nights, then will *England* be lost; and they will cry twice of a day *England* is lost; Then there will be three Knights in *Petergate* in *York*, and the one shall not know of the

other ; There shall be a child born in *Pomfret* with three thumbs, and those three Knights will give him three horses to hold, while they win *England*, and all Noble blood shall be gone but one, and they shall carry him to Sheriff *Nuttons* Castle six miles from *York*, and he shall die there, and they shall choose there an Earl in the field, and hanging their horses on a thorn, and rue the time that ever they were born, to see so much bloodshed ; Then they will come to *York* to besiege it, and they shall keep them out three days and three nights, and a penny loaf shall be within the bar at half a crown, and without the bar at a penny ; and they will swear if they will not yield, to blow up the Town walls. Then they will let them in, and they will hang up the Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen, and they will go into Crouch Church, there will three Knights go in, and but one come out again, and he will cause Proclamation to be made, that any man may take House, Tower, or Bower for twenty one years, and whilst the world endureth, there shall never be warfare again, nor any more Kings or Queens, but the Kingdom shall be governed by three Lords, and then *York* shall be *London* ; and after this shall be a white Harvest of corn gotten in by women. Then shall be in the North, that one woman shall say unto another, mother I have seen a man to-day, and for one man there shall be a thousand women,

there shall be a man sitting upon St. *James* Church hill weeping his fill ; and after that a ship come sailing up the Thames till it come against *London*, and the Master of the ship shall weep, and the Mariners shall ask him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say ; Ah what a goodly City this was, none in the world comparable to it, and now there is scarce left any house that can let us have drink for our money.

*Unhappy he that lives to see these days,  
But happy are the dead Shiptons wife says.*

*FINIS.*





A Three-fold Discourse betweene  
three Neighbours, *Algate*, *Bishopsgate*, and  
*John Heyden* the late Cöbler of  
*Houndsditch*, a professed  
Brownist.

Whereunto is added a true Relation (by way of  
Dittie) of a lamentable fire which happened at  
*Oxford* two nights before *Christ-tide* last, in a  
religious brothers shop, knowne by the  
name of *John* of *All-trades*.



L O N D O N,  
Printed for *F. Cowles*, *T. Bates*, and *I. VVright*.  
MDCXLII.





## INTRODUCTION.

# SALE OF THE OLD GATES OF LONDON, &c.



SALE of three of the City gates, on the 30th of July 1760, marked, in a singular way, a dividing-point between the old and modern history of London. The English metropolis, like most large and important cities in the middle ages, was bounded by a wall and a ditch; and in this wall were openings or gates for the passage of foot and vehicle traffic. Beginning from the east, this fortified boundary commenced with the famous Tower of London, itself a vast assemblage of gates and fortified posts. Advancing thence nearly northward, the wall extended to *Aldgate* or *Aldgate*, which defended the approach by the great highway from Essex. This was probably the oldest of all the City gates. In 1215, during the civil war between King John and the barons, the citizens aided the latter in entering London by Aldgate; and soon afterwards, the gate, being very ruinous and dilapidated, was replaced by one strongly built of stone. This new one (a double gate with portcullis) remained till the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was replaced by another more ornamental than warlike. This was one of the three gates finally removed in 1760. The wall extended nearly north-west from Aldgate to *Bishopsgate*, which guarded the great road from Cambridge. This gate was not among the oldest of the series, but is supposed to have been built about the reign of Henry II. At first there were no means of exit from the City between Aldgate and Aldersgate; and this extra gate was opened rather to furnish additional accommodation, than for any defensive purpose. The gate was in a ruinous state from the time of Edward VI. to that of James I., when it was replaced by a new one; and this latter was finally removed early in the last century. The wall stretched westward from Bishopsgate to *Moorgate*; of which Stow says: "I find that Thomas Falconer, mayor about the year 1415, the third of Henry V., caused the wall of the city to be broken near unto Coleman Street, and there builded a postern, now called Moorgate, upon the moor-side, where was never gate before. This gate he made for ease of the citizens that way to pass upon

causeys [causeways] into the fields for their recreation ; for the same field was at that time a marsh." Indeed, all the country immediately outside the city, from Bishopsgate to Aldersgate, was very fenny and marshy, giving rise to the names Moorfield, and Finsbury (Fensbury). Moorgate was rebuilt in 1472, and pulled down about the middle of the last century, the stones being used to repair the piers of London Bridge. The next gate was *Cripplegate*, a postern or minor gate like Moorgate, but much more ancient ; it was many times rebuilt, and was, like the other gates, used as a prison. The name, Stow says, "so called of cripples begging there." This was one of the three gates finally pulled down in 1760. The city wall extended thence to *Alders-gate* or *Aldersgate*, one of the oldest of the series, and also one of the largest. The ancient structure, crumbling with age, was replaced by a new and very ornamental one in the time of James I. ; and this latter gave way to the street improvers early in the last century. The next gate was *Newgate*. In the Anglo-Norman times, there were only three City gates—Aldgate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate, and no person could leave the city westward at any point between the two last-named gates. To remedy this inconvenience, Newgate was built about the time of Henry I., the designation "new" being, of course, only comparative. After being rebuilt and repaired several times, Newgate and its prison were burned down by Lord George Gordon's mob in 1780 ; the prison was replaced by a much larger and stronger one, but the gate was not rebuilt. The City wall extended from Newgate to *Ludgate*, which was the oldest of the series except Aldgate and Aldersgate, and the one with which the greatest number of historical events was connected. After many rebuildings and repairings, Ludgate was one of the three which were pulled down in 1760.

It must not be supposed that *Dorsetgate*, *Billingsgate*, and *St. Johns Gate* were necessarily City gates ; the first and second were landing-places on the river side, the third was the gate belonging to the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. As to the *Bars*—such as *Temple Bar*, *Holborn Bar*, and *Smithfield Bar*—they were subsidiary or exterior barriers, bearing some such relation to "the City without the walls," as the gates bore to "the City within the walls," but smaller, and of inferior strength.

The announcement in the public journals, concerning the destruction of three of the gates on the 30th of July 1760, was simply to the effect that Mr. Blagden, a carpenter of Coleman Street, gave £91 for the old materials of *Cripplegate*, £148 for *Ludgate*, and £177 10s. for *Aldgate* ; undertaking to have all the rubbish removed by the end of September. Thus ended our old City gates, except *Newgate*, which the rioters put an end to twenty years later.





A Threefold Discourse between three  
Neighbours, *Aldgate*, *Bishopsgate*, and *John*  
*Heyden* the late Cobbler of *Houndsditch*,  
a professed Brownist.

*Aldgate.*

SISTER of Bishopsgate, what disastrous times are we fallen into, did you ever know the like ?

*Bishopsgate.* Sister be content, you are not yet fallen, you were but lately built by the City, *Senatus Populusque Londinensis*, in the Mayoralty of Sir *Humphrey Weld*[on]; but I and my friends are like to come to ruin.

*Cobbler.* Truly Landlady, the matter is not great, yet I confess I have kept a Cobbler's shop under your nose these two and twenty years, yet I never saw any great hurt in you, but that you bear the profane and idolatrous name of a Bishop.

*Bish.* Truly Neighbour, it hath not been accounted so in times past, nor (I hope) neither is or will be in these our times,

*Cob.* Well, battle-headed Mistress, I heard a Sermon within these few days in Moor-fields, the best of your Bishops in the Land might throw his cap at it.

*Alg.* I *John*, that is the way never to see it again, among such fellows as you : but are Moor-fields your walks, where you and your fellows prate to no purpose.

*Cob.* Yes : and verily my new white painted Mistress, and we have better teaching there, than you have at your dull *Botolphs*, or his brother by you, Mistress *Bishopsgate*.

*Bish.* Nay, that of my knowledge is false; ours is an honourable and a great Parish, neither is there such a famine of pious and learned Divines amongst us, like the famine of Samaria, where we (as you and your Brownists) must value an Asses head at fourscore pieces of silver (that is ten pounds English) for every piece which was a Shekel, is half a Crown of our money. How many of your Sermons have been burned, their Authors hanged, what ridiculous divisions have you of your Texts ? what blasphemous and detorted expositions, absurd applications ? and amongst you the Text is no sooner read ; but presently you fly from it, as wild beasts from fire, and fall a railing against rails, tell the people Surplices are smocks of the Whore (and I believe *John* you are acquainted with some of them) and

how our Bishops are like Andirons of State, standing in a Chimney but for a show ; but if an heavy block, or sad billets are brought to the fire, there are poor little iron Creepers or Cobirons underneath, that must bear all the weight, and those you resemble to the inferior Clergy that take all the pains : and thus in your Tubs, like *Augustus* in his Throne, you tax all the world. Truly now you were speaking of Moor-fields, I am persuaded never cost was better bestowed, I never saw them, but I have heard as much. Why sister *Aldgate* (or *Eldgate*, if you please) they are the most necessary, pleasant, and the sweetest walks, that can lye by the side of any city in Europe : they say those are goodly walks, with four or five distinct rows of trees, which are upon the walls of Antwerp.

*Alg.* There is a Dutch candle-maker dwelling in White-Chapel hath oftentimes told me as much, and that those walls were five and thirty strides or paces broad.

*Bish.* He spake the truth, they are so indeed.

*Cob.* Talk no more : Moor-fields of itself is a most profane place, they never get my good word, and except upon the Lords day to a teaching or exercise I never mean to come thither again.

*Bish.* It may be *Fohn*, you are in debt at some of the Ale-houses and dare not shew your head but

upon a Lords day, when their doors are shut, and all are gone to Church.

*Cob.* I confess my leather hath been well liquored at *Burwels* Bable, where Mr. *Geffreson* sells the excellent Ale and Cakes ; but since my conversion I say, *Go, I know you not.*

*Alg.* And why I pray you neighbour, are Moor-fields become so odious in your sight ?

*Cob.* For the great offence they give to us the godly and sober-minded ; first, they are receptacles of unclean beasts.

*Bish.* That's true indeed, for horses graze there.

*Cob.* They carry the mark of the Beast.

*Alg.* As how *John* ?

*Cob.* Do you not see how the walks are laid out, and made in the form of a cross, which is execrable, abominable, and intolerable ?

*Bish.* Why *John*, are not you yourself made in the form of a cross ? spread but your arms abroad and see.

*Cob.* Verily I am, and it is more than ever I knew before, one I see may live and learn, but I shall like myself the worse for it as long as I live.

*Cob.* No I profess, their four quarters are railed about in abominable manner, like a Communion Table ; if some parishes and Churchwardens

I know had the fingering of them, I know what would quickly become of them.

*Alg.* You have now done, have you any more to say?

*Cob.* Yes verily, the Popes head is there nail'd up for a sign and makes as fair a show as Pope-*Joan* did with her great belly in Red-street.

*Bish.* Redcross-street you mean, but what of that?

*Cob.* It is a burning shame it should be tolerated, when all Papists in England are denied tolerated.

*Alg.* It is suffered it may be for some especial end which you know not, as perhaps many Papists and Popish Priests belonging to outlandish Ambassadors which lie there about walking to take the air, for the signs sake will rather go thither to drink a Pint or a quart of wine, then to another place, and so perhaps will you and your brethren do sometime.

*Cob.* You are deceived Mrs. we never go for the signs sake, but for the wines sake.

*Bish.* I believe you *John*, but what say you to the great Turks head hanging out a little beyond?

*Cob.* I say, from Turk and Pope defend us Lord.

*Bish.* That was a Psalm, added to the singing Psalms, long since, by one *Robert Wisedome*.

*Cob.* I believe it, it was long since *Robert Wisedome* was seen amongst us, he lived in the time

of *Q. Eliz.* And since I have not heard of any or very few of that name, it was a Psalm in my opinion that put down all the rest, beside it had been an excellent tune, my father when he lived in Goose-toft, would often whistle it at plough.

*Alg.* But what say you *John* to the trees, so evenly planted and thriving, which with their eye-pleasing green and cool shadow in the hot Summer give so great delight and content to the whole City.

*Cob.* They look (me thinks) like so many of your Bishops Standing about the Communion rails to defend them.

*Alg.* Against such as you are it may be.

*Cob.* Nay they look like Bishops for all the world for there are Some poor underling trees besides them which cannot thrive and Prosper, because those greater over-drop them, keep the sun from them, or suck from the earth the Juice which should nourish them, to themselves.

*Bish.* But what is the reason they are called Moorfields, can you tell me *John* with all the wit you have ?

*Cobler.* Because it may be there are more fields in England beside these.

*Alg.* That is without doubt.

*Cob.* Or rather because more learned and godly teaching by us and our brethren is here exercised than in the City or the whole land beside, or it may

be they are so called from a Blackamoor set over an Alley gate in these fields.

*Bish.* Nay *John* now you have overshot yourself.

*Cob.* I talk of Moorfields and not of Finsbury : there indeed is shooting and no preaching.

*Bish.* But neighbour *John Cobbler* let me tell you in good earnest, when I was built new in the time of K. *Richard* the second, (whose statue in stone holding his unfortune and broken Sceptre in his hand, I bear upon my Frontispiece, on the other side *Wenceslaus* his wives father the Emperor, yet many say it was K. *Edward* the 3.) certain calves tied about the necks with withs<sup>1</sup> being brought for a present to *Wat Tyler* and his Rebels then in Smithfield, whom, (let me tell you by the way) K. *Richard* could plainly discern from Long Acre, so rare were houses and buildings in the Suburbs in those days) were all stifled and drowned in those fields, which were nothing else but a Moor or Quagmire whence they took their name, nay it was such within these 40. or 50. years. Sister *Algate* had they brought by your way, (the common road of calves) they had been out of danger.

*Cob.* Verily Mrs. *Aldgate* I have known of late years many calves to have been brought out of Essex and other places unto your Gate, where when they should have entered, their simple country drivers

<sup>1</sup> WITHS.—Twigs of willow ; twisted flexible rods.

would not suffer them, but drave them home again.

*Alg.* They were simple indeed, but what was their meaning so to do?

*Cob.* Why, I will tell you, you carry upon your top two huge Giants in Armour, holding up and ready as it were to throw down mighty bullets, who affright both the calves and the Countrymen, that I have heard some protest that for their lives they could not persuade the driver to venture them through, this was at their first setting up, and I well remember in that year Veal wes so scarce at Leaden Hall, that hardly any could be got for money.

*Bish.* *John* they were placed there to shew the ancient defence of Ports, which when the enemy offered to assail or break open, Armed men stood aloft and threw down huge stones, piece of timber and such like, to kill or knock them down, but I hear *John* Cobbler you are a pretender to Divinity, and are ready to turn Preacher.

*Cob.* Why not I as well as *Walker* the Ironmonger.<sup>1</sup>

*Alg.* I think you never come to any of our Churches io the City.

*Cob.* Very seldom; yes, I was half a year since at *Annes* within Aldersgate, and once a fortnight ago at *Margets* in Westminster.

<sup>1</sup>WALKER, THE IRONMONGER.—See John Taylor's Tract on this person,



*Bish.* St. Margarets you should say.

*Cob.* The matter is not great, they were built by the Papists and smell of superstition to this day, for name any Church about the City that was built in time of the Gospel, Cree-church<sup>1</sup> excepted, and that by Tuttle-street<sup>2</sup> in Westminster not yet execrated, as they call it.

*Alg.* Consecrated thou wouldst say, that indeed is new, but Cree-Church was new built upon an old foundation, if we should be all of your opinion : we should come to no Church at all, but hear Sermons in woods as you do.

*Cob.* Did not *John* Baptist preach in the desert or wilderness ? And multitudes of people followed to hear him.

*Bish.* *John* you are much deceived, that was no obscure place like *St. Johns* wood whether you and your fellows go, but a woody Country wherein were many Towns and Cities, like the forest of Sherwood in Nottinghamshire inhabited with many people.

*Cob.* I will never believe that, for all I am a Translator<sup>3</sup> myself.

<sup>1</sup>CREE CHURCH.—St. Catherine Cree or Christ Church, a church on the north side of Leadenhall-street, and in Aldgate Ward. The church described by Stow was taken down 1628, and the present building consecrated by Laud (when Bishop of London) on the 16th January, 1630-1.—“August 18th, 1667. To Cree Church, to see it how it is, but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Pauls.”—*Pepys’ Diary*.

<sup>2</sup>TUTTLE-STREET.—i.e., Tothill-street.

<sup>3</sup>TRANSLATOR, a cobbler.

*Alg.* But *John* I pray thee tell me how camest thou to be a Brownist<sup>1</sup> at the first.

*Bish.* I have heard that the first beginner of Sect was a miserable Doctor in the University who sold his commons and seized away his part of white-bread and liv'd all the week with a sixpenny brown loaf, which occasion gave you all your names.

*Cob.* No our first father was Mr. *Browne* parson of a church in Northamptonshire where he died after his many persecutions among the wicked.

*Alg.* So he that would have no Church was afterwards parson of a Church.

*Bish.* But I assure you *John* he recanted his opinions, and died an Orthodox Protestant and an honest man, it is true he was persecuted in all places, he fled into Scotland, and had been hanged, had he not been near a kin unto the L. Treasurer *Cecil*, (for he was a Gentleman born, and of an ancient family of the *Brownes* of Tolthorpe) besides he was endued with many good and gentle qualities, among the rest he was a singular good Lutenist, and he made his Son *Timothy* usually on Sundays bring his Viol to Church and play the Bass to the Psalms that were sung, so far as he (like you and your fellows) from being an enemy to Church Music.

<sup>1</sup>BROWNISTS.—A name given to the disciples of Robert Brown, a celebrated Nonconformist and schoolmaster in Southwark about 1580; they were in those days the constant objects of popular satire and persecution. Brown, after 32 imprisonments, eventually conformed to the Established Church.

"I had as lief be a *Brownist* as a politician."

*Shakespeare's Twelfth Night*, Act iii., sc. 2.

*Cob.* I would have given all the Shoes in my shop I had known so much before. But Landlady Bishopsgate, and Mrs. Aldgate, time calls me away, I have three pair of boots to mend for the Norwich foot-post, and a pair of shoes for honest Mr. *Sacchar* of Botolphs, and I hope ere long we shall meet, and then 'y'faith I will have a fling at you and your name-sake the Bishops.

*Bish.* Well *John* I shall defend those Bishops well enough, and will Petition that those Reverend men may have their liberty to go abroad in the days, and repair to their Brother in the Tower again at night, Farewell.

*Zeal over-heated:*

A Relation of a lamentable fire which happened at *Oxford* two nights before *Christ-tide*, in a religious Brothers shop, who though he laboured in all men's trades, yet his trades were fewer than his tricks, to fetch over the wicked, that he might afford the godly a better Penny-worth.

To the Tune of *Chivvy Chace.*

<p><i>A</i>tte d you brethren, every one,  <i>And listen with a pair</i>  <i>Of swaggering ears, which hie outgrow</i>  <i>By many an inch the hair:</i>  <i>Of Popish flames I will relate</i>  <i>to you a doleful story,</i>  <i>Which turned a zealous shop of late</i>  <i>into a Purgatory.</i></p>	<p><i>There dwells in Oxon near the place</i>  <i>where holy Chornish teacheth,</i>  <i>One that in all trades hath such grace,</i>  <i>the wicked he o'er-reaches</i>  <i>This brother first a Stoick was</i>  <i>Perj'atet.c. l;</i>  <i>For 'bout the world as he did pass,</i>  <i>his wealth he carried all.</i></p>
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*But when his sins had made his pack  
Too heavy for his shoulder,  
I' th' foresaid place he eased his back,  
and turned a staid householder.  
In all occasions by and by  
He grew so great a Meddler,  
That if th' Exchange his shop stood nigh,  
you'd take him for no Pedlar.*

*By slight of tongue he could fetch o'er  
all Sparks that came unto him,  
Except those which two nights before  
Christ-tide had like to undo him.  
When he to sleep himself had set,  
and dreamed of no more fire,  
Than those his zeal and little Pet  
kindled in his desire.*

*He heard some cry, Fire, fire, amain,  
and said that were he slack,  
Great John of All trades would again  
be brought to his first pack:  
Then hastening down to see what burned,  
the smoke did almost stop  
His breath: the new Exchange was turned  
to a Tobacco shop.*

*His wife came down at that report,  
her clothes hung in such pickle,  
As she were new come from the sport  
after a Conventicle:  
And first in these flames she espied  
a pure Genera Bible,  
With gilded leaves, and strings beside,  
that were not contemptible.*

## The Second Part to the Same Tune.

**B**UT with less grief he could have seen't  
as he then said to some one,  
Had but the Apocrypha been in't,  
and Prayers that we call Common:  
The Practice there of Piety,  
and good St. Katherine Stubs  
Were martyr'd, which oft quoted he  
had heard in several Tubs.

*Then being of his Dods bereft,  
and Cleavers all and some,  
You may presume that there was left  
of comforts never a Crum.  
A chest of Cambricks and Holland  
was turned to a box of tinder,  
His virgins tapers out were brund,  
th' Extinguishers could not hinder.*

*They that his Taffities did see,  
and various Ribbons straight  
Concluded that in burnt silks he  
was richly worth his reight:  
His Hobby-horses erst so tame,  
some babes of grace might run  
A race upon them, now became  
but as the Steeds o' th' Sun.*

*Of Canes there smocking lay great storr,  
his eyes had soon espied them,  
They never were fire canes before,  
though he had oft belid them:  
Mirrors and Prospectives then might  
be burning glasses call'd:  
The fever grew so hot that night,  
the periwigs grew bald.*

*The Mouse-traps, Fly-traps, and whol-  
shelves  
of whips, with other some  
Such dreadful instruments themselves  
suffer'd a martyrdom:  
But to conclude, the flame being done,  
some that were there did swear,  
Though Christ-tide were not yet begun,  
Yet was Ash-Wednesday there.*

*Dear brethren, be not then too hot,  
for if unto your harm  
Your zeal like this take fire, I what,  
you'll wish there but luke-warm.  
God bless the King, the Queen and Isaac,  
Nobles and Parliament  
And may all such affrightments miss you  
of the furious element.*

*And keep all from disasters,  
And such as now good servants are,  
May never prove bad masters.*

FINIS.

THE  
ACTORS  
REMONSTRANCE,  
OR  
COMPLAINT :

FOR

The silencing of their profession, and banishment from their severall *Play-houses*.

In which is fully set down their grievances, for their restraint ; especially since Stage-plays, only of all publike recreations are prohibited ; the exercise at the Beares Colledge, and the motions of Pup-pets being still in force and vigour.

As it was presented in the names and behalves of all our London Comedians to the great God PHŒBUS-APOLLO, and the nine Heliconian Sisters, on the top of PERNASSUS, by one of the Masters of Requests to the MUSES, for this present month.

And published by their command in print by the Typograph Royall of the Castalian Province, 1643.

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LONDON Printed for EDW. NICKSON.  
*Ianuar. 24. 1643.*

## THE ACTOR'S REMONSTRANCE.

**T**HIS very rare satirical Tract, contains some curious and amusing particulars of the means resorted to by the Players to procure subsistence, on the suppression of Play-houses in 1642, and good-naturedly endeavours to overcome the animosities of the enemies of theatrical amusements.

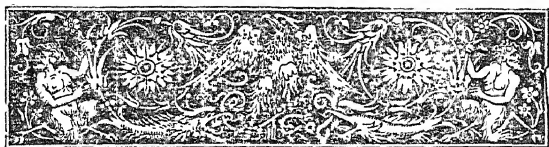
When England was torn by civil strife, the drama had a hard struggle for existence. Its best supporters had more serious matters to attend to, and while its friends were scattered far and wide, its foes were in authority, and wielded their newly-won power without mercy. When the civil war broke out, one of the first acts of Parliament was the issuing, in September 1642, of the following :—

*“ Ordinance of the Lords and Commons concerning Stage-plays.”*

WHEREAS the distressed state of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distracted state of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil war, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God appearing in these judgements, amongst which fasting and prayer, having been often tried to be very effectual, have been lately, and are still, enjoined ; and whereas public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage-plays with the seasons of humiliation, this being an exercise of sad pious and solemnity, and the other being spectacles of pleasure too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levity ; it is therefore thought fit, and ordered by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage-plays shall cease and be forborne. Instead of which are recommended to the people of this land the profitable and seasonable consideration of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably will produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring again times of joy and gladness to these nations.”

It was not to be expected that this unwelcome “ Ordinance ” would be submitted to in silence, hence—with a host of other Tracts, for and against Players and Playhouses.—The Actor's Remonstrance.

But it was not until 1647, when another “ Ordinance ” was passed, that Plays and Players were wholly suspended, and which will be seen by the next Tract.



The *Actor's* Remonstrance or Complaint, for the silencing of their *Profession* and banishment from their several  
PLAY-HOUSES.

**O**PPRESSED with many calamities, and languishing to death under the burden of a long and (for ought we know) an everlasting restraint, we the *Comedians*, *Tragedians*, and *Actors* of all sorts and sizes belonging to the famous private and public Houses within the City of *London* and the Suburbs thereof, to you great *Phæbus*, and you sacred Sisters, the sole Patronesses of our distressed Calling, do we in all humility present this our humble and lamentable complaint, by whose intercession to those powers who confined us to silence, we hope to be restored to our pristine honour and employment.

First, it is not unknown to all the audience that have frequented the private Houses<sup>1</sup> of *Black-Friars*,

PRIVATE HOUSES.—Of the distinguishing marks of *private playhouses*, we only know that they were smaller than others; and that the representations, were usually by candlelight, whereas in the *public* they were by day. Deckers

the *Cock-Pit* and *Salisbury-Court*, without austerity, we have purged our Stages from all obscene and scurrilous jests; such as might either be guilty of corrupting the manners, or defaming the persons of any men of note in the City or Kingdom; that we have endeavoured, as much as in us lies, to instruct one another in the true and genuine Art of acting, to repress bawling and railing, formerly in great

in his "Seven deadly Sins of London," has the following passage to the purpose: "All the city looked like *a private playhouse*, when the windows are clapt down, as if some nocturnal, and dismal tragedy were presently to be acted."

The Blackfriars Theatre was built in 1576, by James Burbage and his "fellows" servants of Dudley Earl of Leicester, in consequence of an act of Common Council passed the preceding year, prohibiting the erection of a play-house within the limits of the City jurisdiction. It was either rebuilt or enlarged in 1596, when Shakespeare and Richard Burbage were joint sharers. The whole building was pulled down during the rule of the Puritans on the 6th of August, 1655. Part of the ground on which it stood is still called Play-house-yard. The Poet possessed other property here; for in the City of London Library, at Guildhall, is preserved a deed of conveyance to Shakespeare of a house bought by him March 10, 1612-13, and bequeathed by him to his daughter, Susannah Hall. This document was sold by auction, May 24, 1841, for 165*l.* 15*s.*

The Cockpit or Phoenix Theatre in Drury Lane stood in the parish of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields, on what is now Pitt-place—properly Cockpit-place or Alley.

Salisbury Court Theatre, Fleet Street, was built in 1629, by Richard Gunnell and William Blagrove, players, and was originally a "barn" or granary at the lower end of the great back yard or court of Salisbury House. In March, 1649, it was destroyed by the Puritan authorities, but subsequently re-built and re-opened by William Beeston, an actor, in 1660. Here the Duke's company acted till their removal to the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, in the spring of 1662, four years after which it was destroyed by the Great Fire, and not re-built.



request, and for to suit our language and action to the more genteel and natural garb of the times ; that we have left off for our own parts, and so have commanded our servants, to forget that ancient custom, which formerly rendered men of our quality infamous, namely, the inveigling in young Gentlemen, Merchants Factors, and Prentices to spend their patrimonies and Masters estates upon us and our Harlots in Taverns ; we have clean and quite give over the borrowing money at first sight of puny gallants, or praising their swords, belts and beavers, so to invite them to bestow them upon us ; and to our praise be it spoken, we were for the most part very well reformed, few of us keeping, or being rather kept by our Mistresses, betook ourselves wholly to our wives ; observing the matrimonial vow of chastity, yet for all these conformities, and reformati<sup>o</sup>ns, we were by authority (to which we in all humility submit) restrained from the practise of our Profession ; that Profession which had before maintained us in comely and convenient Equipage ; some of us by it merely being enabled to keep Horses (though not Whores) is now condemned to a perpetual, at least a very long temporary silence, and we left to live upon our shifts, or the expense of our former gettings, to the great impoverishment and utter undoing of ourselves, wives, children, and dependents ; besides which, is of all other our

extremest grievance, that Plays being put down under the name of public recreations ; other public recreations of far more harmful consequences [are] permitted, still to stand *in statu quo prius*, namely, that Nurse of barbarism and beastliness, the *Bear-Garden*, whereupon their usual days those Demi-Monsters, are baited by bandogs, the Gentlemen of *Stave* and *Tail*, namely, boisterous Butchers, cutting Cobblers, hard-handed Masons, and the like, rioting companions, resorting thither with as much freedom as formerly making with their sweat and crowding, a far worse stink than the ill-formed Beasts they persecute with their dogs, and whips, Pick-pockets, which in an age are not heard of in any of our Houses, repairing thither, and other disturbers of the public peace, which dare not be seen in our civil and well-governed Theatres, where none use to come but the best of the Nobility and Gentry ; and though some have taxed our Houses unjustly for being the receptacles of Harlots, the exchanges where they meet and make their bargains with their frank chapmen of the Country and City, yet we may justly excuse ourselves of either knowledge or consent in these lewd practices, we having no prophetic souls to know womens honesty by instinct, nor commission to examine them ; and if we had, worthy were these wretches of *Bridewell*, that out

of their own mouths would convince<sup>1</sup> themselves of lasciviousness ; Puppet-plays, which are not so much valuable as the very music between each Act at ours, are still up with uncontrolled allowance, witness the famous motion<sup>2</sup> of *Bell* and the *Dragon*, so frequently visited at *Holborn-bridge* ; these passed Christmas Holidays, whether Citizens of all sorts repair with far more detriment to themselves than [they] ever did to Plays, Comedies and Tragedies being the lively representations of mens actions, in which, vice is always sharply glanced at, and punished, and virtue rewarded and encouraged ; the most exact and natural eloquence of our English language expressed and daily amplified ; and yet for all this, we suffer, and are enforced, ourselves and our dependents, to tender our complaint in doleful manner to you great *Phæbus*, and you inspired *Heliconian* Virgins : First, our Housekeepers, that grew wealthy by our endeavours, complain that they are enforced to pay the grand<sup>3</sup> Landlords rents, during this long Vacation, out of their former gettings ; instead of ten, twenty, nay, thirty shillings shares, which used nightly to adorn and comfort with their harmonious music, their large and well-stuffed pockets, they have shares

<sup>1</sup>CONVINCE.—*i.e.*, convict.

<sup>2</sup>MOTION.—A puppet. Also a puppet-show. It was of very common occurrence, especially in old plays.

“What *motion's* this ? the model of Nineveh.”—*Beaumont and Fletcher*.

<sup>3</sup>GRAND.—*i.e.*, superior or ground landlords,

in nothing with us now but our misfortunes ; living merely out of the stock, out of the interest and principal of their former gotten moneys, which daily is exhausted by the maintenance of themselves and families.

For ourselves, such as were sharers, are so impoverished, that were it not for some slender helps afforded us in this time of calamity, by our former providence, we might be enforced to act our Tragedies : our Hired-men are dispersed, some turned Soldiers and Trumpeters, others destined to meaner courses, or depending upon us, whom in courtesy we cannot see want, for old acquaintance sakes. Their friends, young Gentlemen, that used to feast and frolic with them at Taverns, having either quitted the kin<sup>1</sup> in these times of distraction, or their money having quitted them, they are ashamed to look upon their old expensive friends. Nay, their very Mistresses, those Buxom and Bountiful Lasses, that usually were enamoured on the persons of the younger sort of Actors, for the good cloths they wore upon the stage, believing them really to be the persons they did only represent, and quite out of sorts themselves, and so disabled for supplying their poor friends necessities. Our fools, who had wont to allure and excite laughter with their very countenances, at their first appearance on the

<sup>1</sup>KIN.—Kindred. [A. S.]

stage (hard shifts are better than none) are enforced, some of them at least to maintain themselves, by virtue of their baubles. Our boys, ere we shall have liberty to act again, will be grown out of use like cracked organ-pipes, and have faces as old as our flags.<sup>1</sup>

Nay, our very Door-keepers, men and women, most grievously complain, that by this cessation they are robbed of the privilege of stealing from us with license: they cannot now, as in King *Agamemnon's* days, seem to scratch their heads where they itch not, and drop shillings and half-Crown-pieces in at their collars. Our Music that was held so delectable and precious, that they scorned to come to a Tavern under twenty shillings salary for two hours, now wander with the Instruments under their cloaks, I mean such as have any, into all houses of good fellowship, saluting every room where there is company, with *Will you have any music Gentlemen?* For our Tire-men,<sup>2</sup> and others

<sup>1</sup>FLAG.—Our old play houses exhibited *flags* on their roofs when there were performances at them. This originated, probably, from the situation of several of them on the Surrey side of the Thames; since, by this devise, they could telegraphically inform those on the opposite shore, when there was to be a play. In Lent, when no plays were suffered to be represented, of course there were no *flags* out, hence—

'Tis Lent in your cheeks, the *flags* down.

*Middleton's*—A Mad World, My Masters.

She takes downe the *flagge*, belike the play is done.

*Decker's* Whore of Babylon.

<sup>2</sup>TIREMAN, s.—A dealer in dresses, and all kinds of ornamental clothing.

that belonged formerly to our ward-robe, with the rest, they are out of service : our stock of clothes, such as are not in tribulation for the general use, being a sacrifice to moths. The Tobacco-men, that used to walk up and down, selling for a penny pipe, that which was not worth twelve-pence an horse-load ; Being now bound under Tapsters in Inns and Tippling houses. Nay such a terrible distress and dissolution hath befallen us, and all those that had dependence on the stage, that it hath quite unmade our hopes of future recovery. For some of our ablest ordinary Poets, instead of their annual stipends and beneficial second-days,<sup>1</sup> being for mere necessity compelled to get a living by writing contemptible penny pamphlets in which they have not so much as poetical license to use any attribute of their profession ; but that of *Quid libet audendi ?* and feigning miraculous stories, and relations of unheard of battles. Nay, it is to be feared, they shortly some of them ; (if they have not been enforced to do it already) will be encited to enter themselves into *Martin Parkers* society, and write ballads. And what a shame this is, great *Phœbus*, and you sacred Sisters ; for your own Priests thus to be degraded of their ancient dignities. Be yourselves righteous Judges, when those who formerly

BENEFICIAL SECOND DAYS, when the authors had the whole or par', as by arrangement, of the proceeds of the House in payment for their plays.

have sung with such elegance the acts of Kings and Potentates, charming like *Orpheus* the dull and brutish multitude, scarce a degree above stones and forests into admiration, though not into understanding with their divine raptures, shall be by that tyrant necessity reduced to such abject exigents, wandering like grand children of old *Erra Paters*,<sup>1</sup> those learned Almanack-makers, without any *Mæcenæ*s to cherish their lofty conceptions, prostituted by the misfortune of our silence, to inexplicable miseries, having no heavenly Castilian Sack to actuate and inform their spirits almost confounded with stupidity and coldness, by their frequent drinking (and glad too they can get it) of fulsome Ale, and heretical Beer, as their usual beverage.

To conclude, this our humble complaint great *Phæbus*, and you nine sacred Sisters, the Patronesses of Wit, and Protectresses of us poor disrespected Comedians, if for the present, by your powerful intercessions we may be re-invested in our former Houses, and settled in our former Calling, we shall

<sup>1</sup>ERRA PATER, the real or fictitious name of an eminent Jewish astologer, but of whom nothing more than the name appears recorded. Butler sarcastically gives Lilly the name of *Erra Pater*.

In mathematics he was greater

Than Tycho Brahe or *Erra Pater*.

An almanack was called *Erra Pater*, from its being adorned probably with the head of the Astrologer.

Dirty December with a face as old as *Erra Pater*.

*Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.*

for the future promise, never to admit into our six-penny-rooms those unwholesome enticing Harlots, that sit there merely to be taken up by Prentices or Lawyers Clerks; nor any female of what degree soever, except they come lawfully with their husbands, or near allies: the abuses in Tobacco shall be reformed, none vended, not so much as in three penny galleries, unless of the pure *Spanish* leaf. For ribaldry, or any such paltry stuff, as may scandal the pious, and provoke the wicked to looseness, we will utterly expell it with the bawdy and ungracious Poets, the authors to the *Antipodes*. Finally, we shall hereafter so demean ourselves as as none shall esteem us of the ungodly, or have cause to repine at our action or interludes: we will not entertain any Comedian that shall speak his part in a tone, as if he did it in derision of some of the pious, but reform all our disorders, and amend all our amisses, so prosper us *Phœbus* and the nine *Muses*, and be propitious to this our complaint.

FINIS.



AN  
ORDINANCE  
OF THE  
LORDS and COMMONS  
Assembled in  
PARLIAMENT,  
FOR,  
The utter suppression and abolishing  
of all  
*Stage-Playes.*  
AND  
INTERLUDES.

With the Penalties to be inflicted upon  
the Actors and Spectators, herein exprest.

---

Die Veneris 11 *Februarii.* 1647.

*Ordered by the Lords Assembled in Parliament, That this Ordinance for the suppression of Stage-Playes, shall be forthwith printed and published.*

Joh. Brown Cler. Parliamentorum.

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Imprinted at *London* for *John Wright* at the  
Kings Head in the old Bayley. 1647.





*Die Mercurii 9 Februarii, 1647.*

AN ORDINANCE FOR SUPPRESSION OF  
ALL STAGE-PLAYS AND INTERLUDES.

**W**HEREAS the Acts of Stage-Plays, Interludes, and common Plays, condemned by ancient Heathens, and much less to be tolerated amongst Professors of the Christian Religion, is the occasion of many and sundry great vices and disorders, tending to the high provocation of Gods wrath and displeasure, which lies heavy upon this Kingdom, and to the disturbance of the peace thereof; in regard whereof the same hath been prohibited by Ordinance of this present Parliament, and yet is presumed to be practised by divers in contempt thereof. Therefore for the better suppression of the said Stage-Plays, Interludes, and common Players, It is Ordered and Ordained by the Lords and Commons in this present Parliament Assembled, and by Authority of the same, That all Stage-Players, and Players of Interludes, and common

Plays, are hereby declared to be, and are, and shall be taken to be Rogues, and punishable, within the Statutes of the thirty ninth year of the Reign of *Queen Elizabeth*, and the seventh year of the Reign of King *James*, and liable unto the pains and penalties therein contained, and proceeded against according to the said Statutes, whether they be wanderers or no, and notwithstanding any License whatsoever from the King or any person or persons to that purpose.

And it is further Ordered and Ordained by the Authority aforesaid, That the Lord Mayor, Justices of the peace, and Sheriffs of the City of *London* and *Westminster*, and of the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Surrey*, or any two or more of them, shall, and may, and are hereby authorized and required to pull down and demolish, or cause or procure to be pulled down and demolished all Stage Galleries, Seats, and Boxes, erected or used, or which shall be erected and used for the acting, or playing, or seeing acted or played, such Stage-Plays, Interludes, and Plays aforesaid, within the said City of *London* and Liberties thereof, and other places within their respective jurisdictions; and all such common Players, and Actors of such Plays and Interludes, as upon view of them, or any one of them, or by Oath of two Witnesses (which they are hereby authorized to administer) shall be proved before them, or any two of them to have

Acted, or played such Plays and Interludes as aforesaid at any time hereafter, or within the space of two Months before the time of the said Conviction, by their Warrant or Warrants under their hands and seals, to cause to be apprehended, and openly and publicly whipped in some Market Town within their several Jurisdictions during the time of the said Market, and also to cause such Offender and Offenders to enter into Recognizance or Recognizances, with two sufficient Sureties never to Act or play any Plays or Interludes any more, and shall return in the said Recognizance, or Recognizances, into the Sizes or Sessions to be then next holden for the said Counties and Cities respectively ; and to commit to the common Gaol any such person and persons as aforesaid, as shall refuse to be bound, and find such Sureties as aforesaid, until he or they shall so become bound. And in case any such person or persons so Convicted of the said offence, shall after again offend in the same kind, that then the said person or persons so offending, shall be, and is hereby Declared to be, and be taken as an incorrigible Rogue, and shall be punished and dealt with as an incorrigible Rogue ought to be by the said Statutes.

And it is hereby further Ordered and Ordained, That all and every sum and sums of Money gathered, Collected, and taken by any person or

persons, of such persons as shall come to see, and be Spectators of the said Stage-Plays, and Interludes, shall be forfeited and paid unto the Church-Wardens of the Church or Parish, where the said sums shall be so Collected and taken, to be disposed of to the use of the poor of the said Parish, and shall from time to time be levied by the said Church-wardens, and Constables of the said Parish, by Warrant under the hands and seals of any two of the Justices of the Peace of the County, City, or Town Corporate where the said sums are so taken and Collected, upon complaint thereof to them made, on the Goods and Chattels of the person or persons Collecting the same, or of the person and persons to whom the same shall be paid by them that Collect the same, by Distress, and sale of their Goods and Chattels, rendering to them the overplus, upon examination of the said persons, or proof made upon Oath before the said Justices of the sum or sums so Collected and received, which the said Justices are hereby authorized to take and examine.

And it is hereby further Ordered and Ordained, That every person or persons which shall be present and a Spectator at any such Stage-Play, or Interlude, hereby prohibited, shall for every time he shall be so present, forfeit and pay the sum of five shillings to the use of the poor of the Parish, where

the said person or persons shall at that time dwell or sojourn, being convicted thereof by his own confession, or proof of any one Witness upon Oath, before any one Justice of Peace of the County, City or Town-Corporate where the said offence is committed) who is hereby authorized to take the same Oath) to be levied by the Church-wardens or Constables of the said Parish, by warrant of the said Justice of Peace, by distress and sale of the Goods of the said person offending, rendering to him the overplus.

And it is hereby further Ordered and Ordained, That all Mayors, Bailiffs, Constables, and other Officers, Soldiers, and other persons being there unto required, shall be from time to time, and all times hereafter, aiding and assisting unto the said Lord Mayor, Justices of the Peace, and Sheriffs, in the due execution of this Ordinance, upon pain to be fined for their contempt in their neglect or refusal thereof.

*Joh. Brown, Cler. Parliamentorum.*

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F I N I S.

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Strange and VVonderfull  
PROPHESES

BY

The Lady ELEANOR AUDELEY; who  
is yet alive, and lodgeth in WHITE-HALL.

Which Shee Prophetied sixteen yeeres agoe, and  
had them Printed in Holland, and there presented  
the said Propheties to the Prince Elector; For which she  
was imprisoned seven yeeres here in *England*, by the late  
King and his Majesties Councell; First, she was put into  
the Gate-house then into Bedlam, and afterwards into  
the Tower of LONDON.

With Notes upon the said Propheties, how farre  
they are fulfilled, and what part remains yet unfulfilled,  
concerning the late King, and Kingly Government, and  
the Armies and people of ENGLAND. And particu-  
larly White-Hall, and other wonderful Predictions.

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Imprimatur Theodore Jennings August 25. 1649.

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London Printed for Robert Ibbitson in Smithfield near the  
Queens head Tavern, 1649.





Strange and Wonderful Prophecies  
by the Lady Eleanor Audeley,  
who is yet alive, and lodgeth  
in White-hall.

**T** O a *Sion* most belov'd I sing <sup>a</sup> Those that believe this por-  
b of *Babylon* a Song, <sup>b</sup> She frequently called the  
Concerns you more full <sup>c</sup> Bishops and Courtiers of En-  
gland.  
well I wot  
than ye do think upon.  
<sup>c</sup> *Belshazzar*, lo, behold the <sup>c</sup> The late King *Charles* whom  
King in all her books she called  
feasting his thousand Lords ; *Belshazzar* ; because the  
*Phobus* and *Mars* prais'd on each wall of the Banqueting house  
string, at *White-Hall*, where he  
every day records. <sup>d</sup> feasted, should be terrible to  
him, as a writing on the wall  
was to *Belshazzar*, which-  
proved true, for there he was  
beheaded.

The Temple Vessels of Gods house  
boldly in drunk about :

His <sup>d</sup> down (tis like) were made away, <sup>d</sup> Here she prophesied of his  
pawning and selling of his  
plate.  
bids holy things bring out ;

<sup>e</sup> Praising of Gold and Brass the <sup>e</sup> The pulling down of  
pictures and Organs in  
Churches.  
gods,

of Iron, Wood and Stone,

<sup>f</sup> See, hear, nor know, but now alas, <sup>f</sup> All did rise against him  
but the Court faction.  
praised in Court alone.

*g* Here she prophesied of the Kings death, which fell out true For the hearls-man took the hatchet in his hand wherewith he was be-headed, on the wall of the Banqueting house, after the King had drank a glass of wine, at one blow or line of blood, in presence of his then Equals, for he died as *Charles Stuart*. After he had been scarce an hour upon the Scaffold, he fell down on his knees, and so laid his neck on the block, with a pale ghastly countenance, without any opposition.

*i* Here she speaks of the High Court Justice, where the King pleaded hard, and so did the 3 Lords, but they were sentenced for their Treasons, &c. and put to death, according to judgment denounced by the Lord President in Scarlet.

*k* The King did eat no Supper the night before he died.

*l* He drank a glass of wine a little before he came to execution.

*m* His head was divided from his body.

*n* Here she names the Banqueting-house, the very place where he should be executed, and that before the host or Army. And this did befall him, for being led by his Queen.

A *g* hand Appears, lo in his sight,  
as he did drink the wine,

Upon the wall against the light  
it wrote about a line

In presence of his numerous Peers,  
not set a hour full,

In loins nor knees had he no might,  
chang'd as a ghastly skull.

Who might it read, alas, the thing,

*Belshazzar* i loud did shout ;  
Calls for Magicians all with speed  
came in, as wise went out,

Chaldeans and Soothsayers sage,  
the meaning whoso can

Of *Mene Mene* third Realms Peer  
in Scarlet Robe the man.

His *k* majesty forgets to Sup,  
Nobles astonish'd all ;

Musicians may their pipes put up,  
Stood gazing on the Wall.

The *l* pleasant Wine at length as  
sharp,

too late till thought upon  
Division *m* of another strain  
unfolds the figures long.

When *n* to the Banqueting house  
so wide,

Where host of lords did ring,

So wisely came the grateful Queen,  
said, *Ever live, O King.*

*Needs o trouble, O King, thy* *o* This she write to persuade  
the King to believe her pro-  
phesy.  
*thoughts no more,*  
*forthwith shall it be read ;*  
Daniel *there is who heretofore*  
*like doubts did open spread.*

Could all interpreting Shew  
which profound man soon brought,  
On whom confer the King needs  
would

his *p* orders high unsought.  
Needless preferments yours reserve,  
Sir, keep your gifts in store,  
High offices let others gain,  
there's given too much afore.

*p* The King delivered His  
George to the Bishop of  
London for P. Charles, but  
the Parliament considering  
his raising forces against  
them would not let him have  
it.

Yet unto thee shall here make  
known,  
resolve this Oracle true,

Sure as in *q* thy Banqueting house, *q* Here she set down the very  
place and manner of his  
execution, which was true,  
for at the Banqueting-House  
the King had his head cut  
off at one fatal blow.  
where all that come may view ;  
The Vessels of my God are brought,  
the palm salutes thee now  
Herewith; for these profan'd, by thee  
threateneth the fatal blow.

O King, even thou, the most high  
God

*r* His Grand-father was put  
to death in Scotland, which  
she did usually call *Calden*  
Land.

unto thy *r* Grandsire bold,  
*Calden* land, a Nation fell  
gave them to have and hold.  
The Royal Sceptre and the Crown  
advanc'd whom he would have,  
And whom he would he pulled  
down,  
could put to death and save :

Till walking at the twelve months  
end,  
subject full Tides do fall ;

*s*. Here she prophecied that  
Monarchy should cease in  
*England*, and White hall  
which was the Kings Court  
be turned into an hold for  
Soldiers.

*t* She here prophecied that  
he should as surely be put to  
death, as his Grand-father  
was, though not in the same  
manner.

Excellent *s* Majesty how gone,  
Court exchang'd for the Stall.  
Thy *t* Grandsire on, as came to  
pass ;  
at all yet minded not,  
As if a feigned Story, but  
his miserable Lot.

Expell'd was for the words escap'd,  
memory can speak well,

*u* Here she prophecied of the  
fowls which flew over the  
King when he was at exe-  
cution, to shew his folly, that  
he would not know his time,  
but bring himself to that  
miserable end,

Hardened in pride, unheard of such,  
the wild Ass with did dwell :  
Sent to the Ox, its owner knows,  
*u* undreamt of this his doom ;

Fowls their appointed time observe,  
wots not the night from noon.

Whose *w* heart made equal with the *w* Here she prophesied that  
Beast, his Entrails should be taken  
driven out with those that Bray ; out, and his body be  
embalmed.

The Diadem as well fits thee,

Ass, go, as much to say,

*x* Unt'l return'd came to himself, *x* She speaks this of his  
knew him that rules on high, spiritual estate, that God in  
mercy hath saved his soul.

Over the sons of men appoints  
what office they supply.

*y* During which space, this Assyrian, *y* During the time of the  
what watch kept night and day, Kings imprisonment, there  
were Guards upon him night  
and day.  
Thus metamorphos'd, over him,  
lest make himself away.

*z* Fields, woods as well, ring out, as *z* This fell out true, for he  
men was much lamented, by those  
of his own party especially.

for woe, and Echoes call

Mercy this savage King upon,  
in holy Temples all.

Bewailed, dejected soul, thus fallen,  
fed now grazing full low,

whilst they bedew the ground with *a* It was grown to a common  
tears Proverb that the King knew  
not his friends from his foes,  
all being abas'd, and none  
daring to stir or move for  
him,

*a* discerns not friend from foe.

Earth that of late made seem to  
dawn

with songs of Triumph high,  
Fleeth each wight abas'd as much,  
among the Herd doth lie.

*b* Speaking of her own family. By *b* Star-light for device who gave,

as graven on his Shield,  
An eagle mounted on the Crest,  
a Hart in silver field.

Extold again his God as high,  
blessed him all his days :

*c* She here blames those that would not believe her. *c* Others reputes them as nothing,  
*d* Here she prophesied of the very seven times seven that is 49th year of his age, the King was be-headed. alone proclaims his praise.

Whose *c* seven *d* times it served forth  
in vain for rest to crave ;

Whom Devils Legions do possess,  
a Monarch turn'd a Slave.

Deposed thus, thou knewest well,

*d* Prince Charles.

*Belshazzar, d* O his Son,

*e* This fell out true, for presently after the Kings death, the House of Commons Voted *England* a deliverance from Monarchy.

And renew'd so, *e* deliverance is  
voiced by every one.

*f* An Act was published in all parts against kingly Government, notwithstanding the many favourites thereof, And Lords that the King used to call Cosens.

A day a *f* Trumpet made to sound  
For Generations all ;

And with a Feast solemnised,  
that no time might recall ;



The memory of such an act,  
yet as it had not been,  
Thy Favourites who are more this  
day,  
or matched to thy Kin.

Then they *g* adoring Wood and *g* This is not yet fulfilled,  
Stone, but it seems to point out  
Statutes forsake Divine ; that the Kings Statues, and  
Meditate carved Statues on Armes shall be broken &  
in faction do combine, pulled down from all public  
With Enemies of God most high, places, as he in his Reign  
to thrust him from his Throne, had promoted Idolatry liberty  
And thus hast lifted up thy self, on the Lord day, and other  
so facile and so prone. notorious sins against God.

Against the Lord of Heaven thy  
King,  
not humbling of thy heart,  
But stiffened hast with pride thy  
neck  
unto thy future smart.  
Behold, polluting holy things  
with Sabbath so Divine,  
Idolatry and Revels in  
that day and night made thine.

But he in whose hand rests thy life,  
 even breath, thy ways, and all,  
 Thou hast not glorified him  
 sent this wrote on the wall.  
 God numbered thy Kingdom hath  
 ended ; the Hand points here,  
 In Balance he hath weighed thee  
 too,  
 The set hour drawing near.

How light soever by thee set,  
 thou as thy weightless Gold,  
 His Image wanting, found much  
 more

lighter than can be told.

*h* This is in part fulfilled by *h* Parted, divided thine Estate,  
 the Kings lands and goods  
 now upon sale. given to the *Medes* is,

At Hand, the Hand bids it adieu,

*i* She pophecies here that  
 there shall be no more Kings  
 in *England*.

*i* finish'd thy Majesties.

$$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Reveale} \\ \text{O Daniel.} \end{array} \right\} \text{Anagr.} \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Eleanor} \\ \text{Audeley} \end{array} \right\}$$

*FINIS.*

# THE VVhole Life and Progresse of

*Henry Walker the Ironmonger.*

*First, The manner of his Conversation.*

*Secondly, The several offences, and scandalous Pamphlets the said Walker hath writ, and for which he is now a prisoner in New-Gate.*

*Thirdly, The forme of the Inditement which is laid against him, by the Kings Sergeants at Law, and his learned Counsell.*

*Fourthly, His Conviction by the Iury.*

*Fiflly, His Recantation, and sorrow for the publicke wrong he hath done his Majesty and the whole Kingdome.*

Here are also many remarkable passages concerning the offence, and apprehending the said *Henry Walker*, with a true Relation of his several escapes and rescues from the hands of Justice; &c.

*Collected and Written by Iohn Taylor.*

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WALKER'S RECANTATION,  
TOGETHER WITH  
HIS LIFE AND CONVERSATION.

**I**T is too much apparent to this whole land or kingdom (which our Gracious Sovereign is the Lord's Anointed over) what, and how many, and numberless pamphlets, seditious and scandalous libels, impudent over-bold, impertinent and saucy petitions, to the great discontent of his Majesty, the abuse of the High Court of Parliament, and disorder or cause of the too much confusion throughout all his Majesties Dominions have been dispersed.

The chief or main stickler in this cause hath been this *Henry Walker* of whom I intend to treat in these ensuing lines ; and first to begin with his beginning (as far as I know.) The truth is, he was an apprentice to one Mr. *Holland* an ironmonger in Newgate Market ; his time being expired (I know not how or when) he did set up that trade in divers places of this city of London ; but his trade and he

fell at odds one with the other, so that there was a breach betwixt them, and being there was no reconciliation they parted, and never mean to come together again. Then he having left selling grid-irons and gads\*, with a gadding brain, walk'd and found out a softer occupation, and setting up a booksellers shop, fell to bookselling, he not having any Word of God in his said shop above the bulk or size of a horn-book. In these troublesome times *Mr. Walker* set his wits a work to compose such things as he supposed would vent or be saleable, amongst such people as understood them not, loved contention, or were willing to believe any thing that tended to rend or shake the peace of either Church or State, and such (and no other but such) were all the pamphlets, which he (the said *Walker*) composed, caused to be printed and sold, of which kinds of stuff it is supposed that he hath written near 300 several ones, of which number many of them have been printed 1500. or a 200. at an impression, and 100. (at the least) of any one of them; besides, some of them have been printed twice or thrice over, so that there hath not been fewer than between 4. or 500,000, of such pamphlets of his dispersed, by which means or doings, some hundred of thread-bare scribblers fell to trade of scandalous writing, and news making, and would be called poets, some half a

\*GADS.—Knobs or spikes of iron used in ancient armour.

year (or thereabouts) Mr. *Walker* did set his name to his worthless works, till at last his name grew odious and contemptible, so that his flim-flams would not sell, if people did perceive they were of his doing. Then he set out his rarities, nameless and shameless, in greater numbers than formerly he had done, so that all this kingdom or island of Great *Britain*, with the principality of *Wales* and realm of *Ireland*, were embroidered over with lies, libels, and lice; nay these scandalous fooleries (or knaveries) were of such attractive force and power, that they drew at least 500. vagrants and vagabonds from all the shires round about *London*, and they were all suddenly metamorphos'd and transform'd into wandering booksellers; every one of them (like apt scholars) had quickly learned the art to cry, *Will you buy a new book, new lye come forth*. This hath passed without controlment to the abuse of Church and State, the scandal of the whole kingdom, the injury to this honourable City; the raising of strifes, divisions, and bad opinions in many people of weak capacities and judgments; and to the mighty impeachment and detriment of the Worshipful Brotherhood of the Stationers, who are at great charges in paying all duties and taxes, and that now (almost two years) the bread hath been eaten out of their mouths by those vagrants, commonly called *Mercuries* and *Hawkers*.

*Walker* continuing still in this course, cursed course, his ragged regiment of tatterdemallions daily vending and dispersing his pestiferous pamphlets, at last, one night late he was by a Watch in *London* taken for a *Rat*\* and carried to the Counter; the next day he was brought before the Right Honourable Sir *Edmond Wright*, (then Lord Mayor) where (upon some occasions) was one *Nathanial Brown* a stationer, whom *Walker* desired to speak a good word for him to the Lord Mayor, to whom *Brown* answered that he would speak.

And speak he did to the purpose, for when my Lord came to examine *Walker* what he was, and how he lived, he being not able to give a good account for himself, then *Brown* began to certify my Lord of *Walkers* good behaviour in manner and form following.

*My Lord (quoth he) I do know this Walker to be an arrant rascal, an ironmonger by his trade, which though it be a Worshipful Company, yet it cannot contain him, nor he it; but he is a base intruder, and a shifting shuffler into the trade of the Stationers or Booksellers, wherein he unlawfully doth invent, write, print, and scatter all the abusive lies and babbles (or the most part of them) that do bestrew the City and country, and I do humbly beseech your Lordship to take some course with him, in restraining*

\*RAT.—An old contemptuous nickname for a clergyman.--*Halliwel*.



*him from doing any more. Upon these words the Lord Mayor would have bound Walker to answer at the Sessions, but he promising to desist and return to his old trade again, was dismissed, and so for that time got off. Yet for all the promises Mr. Walker walked on in his calumnious art and mystery of libelling, until at last his old master owing him a shame, paid him in his own coin thus :*

*He having gotten some notice from some of his Slavonian Hungarian scouts, that his Majesty intended to come to London, to the Guild-Hall the next day, which his Majesty did, and dined at Sir George Garrets Knight, and one of the Sheriffs and Alderman of the City, (near Aldermay Church) Walkers invention being mounted upon the attitude of mischief, he plotted and contrived with a Printer, the said night before to write and print a perilous Petition to his Majesty, and borrowed the Printers wifes Bible, out of which he took his theme out of the first of Kings, chap. 12. ver. 16 part of the verse ; To your Tents O Israel. There was writing and printing all night, and all the next day those libels were scattered, and when his Majesty had dined, and had taken coach to return to White-Hall, Walker stood watching the Kings coming by amongst the drapers in Pauls Church-yard, and having one of his pamphlets in his hand meaning to have delivered it to his Majesty, but could not come at him by reason of the*

*press of people, insonmuch as Walker (most impudently saucy) threw it over the folks heads into his Majestys coach. The Earl of Essex being also in the coach took it up, and kept it till his Majesty came to his Palace, where he caused it to be read, and finding it a most seditious thing, the next morning after caused the L. Chief Justice of the Kings Bench to be sent for, who obediently came to his Majesty, to whom the said pamphlet was delivered, with charge with all diligent speed to send forth warrants, for the taking of Walker and the printer, in which business there was used such vigilant care, that they were both taken that very day and brought before the said L. Chief Justice, and being examined apart, Walker said he wrote it not, but that he bought it of a young scholar all in black in Westminster Hall, and that it cost him two shillings six pence, this was Walkers confession, which he subscribed unto.*

*But afterwards the printer was examined, and he affirmed that Walker writ it all with his own hand, and for the doing of it made use of his wifes Bible, in his house, to which confession the printer hath also set his hand.*

My Lord Chief Justice caused both their Mittimusses to be made, whereby they were sent to the Kings Bench in Southwark by two officers of good place and trust; in which prison they remained a week or near, until it was thought meet to remove

them from the Kings Bench to Newgate, whereby they might be tried at the next approaching Sessions, for which purpose they were removed as aforesaid two days before the Sessions, but they taking boat on the Bankside were landed at the Blackfriars, whereby a rout or rabble of (little better than) rebels, they were violently taken from their keepers, rescued, and so got away that there was no finding of them in many weeks search and enquiry.

But all these fair warnings could not make Mr. *Walker* give over writing, lying and libelling, (selling scurvy base words for good money) lodging in bye-places, holes and cellars, till one time he was seen to go into the house of another usurping pamphleteer, one *Fisher* a barber an associate of his, but as some would have apprehended him, he made use of his heels, for at that time there was no officer to be found to take him.

From this second escape he fled into St. *Martins*, whither he was pursued, and where he had a printers press at work, but being not able to recover that house, he got into an ale-house called the sign of the Castle, the owner of it (as I have been certified) is one *John White*, but from thence he was set free by the disorderly stir and force of some unruly journeymen shoemakers (who surely knew not what they did) and this was his third escape.

The news of this caused more and more Warrants to be issued out for his apprehension ; and there was such narrow search made for him that he was deprived of all his starting holes, and could skulk nowhere secure, so that he was fain to veil himself in the disguise of a minister in a black cloak pendant to his ankles, a spiritual cassock, girt to him with a silk girdle and a canonical knot.

With this artificial borrowed habit (and some natural impudence of his own) he presumed to mount into the pulpit, at Saint *Mary Magdalens*, at *Bermondsey* in Southwark, where he so handled a text, and made such a preachment, that what with liking and disliking the people were ready to go together by the ears ; at which time an Aldermans man (being curious to hear what stuff *Walker* would vent) was abused much, and beaten a little.

All this while his Majesty is justly and highly offended, that no order is taken for the suppressing of seditious and scandalous pamphlets, and in two messages at several times from his Majesty to both the Houses of Parliament, he nominates *Walkers* pamphlet of *To your Tents O Israel* : and indeed whosoever shall read that text and consider the mischief it did in the days of *Rehoboam*, the son of *Solomon*, in making 10 of the 12 tribes to fall from the king to *Jeroboam*, the son of *Nebat*, (they being both wicked kings) may think it a strange piece of

Scripture to be spoken, written, or printed in those times under so mild and gracious a King, to alienate or estrange the hearts of wavering subjects from their allegiance.

Well, great enquiry is made night and day, and *Walker* having a house about Moor-fields, he forsakes it, and escapes when it was beset for him, from thence he got into the Tower Liberty into an upholsterers shop in the Bulwark; and being heard of, new Warrants being out for him, he was espied in the said shop by one that knew him, and that he knew came to take him, wherefore by the help of two women there, he violently burst away, running towards the Tower Stairs, crying an Arrest, an Arrest, and so got into a boat, offering any gold or silver to be carried away.

Thus stood he in the boat almost a quarter of an hour, hundreds or multitudes of people standing on the shore on the Tower-wharf the officers not daring to fetch him off the water least they should entrench upon the Liberty of the water Bailiff, so that some would rescue him (amongst whom two seemed to be lightermen) and do deserve to have a reward over the shoulders; others would have him come on land and yield himself; at last the officers that were appointed to take him went to Sir *John Conniere* Knight, Lieutenant of the Tower, to crave his command for taking him. Master Lieutenant

presently sent his clerk to the water side, upon whose coming the boat began to row away with *Walker*; then straight four pair of oars made after them, who beleagured him on both sides, and with much ado brought him to the land, and into the Tower, where he now remains, expecting his time of trial, and let him escape how he can or may, it is most certain that he hath done more mischief by his pamphletizing seditions, scandalous ridiculous lies, and railing libels, than one thousand of his heads are worth.

But now to come a little nearer, *Henry Walker*, who is now to be removed by a Warrant directed to the Lieutenant of the Tower, which was on Tuesday last being the fifth of this month of July, to have the body of this aforesaid *Walker* to be removed to Newgate, and there at the Sessions house in the Old Bailey to have an indictment framed and drawn up against the said *Henry Walker*, for the several acts which he hath committed in and about London : the true indictment being made by the advice of the Kings Serjeants and Counsel at Law, was preferred against the said *Walker* on Thursday after being the eighth of the aforesaid month, which being read openly in the Court, and *Walker* there present at the bar ; pleaded to the said indictment not guilty ; and being asked how he would be tried, answered, by God and his Country, and withal further desired

of the honourable Bench ; that he might first have a copy of his indictment. Secondly, that the Judges who were then present with the rest of the honourable Bench, that they would be pleased to grant him the liberty, in regard he knew not the law, that he might have some Counsellor of the Law to plead his cause for him ; both which requests were granted to him which was a great favour. Then the Bench asked *Walker* what time he would require to make his answer ; then *Walker* desired but till the next day in the morning to make his defence, which was Friday ; Friday being come about ten of the clock the Queen's Attorney and two Serjeants at Law, caused the indictment to be read ; which being done, they began to show and did make it plain how odious the matter was, and how it was a fact of a high nature ; first against his Majesty, to make him as it were odious to his people : *To your Tents O Israel* ; as if the King were a tyrant, bidding as it were every man to take his sword and armour ; and oppose all authority whatsoever, obeying no law but that of their own humour and will ; what can there be more said, but that it was very plain, but that this *Walker* did by those words labour to instigate and stir up the Kings subjects to a mutiny, and to cause tumults to arise in this kingdom, nay in the heart of this kingdom, in the City of London too ; not only to teach these words, but to cause them at his own

charge to be printed, and to divulge the same through his Majesties Kingdoms: Nor did this *Walker* rest himself therewith satisfied, but in an audacious way, and in a bold manner, as the King's Majesty passed through the City of London riding in his coach, threw one of them into the very coach itself, and in the very face of the King; what an affront was this? can any age parallel it, or any Chronicle make mention of the like, and in a Civil Common-wealth; and in a well governed city; I think not: nor is this all, for this *Walker* hath invented and writ divers pamphlets, and other scandalous books, to the great disturbance of his Majesty, and of his liege people, a 'mere sower of division, an upholder of a new Government; an inventor of a new Doctrine, nay, he is become a preacher and a deliverer of this his humour even in the Church, and openly in the pulpit too, and on the Sunday: drawing after him, and seducing poor ignorant people to the very ruin of their souls, if it were possible. This act of his, it was done with much venom, malice, bitterness, and rancour; considering the time because the King and his Parliament were then at some difference, who did as much as in him lay to set his Majesty and his subjects together at discord; it was drawn with cunning, and at such a time published, that if envy itself had plotted it, it could not have come forth in



a more dangerous season. He confessed it was his own work, and done by night; and the next day by him exposed to sale: it was a foul misdemeanour, and it was published with an ill intent. Nay what is this *Walker* not, what wrong he hath done let his own conscience, his several books and pamphlets, which he hath both written, made, and printed them himself witness. Well, the Jury hears the information, the several pleadings, the several witnesses that this *Walker* was the only framer, inventor, publisher, and disperser of that book *To your Tents O Israel*; upon which several evidences the Jury withdraws themselves (being 12 honest men and of a good rank and quality) to consider of the matter; which being truly weighed, and a long time debated and scanned, agreed all in one mind, called for *Henry Walker* to the bar; who being come to deliver their verdict, they all declared him by the voice of their Fore-man to be guilty both of the Trespass and of the Misdemeanour. He was convicted, 1. For writing of it. 2. For the composing of it. 3. For the publishing of it himself at the printers house, and receiving money for them. Which done he had nothing to say for himself, nor his Counsel neither, but only he did it not with an ill intent to do any harm. And now he is heartily sorrowful for it, and begs the Kings mercy, and the charitable censure of all men for his rashness and over-hot zeal; especially

of his sacred Majesty, whom he hath most offended; and for his Majestys clemency to him, he will ever be bound to pray for him; because his Majesty did give command that this indictment should not be put against him for Treason, but only for Misdemeanour; which if it had been preferred for Treason, it might have been as well found and cost him his life, as for this fact of misdemeanour; and so I *H. Walker* am heartily sorry, and desire God, his Majesty, and all his Majestys subjects to forgive me, and by my example to forsake these private and secret meetings, or rather conventicles; and so with tears I submit myself to the law, and the punishments whensoever it shall be denounced and inflicted upon me.

*Dated the 12 of July, 1642.*

FINIS.

MAD FASHIONs,

OD FASHIONS,

All out of Fashions,

OR,

The Emblems of these Distracted times.

By *Iohn Tayler.*



LONDON,

Printed by *Iohn Hammond*, for *Thomas Banks*, 1642.





*Mad Fashions, Odd Fashions, All out of Fashions,*

*OR,*

*The Emblems of these distracted times.*

**T**HE Picture that is Printed in the front  
Is like this Kingdom, if you look upon't  
For if you well do note it as it is,  
It is a transform'd Metamorphosis,  
This Monstrous Picture plainly doth declare  
This land (quite out of order) out of square  
His Breeches on his shoulders do appear,  
His Doublet on his lower parts doth wear;  
His Boots and Spurs upon his Arms and Hands,  
His Gloves upon his feet (whereon he stands)  
The Church o'erturned (a lamentable show)  
The Candlestick above, the light below,  
The Coney hunts the Dog, the Rat the Cat,  
The Horse doth whip the Cart (I pray mark that)  
The Wheelbarrow doth drive the man (oh Base)  
And Eels and Gudgeons fly a mighty pace.  
And sure this is a Monster of strange fashion,  
That doth surpass all *Ovid's* Transformation,

And this is England's case this very day,  
All things are turned the Clean contrary way ;  
For Now, when as a Royal Parliament,  
(With King, and Peers, and Commons whole  
consent)

Have almost sat two years, with pains and Cares,  
And Charge, to free us from our Grievs and fears,  
For when many a worthy Lord and Knight,  
And good Esquire (for King and Country's Right)  
Have spent so much time with Great Toil, and  
Heed,

All England's Vicious garden how to weed,  
So like a Wilderness 'twas overrun,  
That though much hath been done ; All is not done.  
The Devil doth persuade, entice and lurk,  
And force bad men to set good men awork.  
That whilst the *Worthies* strive to right our wrongs,  
And give to each man, what to him belongs ;  
Whilst they take pains to settle all things here,  
An *Irish Devil*, doth madly domineer.  
From Hell's black Pit, begirt with Romish Arms,  
Thousands of *Locusts*, are in Troops and Swarms,  
More Barbarous than the Heathen, worse than Jews,  
No Turks, or Tartars would such Tortures use.  
Sure that Religion can no ways be good,  
That so inhumanly delights in Blood :  
Nor do that doctrine from the scriptures spring,  
That Subjects should Rebel against their King.

Nay (further) murder, ravish, spoil delflower,  
Burn and lay waste, depopulate, devour,  
Not sparing Infants at the Breast or womb,  
(To die where first they lived, their Birth, their  
Tomb)

'Tis said no Serpent, Adder, Snake, or Toad,  
Can live in *Ireland*, or hath there abode :  
'Tis strange that she those Vipers doth not Kill,  
That Gnaws her Bowels, and her blood doth spill,  
Can Irish Earth Kill all things venomous,  
And can she nurse such Vermin Mischievous :  
Her own sons Native, worse than Strangers Born,  
They have their Mother's Entrails rent and torn,  
Yet still her Indulgency, harbours those.  
And feeds those Rebels that do breed her woes :  
God (in thy Mercy) give her strength and Aid,  
And courage, make her foes and ours dismayed,  
Thou Lord of Hosts, thine own cause take in hand,  
Thy foes (Thine Anti-christian foes) withstand ;  
Defend thy truth, and all our Armies guide,  
Our enemies to scatter and divide.  
Thus leaving *Ireland* (with my hearty prayers)  
To *Britain* back again my Muse repairs :  
Where I perceive a Metamorphosis,  
Is most preposterous, as the Picture is,  
The world's turned upside down, from bad to worse,  
Quite out of frame, *The cart before the Horse*,

The Felt-maker, and saucy stable Groom  
Will dare to Perch into the Preacher's Room,  
Each Ignorant, do of the Spirit Boast,  
And prating fools brag of the *Holy Ghost*,  
When *Ignoramus* will his Teacher Teach,  
And Sow-gelders, and Cobblers dare to preach,  
This shews, men's wits are monstrously disguised,  
Or that Country is Antipodis'd.  
When holy Common Prayer, is by the Rabble  
Accounted Porridge, and unfruitful Babble,  
When our Belief is not so much as said,  
When as the Ten Commandments are not read,  
When as the Lord's Prayer is almost neglected,  
When as all decency is quite rejected,  
When to avoid a *Romish Papist's* name,  
A man must be unmannerly, past shame,  
When he that show Reverence, doth offend,  
And he seems best that will not bow or bend,  
When he that into God's House doth not come,  
As to a Stable, or a Tippling Room,  
Is counted for a Popish favourite,  
And branded so, despised, and scorned with spite.  
When He that (of his ways) doth conscience make,  
And in his heart doth world, flesh, fiend forsake,  
Loves God with all his soul ; adores no pelf,  
And loves his Neighbour, as he loves himself,  
This man is Rare to find, yet this Rare man



Shall have the Hateful name of Puritan ;  
When execrations pierce the firmament,  
And oaths do batter against Heaven's Battlement :  
When Imprecations, and damned Blasphemies,  
In sundry cursed volleys scale the Skies,  
When men more Brutish than the Horse or Mule,  
Who know not to obey, presume to Rule,  
Thus Church and Common-wealth, and men, all are  
(Much like the Picture) out of frame or square.  
And if 'twere possible our fathers old  
Should live again, and tread upon this mould,  
And see all things confused, overthrown,  
They would not know this Country for their own.  
For *England* hath no likelihood, or show  
Of what it was but seventy years ago ;  
Religion, manners, life and shapes of men,  
Are much unlike the people that were then,  
Nay England's face and language is estrang'd,  
That all is Metamorphosed, chopped, and changed,  
For like as on the Poles, the World is whirled  
So is this Land the *Bedlam* of the World ;  
That I amazed, and amated am,  
To see *Great Britain* turned to *Amsterdam*,  
Men's brains and wits (two simples beat together)  
From thence (mixed and compounded) are sent  
hither  
For *Amsterstam* is landed (as I hear)  
At *Rye*, or *Hastings*, or at *Dover Pier*,

At *Harwich, Ipswich, Sandwich*, or at *Weymouth*,  
 At *Portsmouth, Dartmouth, Exmouth, Plymouth*,  
*Falmouth*,

At *Yarmouth*, and at all the Ports, to *Teignmouth*,  
 And westward unto *Bristol* and to *Monmouth* ;  
 From all these *Mouths* and more, mad sects are  
 sent,

Who have Religion all in pieces Rent,  
 One would have this, Another would have that,  
 And most of them would have they know not what.  
 God give us peace, and ease us in our pain,  
 And send those sects, from whence they came again,  
 The Papist, and the Schismatic ; both grieves  
 The *Church*, for she's like *Christ* (Between two  
 Thieves.)

I took the Protestation twice of Late,  
 Where I protested not to Innovate.  
 T'avoid all Popish Rites, and to express  
 Obedience to what *England's* Church profess,  
 My Loyalty unto my King is bent  
 With duty to the Peers and Parliament.  
 With Prayers, and my best service for them all,  
 That on them may Heaven's chiefest blessings fall,  
 That with one heart, as one man, with one mind,  
 (For God's great glory) they may be combined,  
 And never vary, but go boldly on,  
 To end the good work, which they have begun.  
 This is the Sum (which ne'er shall be forsook)

Of what I in the Protestation took.  
But, for all this, I may be mannerly  
In God's House, and be free from Papistry ;  
I hope I may put off my hat, and be  
Allowed to Kneel, and Pray, and Bow my Knee,  
When as divine Command bids, only then  
I'll Bow to God, and not to Saints, or Men.  
And from those duties I will never vary  
Till death, or Order do command contrary.  
The Almighty's Name be ever praised and blessed,  
That Romish superstition is suppressed,  
We have no Abbies, Abbots, Friars, or Monks,  
Nor have we Nuns, or Stews allowed for Punks,  
We have no Masses, or no Mass-Priests here.  
But some are hanged, and some are fled for fear.  
All those that are so bold to stay behind,  
I wish they may like entertainment find ;  
Beads, Baubles, Relics, Tapers, Lamps or Lights,  
We have no superstitious Romish Rites,  
We seek our Pardons from our Heavenly Hope,  
And not by works, or favour from the Pope ;  
To Saints we make no prayer, or Intercession,  
And unto God alone we make Confession ;  
We hold no Real Presence in the Bread,  
And we do know King *Charles* our supreme head  
(Beneath God, who hath placed him in his Throne)  
For other Supreme, we acknowledge none.  
No Purgatory, Image, Wood or Stone,

No Stock, or carved Block, we trust upon,  
Nor is our Church discretion here so little,  
*As* to Baptize with Cream, with salt and Spittle.  
We have as many Sacraments, as Heaven  
Ordained ; which are but two, and Rome hath  
seven

We do not Christen Bells, and give them Names  
Of Simon, Peter, Andrew, John and James ;  
We use no Pilgrimage, or Holy-water,  
Nor in an unknown tongue our Prayers scatter ;  
*All* these, and many more, in Rome are used  
Which are by us rejected and refused.  
*And* yet too many faults, alas remains,  
Which are the Church's, and the Kingdom's stains,  
The Church Triumphant is not clear from spots,  
The Poor Church Militant hath still some blots,  
Here's all imperfect, something's still amiss,  
*And* nothing's blessed, but in Eternal Bliss.  
Meantime, till we amend, and leave our crimes,  
The Picture is the Emblem of the Times.

FINIS.

# THE KINGS

## MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTIES

VVellcome to his owne House,  
Truly called the Honour of *Hampton*

# COVRT,

VVho came thither on the 24. of  
*August*, and so consequently hoped and hum-  
bly desired to *White-Hall*.

Written by his Majesties most humble servant  
*John Tailor*, one of the Yeoman of  
His MAJESTIES Guard.

---

*Alius Poeta Aquaticus.*

---

From my House at the Crowne in *Globe Lane*, alias *Phœnix Al-*  
ly, nere the *Globe Taverne* in *Long Aker*,

---

Printed in the Yeare. 1647.





## THE KINGS

Most Excellent MAJESTIES,  
Welcome to his own House,  
Truly called the Honour  
of *Hampton-Court*.

**M**OST Gracious (suffering) Sovereign Lord  
and King  
Had I a quill plucked from the *Phoenix*  
wing,  
Or *Homers* Muse or, *Virgils* towring style,  
(Thy ten times long wish'd welcome to  
compile)

Had I all these great aids, all were too few,  
Thy Subjects long expected joys to show  
Thy presence hath inspir'd this Muse of mine,  
More than *Apollo* and his triple Trine,  
He's dull brained, and a Poet cannot be,  
That wants a Muse (Great King,) and writes of thee.  
A juster Master servant never had  
And servants false to man, too bad  
But as the Eagle never cast his eyes,

On abject, objects, vermin, gnats or flies,  
So thou not minding injuries, hath still,  
With thine own goodness overcome their ill.  
Ungrateful men took clothing, wages, food,  
From thee, and have repaid thee ill for good :  
Which thy Heroic mind still slighted hath,  
As most unworthy of thy Royal wrath.  
There's not a grace, a virtue of an Art,  
But are enthroned in thy Princely Heart :  
*Faith* and *Fame* unshaken with the wrongs,  
Of perjur'd writers and perfidious tongues,  
Thy certain *Hope* in thy Majestic Breast  
That fix'd belief, shall be made manifest  
By *Charity*, which thou hast shew'd to those  
Who are thy cursed causeless mortal foes.  
Whereby thy virtues patient constancy,  
Hath won thee a more glorious victory,  
Than If (by conquest) thy sharp sword should pierce  
Through all the Kingdoms of the Universe.  
Thy *Mercy* and thy *Justice* are the Gems,  
And richest Jewels in thy Diadems.  
To sum up all ; 'tis truly understood  
There's nothing may be named *just* or *good*  
But is in thee ingrafted, and nothing ill  
Thou sayest or doest, but 'tis against thy will.  
Thy Master *Christ* (the *light* made thee discern,  
And this bless'd Lesson thou from him didst learn.  
That he that Loveth, Father, Mother, Wife,



Children, earths goods or glory, or his life  
More than his Saviour (such a sordid Spirit)  
Is most unworthy of his Masters Merit :  
This precept thou hast practis'd this thy troth  
Kept in thy Christian Coronation Oath,  
Wife, Children, Crown, and Kingdoms, friends,  
Life, all

Thou hazard'st either to rise, stand or fall,  
Thy Love (Great King) to thy great King of Kings,  
By thee hath been prefer'd above all things,  
For which he'll crown his Gifts in thee, and He  
Will crown thee glorious with Eternity :  
Thy Constancy hath trip'd up *Fortunes* heel,  
Thy mind ne'er minded her Inconstant Wheel :  
What good, or bad Occurrences effected ;  
Thy Spirits were ne'er erected or dejected ;  
Not with a stupid Humour stoical,  
But with a Christian Mind Majestical :  
And with Impregnable strong confidence,  
Still trusting in the Almighty's Providence.  
Now may we see that Patience, Clemency,  
Religion, and true Magnanimity,  
Are Talents lent, whose value doth excel :  
And all the Profits their's that use them well.  
And (Royal Sir) Thou hast done well (no doubt)  
Thou hast not wrap'd thy Talent in a Clout,  
But so improv'd thy trust, in thy Trustee,  
That tenfold ten times more thy trust shall be.

And now poor *England*, hath so many years  
Been Plagu'd with causeless *Jealousies* and *Fears*,  
Which (like Black clouds) dispersed with wavering  
wind:

Made *Wit* squint-ey'd, and *Understanding* blind,  
Whereby each how was frighted hence sweet *Peace*  
And every moment miseries increase :

But as bright *Phœbus* (interposed by Clouds,  
Which with a mourning face the earth e'en shrouds)  
At last dispels them with his Radiant Ray,  
And makes the dulsome dark, a gladsome day.

So we (mistaken Subjects) hood-wink over  
With Ignorance, our sights again recover,  
King *Charles* shines clear, as *Sol's* Coruscant Beams  
Hath prov'd our *Jealous Fears* were less than  
dreams,

Mild *Dove-like* King brings Peace with the *Olive*  
Branch,

Whose Love (like *Balsam*, Bleeding wounds will  
staunch

Our cheerful faces, shows our minds (like Mirrors)  
Free from suspicious thoughts, or needless Terrors:  
Hearts overflow'd with Joys, Thanks up erected  
To God, who for us hath this good effected:  
Our joyful eyes shows *April* drops of pleasure,  
And showers of Joy fill the *Horizons* measure,  
The Almighty hath thy troubles seen and heard,  
And hath thy upright heart in such regard

That (maugre mischief) His outstretched Arm  
Hath, doth, and will defend thee still from Harm,  
Base *Shimei* Rails not as he erst hath hath done,  
Nor rake-hell *Sheba* (*Bieri's* cursed son)  
Doth roar and rail with loud Infernal yell,  
Or cry out, *to your Tents oh Israel*  
That Secretaries no more contention Breed  
But humbly learn to know their Christian Creed,  
That *Judases* no more *Hail Master* say  
When as they mean their Master to betray,  
That Reverend *Levites* of a new hatch Brood,  
Make *England* drunk no more with English Blood.  
That we may have our Queen and Prince once  
more,  
And use them Kinder than we did of yore.  
Triumphing trumpets sound shall mount to the stars  
And not the dreadful charge of civil wars,  
Sweet Peace (we hope shall still the Churlish  
Drum,  
And Murdering, Thundering, Guns, Commanded  
Dumb,  
*Justice* and *Mercy* both Kiss (when they meet)  
No heavy sad complaining in our street,  
No more shall *England* bathe in her own Gore,  
Or leading to captivity no more.  
Sword (drunk with blood) shall in their Scabbards  
rest,  
No plundering or free quartering shall molest,

The painful *farmer*, ploughman, or the swain,  
And *weapons* shall give place to *gowns* again.  
The Church resume her rights she had before,  
The Clergy to be scandalized no more.  
Thus each man hopes he shall his right enjoy  
And all cease one another to destroy.  
The King shall have his own again, and see,  
His enemies ashamed and odious be.  
Upon thy Head still flourish may thy Crown,  
And ten times troubled be thy high Renown  
That thee and thine in glory here may Reign,  
Until the King of glory come again:  
For such as speak peace, and do war intend,  
For any Sinister or private end.  
That of tranquillity do prate and prattle,  
But wish for war, yet dare not see a Battle,  
Let all such never claim a Christian Name  
Whose trade or pleasure in Blood and Flame,  
Of their dear Country, to Rip, Rend and tear,  
Their Mothers Womb, which did such Bastards  
bear.  
Belike some fear that Peace would drive'em hence  
To *England* New, or the Isle of *Providence*:  
*Virginia*, *Bermudas*, or St. Kitts.  
*Barbadoes*, *Mavis*, or besides their wits  
But those that offering to the Altars bring,  
To raise new wars 'gainst Kingdom Laws and  
King,

Let them go West-ward to the Triple tree,  
And like false Traitors, hang both he and she.  
Those Sons of *Hittites* and of *Amorites*,  
God do to them, as to the *Midianites*,  
As Heathen *Siscra*, and as *Fabin* died  
At *Endors* Field, (where *Kishows* Brook doth slide)  
As they became as dung, so let them be,  
That to a blessed Peace will not agree,  
The peace of God, grant us thou God of Peace,  
Let us cease sin, thou wilt our sorrows cease.  
Let's frame our lives according to thy word  
And let no Sword be drawn, but Justice Sword,  
To which ends, thou good God of Consolation,  
Send happy peace to this afflicted Nation.  
So welcome good King *Charles* to Hampton Court,  
And God be still thy shield, defence and Fort.

FINIS.





*To day a man , To morrow none :*

OR, SIR

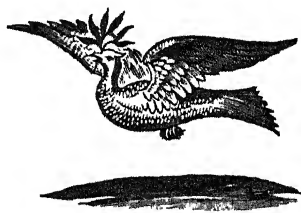
*Walter Rawleighs*

Farewell to his LADY,

The night before hee was beheaded :

Together with his advice concerning  
HER, and her SONNE.

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LONDON, Printed for *R.H.* · 1644.



THIS little tract has been mentioned in bibliographical work under Raleigh, but no biographer appears to have seen it, and no account of the contents of it has been published. It only requires a few words, as no part of the matter is absolutely new.

It tends to prove how long the popular interest regarding Raleigh survived his execution, when a chap-book like the present could be published for the gratification of buyers of such cheap literary commodities.

First comes Raleigh's famous letter to his wife, concluding so pathetically and piously, "My true wife, Farewell : God blesse my poore boy ! Pray for me : my true God hold you both in His armes !" Then we have his Epitaph, not materially differing from the ordinary copies. The chief interest arises from what appears on the last page, which, for the first time in print, ascribes the poem "Like Hermite poore" to Raleigh. It exists in MS. in various collections, and it is not unfrequently alluded to, but it originally appeared in "The Phoenix Nest," 1593, without any name prefixed or appended. Here we see that in 1644, twenty-two years after the death of Raleigh, it was publicly ascribed to him.—*Collier's Bibliographical Catalogue*.





Sir *Walter Raleigh's* farewell to his  
LADY the night before he was  
beheaded.

*Together with his advice concerning her, and  
her Son.*

*Dear W I F E,*

**Y**OU shall receive my last words in these my last lines? my love I send you that you may keep it when I am dead, and my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows (dear *Bess*) let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you any more in this life, bear my destruction gently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many troubles and cares taken for me, which though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not less, but I shall never recompence it in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you even for the love you bare me living, that you do not hide yourself many

days, but by your travel seek to help your miserable fortune, and the right of your poor child : your mourning cannot avail me that am but dust.

Thirdly, you shall understand that my Lands were conveyed (*bonafide*) to my child, the writings were drawn at Midsummer was twelve month, as divers can witness, and I trust that my blood will quench their malice that desire my slaughter, and that they will not seek also to kill you and yours with extreme poverty.

To what friend to direct you I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial ; most sorry I am (as God knoweth) that being thus surprised with death I can leave you no better estate ; I meant you all my Office of wines or that I should purchase by selling it, half my stuff and my jewels, (but some few for the boy) but God hath prevented all my determinations ; The great God that worketh all in all.

But if you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but vanity.

Love God, and begin betime to repose your self on him, therein shall you find true and everlasting riches and endless comfort : for the rest when you have travelled and wearied your thoughts over all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end.

Teach your son also to serve and fear God whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up with him, then will God be a husband unto you, and a father unto him, a husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

*Bayly* oweth me 1000 l. *Arion* 600 l. In *Fersey* also I have much owing me ; the arrearages of the wines will pay yours debts.

And howsoever (I beseech you for my souls sake) pay all poor men when I am gone : no doubt you shall be sought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich.

But take heed of the pretence of men and of their affections, for they last but in honest and worthy men : and no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey, and after to be despised : I speak it (God knoweth not to dissuade you from marriage, for that will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world.

As for me I am no more yours, nor you mine, death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me : Remember your poor child for his fathers sake that comforted you, and loved you in his happiest times.

I sued for my life (but God knows) it was for you and yours that I desired it : for know it (dear wife) that your son is the child of a true man, and

who in his own heart despiseth death, and all his misshapen and ugly forms.

I cannot write much; God knoweth how hardly I stole this time when all are asleep, and it is now time to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body which living was denied you, and either lay it in *Sherborne* or in *Exeter* Church by my father and mother. I can say no more time and death call me away. The everlasting God, infinite, powerful, and inscrutable God, That Almighty God which is goodness itself, mercy itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me.

Teach me to forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send me to meet him in his glorious Kingdom.

My true wife farewell, God bless my poor boy, pray for me, my true God hold you both in His Arms.





*VEN such is time, which takes in trust  
Our youth, our age, and all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust,  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways  
Shuts up the story of our days.  
And from the earth, the grave and dust,  
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.*

WALTER RAWLEIGH.



*LIKE Hermit poor in pensive place obscure  
I mean to end my days with endless doubt,  
To wail such woes as time cannot recur  
Where none but love shall ever find me out.  
And at my gates despair shall linger still  
To let in death when love and fortune will.*

*A Gown of gray my body shall attire,  
My staff of broken hope whereon I stay  
Of late repentance linked with long desire,  
The couch is framed whereon my limbs I lay.  
And at my gates, &c.*

*My food shall be of care and sorrow made,  
My drink nought else but tears fal'n from mine eyes,  
And for my light in this obscured shade  
The flames may serve which from my heart arise.  
And at my gates, &c.*

WALTER RAWLEIGH.

*FINIS.*



JOHN TAYLORS

## Wandering to see the Wonders of the WEST.

How he travelled neere 600. Miles, from London to  
the Mount in Cornwall, and beyond the Mount,  
to the Lands end, and home againe.

*Dedicated to all his loving Friends, and free minded  
Benefactors.*

---

In these dangerous dayes for Rich men, and miserable times for the Poore Servants of the late King, (whereof I was one, 45.years to his Royall Father and Himself) I thought it needful to take some course to make use of some friends, and devise a painfull way for my subliftence; which was the Journey I have past, and this Booke heere present; for which purpose I gave out many of these following Bills, to which neere 3000. Gentlemen and others, have kindly subscribed, to give me a reasonablen reward.



---

*Printed in the Yecre 1649.*

*The Bill of John Taylor, or a Taylor's Bill, without either Imprimis, or Items.*

**Q**LD, lame, and poor, by mad contentions begger'd,  
And round about with miseries beleagur'd :  
Too many masters, made me masterless,  
Too many wrongs have made me moneyless,  
Helpless, and hopeless, and remedyless,  
And every way encompassed with distress,  
To ease my griefs I have one trick of wit,  
(If you that read will set your hands to it :)  
Which is, when I do give you good account  
From London unto Cornwall's Michaels Mount,  
Of all my journey, and what news I found  
In air, or sea, above, or under ground ;  
When I do give you truths of this in print,  
How I did travel, gravel, dust, dirt, flint,  
My entertainment, where 'twas good, where ill,  
Then (in good money) give me what you will,  
Your names and dwellings, write that I may find you,  
And I shall (with my book) seek, find, and mind you,  
with humble thanks.

---

**S**EVEREN times at Sea I served Eliza Queen,  
Since when, I thrice in Germany have been,  
Once in Bohemia 'twixt earth, sea and sky,  
And once to Scotland, and the mountains high :  
Then unto Queenborough, in a paper boat,  
Then next (from London) I to York did float  
With a small pair of oars (or little wherry)  
And in like sort from London to Salisbury,  
Next that my man and I did ride out steeds  
To Leicester, Lynn, Hull, Halifax and Leeds,  
O'er lofty mountains, where the winds blew bleak,  
To Chester, Derby, and Devil's arse a peak.  
Then with a sculler's boat to Cirencester,  
From thence (up Severn's flood) to Gloucester,  
To Worcester, and the town of Shrewsbury,  
From thence to Bristol, and to Bath I fly ;  
These are no fictions, or false idle tales,  
I pass from Bath to the river Wye in Wales ;  
Then Hereford did me well entertain,  
From whence I home came in my boat again.  
Last (to the King) at the Isle of Wight I went,  
Since when my best content, is discontent :  
Thus having travelled North, and South, and East,  
I mean to end my travels with the West,





## TAYLORS WESTERN VOYAGE TO THE MOUNT.



*IS a mad world (my masters) and in sadness  
I travell'd madly in these days of mad-  
ness :*

*Eight years a frenzy did this land molest,  
The ninth year seemed to be much like the rest,  
Myself (with age, grief, wrongs, and wants opprest,  
With troubles more than patience could digest)  
Amongst those ills, I chose the least and best,  
Which was to take this journey to the West :  
And sure it is an argument most fit,  
That he who hath a portion of small wit  
As I have, and good store of friends, 'twere sloth  
And foolery, not to make use of both.  
My wit was worn threadbare, half naked, poor,  
And I, with it, went wool-gath'ring for more.  
This long walk (first and last) I undertook  
On purpose to get money by my book :  
My friends (I know) will pay me for my pain,*

*And I will never trouble them again.  
Six hundred miles, I (very near) have footed,  
And all that time was neither sho'd or booted ;  
But in light buskins I performed this travel  
O'er hill and dale, through dust, dirt, flint, and  
gravel.*

*And now no more words I in vain will scatter,  
But come unto the marrow of the matter.  
My reader must not here suppose that I  
Will write a treatise of geography :  
Or that I mean to make exact relations  
Of cities, towns, or countries situations ;  
Such men as those, I turn them o'er to read  
The learned Camden, or the painful Speed.  
And now (good reader) I my muse do tune,  
I London left, the twenty one of June :  
To Brentford, Colnbrook, Maidenhead and Henley,  
I past (the weather fair, the highways cleanly)  
To Abingdon, where four days I remained,  
By friends and kinsfolks kindly entertained :  
Thanks to my nephew John, with all the rest,  
To whom that time I was a costly guest.*



**A**ND now methinks a little prose may be relished amongst friends ; I left *Abingdon* on Wednesday the 27 of June, and (for the ease of my purse) I gave 2s. 6d. for the hire of the skeleton or anatomy of a beast to carry me ten miles to *Farringdon* ; the thing I was mounted on was neither horse, mare, or gelding, it was all spirit, with very little (or no) flesh. It was none of your pursy foggy jades, and amongst horsemen it might have passed for a light horse, too much work, and too little meat, made him as gaunt as a greyhound : Thus (mounted like *Don Quixote*) I entered *Farringdon*, but worse guests than I had been there since these troubles ; for the King's party burnt one part of the town, and the Parliament's fired the rest, so that between them there was a good handsome market town turned into ashes and rubbage : It begins to bud and spring out again, for here and there a pretty house peeps up : so that it will in short time be rebuilt, and Phoenix like (out of its own cinders) be revived and renewed to a more pleasing and beautiful prospect.

From *Farringdon* I footed it four miles to *Highworth*, (a market town) and from then to *Purton* seven miles more, where I lodged, there was nothing remarkable in all that day's travels ; but that in the morning a church at a village called

*Kingston*, (five miles from *Abingdon*) having no steeple; but the church at *Purton* (where I lay all night) had two steeples; but I was certified that the minister that had two steeples, had but one benefice, and he that had none, had two, by which means the reckoning was even betwixt them, for what the one had, the other had not.

The 28 of *June*, I betook me to my feet an hour and half before the sun could show his face in Somersetshire, and for one shilling I hired an old drunkard to guide me eight long miles to the town of *Malmesbury*, where all worthy remembrance was, that I found an ancient town, an old castle, and new ale; from thence I hired a horse for 2s. seven miles, and footed it seven miles more that day to the famous, renowned, ancient, little pretty city of *Bath*; I lodged in the Mayor's house: but his worship was as ignorant as myself, for he being a baker, had let half his house to a victualler; so he sold bread without, and I bought drink within: The next day I had notice where I was, wherefore I went to his stall or shop window, and told him what I was, and that I was he who came nine years ago from *London*, to that city with a small sculler's boat; Mr. Mayor was pleased to entertain me most kindly (with both his hands in his pocket) and like a man of few words, forbore to say welcome to town; so we parting drily I left him in his shop,

Lord Baron of the brown loaves, and Master of the Rolls (in that place :) but there is no doubt but the man may live a fair age, and die in his bed, if he escape the unfortunate destiny of *Pharaoh's* baker.

Friday 29 of *June*, I had the luck twice to have not one dry thread about me, (being wet to the very skin) and yet my clothes were as dry as a bone : the reason is, that I was in the Bath, and my clothes out.

*June* 30. I travelled fifteen miles to the town of *Wells*, where I stayed but little, and found as little matter of observation, but that these holy, profane days, and blessed execrable times of troublesome tranquility, have spoiled and defaced one of the goodliest and magnificent cathedral churches in the Christian world : but such pious works as pollution and abusing of churches, we need not go amongst Turks for proofs ; for though *Peters* at *Westminster* hath scaped reasonable cleanly, yet *Pauls* in *London* hath lain out of order, in ordure a battening.

The same day I went four miles further to the ancient town of *Glastonbury*, there I saw the ruins of an abbey, which was one of the stateliest and most sumptuous structures in *England* or *Europe*: there remains yet the ruined walls of a chapel built in memory of Joseph of *Arimathæa* (who as it is recorded by authentic historians) did first convert this land from Paganism to Christianity : *And we have*

*great need of another good Joseph to come amongst us, to do as much for us now.* But there is no memorial of any place where that good old man was buried : the abbey was walled more than a mile about, with a wall of free-stone, as fair as *London* wall ; it is very probable that King *Arthur* (our English worthy) was there sepulchred ; for there I saw some stones of marble, of which I placed the broken pieces together ; I read these words in Latin,

*Hic jacet Guineverus Regina, Uxores, &c.*

Queen *Guinever* was wife to the great *Arthur*, and she being buried there, it is to be conjectured that his bones were not laid far from her.

Mr. *Camden*, doth quote the ancient historian-*William of Malmesbury*, to write these words following concerning *Glastonbury*.

*That it was the first Land of God in England, the first Land of Saints in England, the beginning and fountain of all Religion in England, the Tomb of Saints, the Mother of Saints, the Church founded and built by the Lord's Disciples.*

I saw a branch or slip of the hawthorn tree that did bear blossoms every year (when all other trees were frost-bitten, and seemed dead :) this tree only, on Christmas-day, the day of our blessed Saviour's birth ; this tree did (in its kind) show its joy in commemoration of the Nativity of the Redeemer of unkind mankind : There are all the

inhabitants in the town will verify it, and thousands in *England* and other countries will affirm that it is no fable : the soldiers being over zealous did cut it down in pure devotion ; but a vintner dwelling in the town did save a great slip or branch of it, and placed or set it in his garden, and he with others did tell me that the same doth likewise bloom on the 25th day of *December*, yearly ; I saw the said branch, and it was ten feet high, green, and flourishing ; I did take a dead sprig from it, wherewith I made two or three tobacco stoppers, which I brought to *London* ; my humble thanks to Mr. *Brook* ; with (his good sister) for they entertained me freely, so that the town of *Glastonbury* was not one penny the richer for any expense of mine.

Monday, the second of *July*, I went to *Bridge-water* ten miles, where all that was worthy of note was, that near the town, at a stile I had a great disaster ; for a shag or splinter of the stile took hold of my one and only breeches, and tore them in that extreme unmerciful, unmannerly manner, that for shame and modesty's sake I was feign to put them off, and go breechless into the town, where I found a botching threepenny tailor, who did patch me up with such reparations as made me not ashamed to put my breeches on again, and trot five miles further to a ragged market town called *Neatherstoy*, where extreme weary, I took up my lodging, at a

sign and no sign, which formerly was the Rose and Crown; but Roses are withered, and Crowns are obscured, as the sign was.

Surely that day was a mad, sad, glad, auspicious, unlucky day to me, worse than an ominous, childermas,<sup>1</sup> or a dogged biting dog-day; for the hostess was out of town, mine host was very sufficiently drunk, the house most delicately decked with exquisite artificial, and natural sluttery, the room besprinkled and strewed with the excrements of pigs and children: the wall and ceilings were adorned and hanged with rare spider's tapestry, or cobweb-lawn; the smoke was so palpable and perspicuous, that I could scarce see anything else, and yet I could scarce see that, it so blinded me with rheum a sign of weeping; besides all this, the odourous and contagious perfume of that house was able to outvie all the milliners<sup>2</sup> in Christendom or Somersetshire.

I being thus embellished, or encompassed with these most unmatchable varieties; but to comfort me completely, mine host swigged off half a pot to me, bade me be merry, and asked me if I would have any powdered beef and carrots to supper; I told him yes, with all my heart; but I being weary of the

<sup>1</sup>CHILDERMAS OR INNOCENT'S-DAY.—An anniversary of the Church of England, held on the 28th of December, in commemoration of the children of Bethlehem slain by Herod.

<sup>2</sup>MILLINERS were originally men.—“He was perfumed like a *milliner*.”

*Shaks. 1 Henry IV. Act I, sc. 3.*



house, I went and sat three hours in the street, where mine host often did visit me with most delightful and hydropical nonsense ; at last, seven of the clock was struck, and I went into the house to see if supper were ready ; but I found small comfort there, for the fire was out, no beef to be boiled, mine host fast asleep, the maid attending the hogs, and my hungry self half starved with expectation ; I awaked mine host, and asked him where the beef was, he told me that he had none, and desired me to be contented with eggs fried with parsley ; I, prayed him to show me my chamber, which he did ; the chamber was suitable to the rest of the house ; there I staid till near nine o'clock, expecting fried eggs, when mine host came to me with an empty answer, there were no eggs to be had, so at the last I purchased a piece of bread and butter, and to bed, and then began my further torments ; for thinking to take a little rest, I was furiously assaulted by an Ethiopian army of fleas, and do verily believe that I laid so manfully about me that I made more than 500 *mortuus est* : they were so well grown that as I took 'em I gave 'em no quarter, but rubbed 'em between my finger and my thumb, and they were so plump and mellow, that they would squash to pieces like young boiled peas : but all these troubles I patiently passed by, making no more account of them, than of so many flea bitings. For my further

delight, my chamber-pot seemed to be lined within with crimson plush, or shagged scarlet baize, it had scaped a scouring time out of mind, it was furred with antiquity, and withal it had a monumental savour; and this piss-pot was another of my best contentments.

At last, weariness and watching, began to enforce sleep upon me, so that (in spite of the fleas teeth) I began to wink, when suddenly, three children began to cry, and for an hour's space I was kept waking, which made me fall to the slaughter again. The children being hushed asleep, the game began afresh amongst the dogs; for the cry was up, and the bawling curs took the word one from the other, all the town over; and the dogs had no sooner done, but the day break appeared, and the hogs began to cry out for their breakfast: so I arose, and travelled (almost sleeping) ten miles that day; which was to a town called *Dunster*, where upon a lofty hill stands a strong castle, it had then a garrison in it; I must confess I was free there,

*From nasty rooms, that never felt brooms,  
From excrements, and all bad scents,  
From children's bawling, and caterwauling,  
From grunting of hogs, and barking of dogs,  
And from biting of fleas, there I found ease.*

The fourth of *July*, I travelled to *Exford* (so named) because it stands near the head, or spring of

the river *Ex*, which runs down from north to south near forty miles to the city of *Exeter*, and to *Exmouth*, where it delivers itself into the ocean, and from thence to *Brayford*, (another ford which runs into the river of *Ex*, as the people told me; but I find it not so in the map,) that day's journey was sixteen miles, a tedious weary way for a crazy, old, lame, bad, foundered footman, I am sure I found it so; for when I came to my lodging I had more mind to eat than to fight, and a better stomach to a bed than a supper.

The fifth of *July*, I walked but seven miles to *Barnstaple*, a very fine sweet town, so clean and neat, that in the worse of weather, a man may walk the streets, and never foul shoe or boot; there I staid till the next day noon, being well and welcome entertained by one Mr. *John Downs*, who gave me fiddlers fare, meat, drink and money, for which I heartily thanked him: from thence I passed by water five miles to *Aplear* [*Appledore*].

*July* the sixth (being Friday) I paced it ten miles to a place named *Ferry Cross*, in the parish of *Arlington*, and the seventh day I turned my back upon *Devonshire*, having gone that day fifteen miles to the market town in *Cornwall* (on the north-side of the county) named *Stratton*.

*Cornwall* is the *Cornucopia*, the complete and replete horn of abundance for high churlish hills,

and affable courteous people; they are loving to requite a kindness, placable to remit a wrong, and hardy to retort injuries; the country hath its share of huge stones, mighty rocks, noble, free, gentlemen, bountiful housekeepers, strong and stout men, handsome, beautiful women, and (for any that I know) there is not one *Cornish* cuckold to be found in the whole county: in brief they are in most plentiful manner happy in the abundance of right and left hand blessings.

It is a wonder that such rugged mountains do produce such fertility of corn, and cattle; for if the happy days and times of peace were once settled, *Cornwall* might compare with any county in *England*, for quantity of all necessaries needful, and quality of persons.

The ninth of *July* I left *Stratton*, and ambled twenty miles to the town of *Camelford*, and to a village called *Blisland*, and there I was taken for the man I was not; for they suspected me to be a bringer of writs and process to serve upon some gentlemen, and to bring men into trouble: But with much ado I scaped a beating, by beating into their beliefs that I was no such creatnre.

*July* the tenth, I came to *Bodmin*, (a market town) and from thence the same day to a village called *St. Enoder*, a part of which parish is called *Penhall*, there at a smith's house was good lodging,

better cheer, and best drink; the smith was lame, his wife was fair and handsome, where if I could have acted the part of *Mars*, there might have been played the comedy of *Vulcan* and *Venus*: that day's travel was eighteen miles.

*July* eleventh, I progressed to *Truro*, another market town, which is the Lord *Roberts* his land; there I bought a fish called a *Bream* for three pence, it would have served four men; after dinner I went eight miles further to a town called *Redruth*, in all that day's travels eighteen miles, I saw nothing strange to me but a few *Cornish* daws (or choughs) with red bills, and legs: They saluted me upon the wing, just in the language of our jack daws about *London*, *Ka, ka*.

The twelfth of *July*, I came within two miles of Saint *Michaels Mount*, to an ancient house called by the name of *Trimincague*; it hath been, and is the birth place of worthy families, of the noble name of the *Godolphins*; The right owner and possessor of it now is *Francis Godolphin*, Esquire, a gentleman endowed with piety, humanity, affability and ability; he hath a heart charitable, a mind bountiful, and a hand liberal; he hath (deservedly) the cordial love of all the county, and would have the enjoyments of earthly contentments, if once these discontented times were quieted; seven days I staid with him, in which time he was pleased to

send a kinsman of his (Mr. *Anthony Godolphin*) with me to see the Mount, which I thus describe. It is about a mile in compass at the foot, and it rises about 700 paces very steep to the top, it is in form like a great haycock or rick, or much like a mountere; on the top or piramis<sup>1</sup> of it, is a fine church called *Saint Michaels*, the said church is now for no other use but a well stored magazine with ammunition. From whence (for a relic of remembrance) I brought half a yard of *Saint Michaels Mounts* monumental match; I went to the top of the church tower seventy steps higher, and in my coming down I viewed the bells (which were five in number) being fair and handsome, they cannot be rung, because the crack rope soldiers have broke all the bell-ropes, insomuch as for any more ringing there, the bells being ropeless, the people are hopeless.

To speak the truth of this so much talked of famous mount; it is lofty, rocky, inaccessible, impregnable not to be taken, or kept, not worth the taking or keeping; it is a barren stony little wen or wart, that with men, ammunition, and victuals is able to defend itself; but if it hath not the sea and land to friend, there is an enemy called hunger (or famine) that will conquer mounts and mountains: it can do no service to the seaward, for the water is so

<sup>1</sup>PIRAMIS.—i.e., Pyramid,

shallow, that no ship can sail within shot of it, and for land service the Town of *Market-Jew*,\* stands better for defence: the Mount is an island, and no island, twice in every 24 hours: for when the sea is up, boats must be used to go to it, but upon the ebb, troopers may ride to it forty in rank: *Market-Jew* is about two flight shoot of it, the Mayor whereof (one *Mr. William Mabb*) caused me to dine with him, for which I return him a few printed thanks.

In the mount I saw a craggy rugged seat, of rocky upholstery, which the old fabulous rumour calls *St. Michaels Chair*: and a well I saw there, which twice in 24 hours is fresh water, and salt water: this mount had a garrison within it, which made the country people to grumble without it; yet the soldiers are pretty civil: and one captain *Geary* did courteously regard and drink with me at the majors house at *Market-Jew*. From whence I returned to *Mr. Godolphins*, and he did persuade me to see the Lands end, fourteen miles further; for which journey on the 16 day of July, he did lend me two horses, with his kinsman to ride with me, where (for his sake) I was welcome by the way, with a good dinner, at one *Mr. Levalé's* house, from whence I rode, and went as far as I could ride, go, or creep, for rocks and sea: and there I saw the

\* MARKET-JEW.—Now known as Marazion.

Island of *Scilly*, with other smaller Islands, which are said to be 16 or 17 in number. The main Island is held for the Prince, by one Captain (or as some say, a Knight) called Sir *John Grenville*; it is very strong, with a good safe harbour, and as it is reported there, hath a good fleet of ships in it : some do call it a second *Algiers*, for there cannot a ship or vessel pass by it, but they do make out upon them, whereby they have great riches, with all necessaries : it was eight leagues at least from me, insomuch that I could but only see it dimly, and two ships I perceived that lay at road (perdue) to give notice (as I conjectured) of the appearance of any shipping that sailed within their ken : I did cut my name four inches deep in a small patch of earth amongst the rocks, at the Lands end, and I am sure no man can go thither and set his name or foot, half a foot before me.

The same day I returned to one Mr. *Jones* his house a mile thence, in the farthest western parish of the county of *Cornwall*, called *Sennen*\* ; there I had good entertainment all night, by the gentleman's and his wife's free welcome, which was out of their own courteous disposition ; but chiefly for Mr. *Godolphin's* sake, to whom at *Triminaegue* I returned, on the 17th on July, where I rested one day : and on the 18th day I took my leave, having received seven

\* SENNEN.—Here is the whimsical inn sign of the “FIRST AND LAST INN IN ENGLAND.”



days' hospitality in plenty, with many other courtesies in money and other necessities which I wanted ; besides he sent his kinsman with me to direct me the way to another *Francis Godolphin* of *Godolphin* house. That gentleman is the chief of that noble name ; his house a stately ancient palace, and my cheer and welcome at dinner, most freely bountiful. After dinner he walked with me, where (in my way) I saw his mines of tin, and a house where his workmen were refining and melting of tin, which is a rich commodity. So at my taking leave of him, he put ten shillings in my hand, which came to me in an acceptable time.

From thence I jogged three miles further, to a house called *Clowance* in the parish of *Crowan*, where dwells one Mr. *John Sentabin*, he is son-in-law to the first *Godolphin* I came to, whose daughter he married (a virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman) where I took a welcome, a supper and a bed, till the next morning, being *July* 19th, he sent a man with me eight miles to a sister of his, named Mrs. *Gertrude*, to her I was so welcome, that after I thought she had been weary of me, she would fain have had me to stay two days more, which I (with thanks refusing) she lent me a mare (and a man to bring her home again) which mare I rode to a town called *Penny-come-quick*, within a mile of *Pendennis* Castle, which Castle I looked on afar off, but I durst

not attempt to offer to go into it, for fears and jealousies might have mistaken me for a spy ; for at all places of Garrison, there is very strict examinations of persons, and at every town's end, in all the sea towns of part of *Cornwall, Devonshire, Dorsetshire*, and every shire, no traveller could pass without catechizing words : *As what is your name, whence came you, where dwell you, whither go you, what is your business, and wherefore came you hither ?* Now he that cannot answer these particular demands punctually, is to be had before governors, captains, commanders, mayors, or constables, where if a man do chance to be suffered to pass freely from them, yet it is a hazard of the loss of a traveller's liberty by either their unbelief or misprison, and at the best it is a hindrance to a man's journey and loss of time.

These considerations made me doubtful to presume to look into *Pendennis* Castle, or any other garrison or place of defence : this Castle is seated very high, and it stands very defensive for the famous haven of *Falmouth* (one of the best harbours for shipping in the world) : it was built by King *Henry* the eight, it is impregnable, and as long as it is well manned, ammunitioned, and victualled, it is thought to be invincible, and there is an end of that point.

That day I passed a ferry called *King Harry's* Passage, (but why it is so named few men know)

there I lodged at the ferryman's house, and the next morning being 21 of *July*, I travelled twelve miles to a fisher town called *Meragissey*; that town hath in it two taverns, and six ale-houses, to every one of which I went for lodging, and not any one would harbour me, then I sought for a constable to help me, but no constable was to be found; the people all wondering at me, as if I had been some strange beast, or monster brought out of *Africa*; at which most uncivil and barbarous usage, I began to be angry, and I perceiving that nobody cared for my anger, I discreetly went into the house where I first demanded lodging; where the hostess being very willing to give me the courteous entertainment of *Jack Drum*,\* commanded me very kindly to get me out of doors, for there was no room for me to lodge in. I told her that I would honestly pay for what I took, and that if I could not have a bed, yet I was sure of a house over my head, and that I would not out till the morning: with that a young saucy knave told me that if I would not go out, he would throw me out, at which words my choler grew high, my indignation hot, and my fury firey, so that I arose from a bench, went to my youth, and dared to the combat; whereat the hostess (with fear and trembling) desired me to be quiet, and I should have

\* JACK DRUM.—A phrase signifying ill-treatment, or turning an unwelcome guest out of doors.

a bed, at which words my wrath was appeased, and my ire assuaged.

But straightways another storm seemed to appear; for an ancient gentleman came suddenly out of another room (who had heard all the former friendly passages,) and he told me that I should not lodge there, for though I had sought and not found a constable, yet I should know that I had found a Justice of Peace before I sought him : and that he would see me safely lodged : I was somewhat amazed at his words, and answered him, let him do his pleasure, for I submitted myself to his disposal.

To which he replied, that I should go but half a mile with him to his house, which I did, and there his good wife and he did entertain me courteously, with sure fare and lodging, as might have accommodated any gentleman of more worth and better quality than one that had been ten times in degree before me : there I staid the Saturday, and all the Sunday, where I found more Protestant religion in two days, than I had in five years before. The gentleman's name is Mr. *John Carew*, a gentleman of noble and ancient descent, and a worthy Justice of the Peace in those parts.

I was certified, that in that little town of *Mevagissey*, there are 44 fisher boats, which do fish for pilchards, that every boat hath 6 men, and that every 2 boats have one net between them : they do call the 2

boats a seine; so there are 22 seines, and 22 nets: every Cornish bushel is in measure 2 bushels and a half of our measure at London: every 2 boats (or seine) do spend 250 bushels of salt (Cornish measure) to salt pilchards only; every seine do use 100 hogheads to pickle the said pilchards in yearly. So that this one little town, doth spend by God's blessing, and the means of those small fishes, every year,

Of salt, 22 times 250 Cornish bushels, which is in the number of our bushels, 14,000,350.\*

Of hogsheds, or cask, 2,200.

Of men for 44 boats, 6 men for each, 264.

These men with their families (being many in number) are all maintained by pilchard catching; but this is not all, for there are other greater towns in that county, which do every one of them use the same trade of fishing, with more and greater numbers of men, boats, nets, cask, and much more quantity of salt; some of the other towns are *St. Kevern*, *Foye* [*Fowey*], *Looe*, with others which I cannot recite.

This infinite number of pilchards, being salted and put up in cask, are brought a main by the Spanish, French, Dutch, Italian, and other merchants, and by them they are either eaten or sold, and transported to many other people and nations;

\* But, "according to Cocker," 13,750.

And now I hope I have filled my readers bellies with pilchards, without cloying or offending their stomachs; if any one be queasy, or do feel a wambling in the gizzard; let them call for a cup of sack, drink it, and pay for it.

The 23 of *July*, I came to *Foye*, and to *Looc* (or *Low*) twenty miles; this town of *Looc*, is divided in two parts, or two towns together, two mayors, two churches, two governors, and more than two religions; all that I can say of either of the *Loocs*, is, that there was soldiers and swordmen, strong beer and dagger ale,\* land flesh and sea fish in plenty.

On the 24 of *July*, I turned my back upon *Cornwall*, and went from *Looc* to *Plymouth* in *Devonshire*, twelve miles: at *Plymouth* I staid not two hours, the town was too full of suspicions to hold me: there I saw Colonel *William Leg*, a prisoner in the Tower-house, or Guild-hall, I spake to him (being on the one side of the way in a window, and he on the other) in a low whispering voice that every one might hear what we said; I wished him health and liberty, and so left him in thralldom; there was two stationers did make me very welcome for two or three hours; their names were *Thomas Ratcliff* and *William Weeks*, they gave me smoke and drink in *Plymouth*, for which I requite them in paper and ink at *London*.

\* DAGGER ALE.—i.e., strong ale.

That afternoon I left *Plymouth*, and went four miles further, to *Plympton*, and on the morrow (being Saint *James* his day) I hired a horse forty miles to *Exeter*, where I was two days entertained at mine own cost, with some charges that *Burgomasters* and booksellers underwent :\* I can say little of *Exeter* but that it is a fair sweet city, a goodly cathedral church (not yet quite spoiled or stabled and it had large suburbs, with long streets, and many fine dwellings till this mad fire of contention turned all to ruins, rubbage, cinders, ashes, and fume.

Two hours before *Phœbus* appeared in our hemisphere, I was on footback from *Exeter* to *Honiton*, the 27 of *July*, there I had a night's lodging, and diet of such a homely fashion, as I have no occasion to boast of ; there I hired a horse (which proved to be a blind mare) she had two wens as big as clusters of grapes hung over both her eyes, and five or six wens on her shoulders and flanks, all which beautiful ornaments I could not perceive or see till I had rode the beast four mile, (for I was mounted before the break of day ;) but when I saw the comeliness of the beast, between shame and anger I was almost mad at the rogue that owned her ; and being near to a market town called *Axminster*, I dismounted, and footed eight miles further to

\* CHARGES, &c.—i.e., by the purchase of some of his books.

*Broad Winsor* in *Dorsetshire*, where I was better horsed eight miles further to *Evershot*, and then I paced on foot eight miles further to the town of *Sherborne*, that day's travel was 31 miles.

The 31 of *July*, I went from *Sherborne* to *Shaftsbury*, and so to *Wilton*, and *Salisbury*, 31 mile: at *Wilton* I saw the Earl of *Pembroke's* magnificent and sumptuous building and repairing of such a stately fabric, that for strength, beauty, form, state glazing, painting, gilding, carving, polishing, embellishing and adorning: it may be a palace for the greatest king of Christendom: the springs, and fishponds, the garden, the walks, the rare artificial rocks and fountains, the ponds with fish on the housetop, the strange figures and fashions of the waterworks, the numerous, innumerable varieties of fruits and flowers; yea all, and everything that may make an earthly paradise, is there to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, (which because I understand not) I shut up all with this, there is estimable cost, exquisite art and artists, most exceeding good work and workmen, only one thing (that is quite out of fashion almost everywhere) is used there, which is good and just payment.

From *Wilton*, to *Salisbury* two miles, there I slept out the latter end of the whole month of *July*. I had a desire to go into the church there



(one of the fairest in England) but now the plays be down, there was no sights to be seen without money, which though I could have paid, yet for two reasons I would not; the one was because I had oftentimes seen that church in former times, when God's service was said there, and the second cause why I would not be guilty of Simony, and with corrupting Mammon enter or intrude into the house of God.

The first of *August*, I footed to *Andover*, fifteen old miles, and eighteen new ones, (of the posts late measuring :) The next day to *Morrcl Green*, 24 miles, the third day to *Staines*, eighteen miles, and the fourth of *August* fifteen miles to *London*: My journey being in all 546 miles, which I went and came in six weeks, and lay still and rested twelve days in several places on week days, besides six Sundays: But all this was nothing to me, being a youth of threescore and ten, with a lame leg and a half, and there is an end of the story.

*Like to the stone of Sisyphus, I roll  
From place to place, through weather fair and foul,  
And yet I every day must wander still  
To vent my books, and gather friends good will;  
I must confess this work is frivilous,  
And he that (for it) deigns to give a louse,*

*Doth give as much for't as 'tis worth, I know ;  
Yet merely merrily I this jaunt did go  
In imitation of a mighty king,  
Whose warlike acts, good fellows often sing,  
The King of France and twenty thousand men,  
Went up the hill, and so came down again.  
So I this travel past, with cost and pain,  
And (as I wisely went) came home again.*

FINIS.



# Notes and Observations

ON

JOHN TAYLOR, THE WATER POET.

*By* \_\_\_\_\_

*of* \_\_\_\_\_

*in the County of* \_\_\_\_\_

18 \_\_\_\_\_

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A SHORT  
RELATION  
OF A LONG  
JOURNEY  
Made *ROUND* or *OVALL*

By encompassing the Principalitie of *Wales*, from *London*, through and by the Counties of *Middlesex* and *Buckingham*, *Berks*, *Oxonia*, *Warwick*, *Stafford*, *Chester*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Anglesey*, *Carnarvan*, *Merioneth*, *Cardigan*, *Pembrooke*, *Cacermarden*, *Glamorgan*, *Monmouth*, *Glocester*, &c.

This painfull circuit began on Tuesday the 13 of *July* last, 1652. and was ended (or both ends brought together) on Tuesday the 7. of *September* following, being nearly 600 Miles.

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Whereunto is annexed an Epitome of the Famous History of *WALES*.

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Performed by the Riding, Going, Crawling, Running, and Writing of *John Taylor*, dwelling at the Sign of the *Poets Head*, in *Phenix Alley*, near the middle of *Long Aker* or *Covent Garden*.



*To all my Honourable, Worshipful, and honest Friends, that have subscribed to this following Bill; I humbly desire them to read it again, and consider the contents of it, and content me accordingly.*


---

A Taylors Bill, with few or no *Items*: by  
or for *John Taylor*.

 *OW in the seventy fourth year of mine age,  
I take an English and Welsh Pilgrimage:  
From London first I bend my course to  
Chester,*

*And humbly I to all men am requester ;  
That when I have past over hills and dales,  
And compast with my travels famous Wales,  
That when to you that I a book do give,  
Relating how I did subsist and live,  
With all my passages both here and there,  
And of my entertainment everywhere.  
Write but your names and dwellings in this bill,  
I'll find you, for the book give what you will.  
Twelve voyages and journeyes I have past,  
And now my age says this may be my last.  
My travels story shall most pleasant be  
To you that read, though painful unto me.*

---

 *N this Bill I did promise to give to my friends (Subscribers) a true relation of my journey, and entertainment, (which I*

have done) and I do give to them more than I promised, which is a brief Chronicle of *Wales*,\* which I did not mention in my bill) I know there are four or five sorts of adventurers with me in this wearisome journey, some of them have paid me already (before I went) and their pain is past; If all the rest do pay me (being near 3000) I am deceived; If none do pay me I am miserably cozened; For those that have paid, or can and will pay, I thank them; for such as would if they could or will when they can, I wish them ability to perform their wills for their own sakes, and mine both: But for those that are able to reward me and will not, I will not curse them, though I fear they are almost past praying for.

\*CHRONICLES OF WALES.—We have not deemed it necessary to reprint "*Cambria Britannica: or, a Short Abbreviation of the History and Chronicles of Wales*, by John Taylor," which is by no means *Taylorie*, and merely appended to the book as a sort of "make-weight," and to compensate the "near 3000" subscribers for the very meagre description of a journey of 600 miles. It is but a lengthy extract from Lloyd's *Historic of Cambria* now called *Wales*, translated into English, corrected, augmented and continued by David Powell, D.D., London 1584. To which Taylor adds: "*Those who are desirous to read more largely, let them make use of their larger Book: But for such as love brevity, or cheapness, let them read this which followeth.*"







## A SHORT RELATION OF A LONG JOURNEY, &c.



*TRAVELLER that loves to see strange  
lands,*

*May be a man or not a man of's hands:  
But yet 'tis very requisite and meet,  
He should be furnish'd with good brains  
and feet ;*

*For he that wants legs, feet, and brains, and wit,  
To be a traveller is most unfit:*

*And such am I by age of strength bereft,  
With one right leg, and one lame left leg left.*

*Beggars on their backs their brats do rear ;*

*But I my issue in my leg do bear:*

*I dress it often and impatiently*

*It lies and cries not, though it make me cry;*

*Yet I dare challenge Scottish Jock or Jackey,*

*Or any light-hel'd nimble footed lacquey,*

*To travel such a jaunt as I have done,*


*With th' right leg going, and the left leg run;*

*Or if I please, the case I'll alter so,  
To make the worst leg run, the best to go.  
And sure my heart was stout, men may suppose,  
To venture travel with such legs as those.  
But there be some few that do understand,  
'Tis merry walking with a horse in hand.  
Such was my lot, I had a stately courser,  
None coarser quality'd, and for a worser,  
There's neither Halifax, or Hull, nor Hell,  
That for good parts my horse can parallel;  
He was a beast, had heated been and cheated,  
Too much hard over rid and under meated,  
That he as gaunt as any greyhound was,  
And for a horses skeleton might pass :  
You might have told his ribs, he was so thin,  
And seen his heart and guts, but for his skin ;  
He was not pursy foggy, cloy'd with grease,  
And like his rider lov'd rest, ease, and peace :  
Dun was, and is the dumb beast, and was done,  
E're I begun, or he with me begun.  
He had a black list, from the mane to tail,  
Which is a colour that doth seldom fail :  
To change of paces he had been inur'd,  
But yet not one t'endure, or be endur'd ;  
His trot would fling a dagger out o'th sheath,  
Or jolt a man to death, or out of breath.  
His ambling was invisible to me,  
From such smooth easy garbs his feet were free :*

*His common pace in sunshine or in shower,  
Was (as he pleas'd) about two mile an hour.  
I never yet could put him in a sweat,  
For he was never free, but at his meat.  
Thus John upon Dun's back, were both Dun John,  
And thus the tedious way we wandered on.  
Now to proceed in order duly, truly,  
I London left the thirteenth day of July :  
The ways as fair as man could well desire,  
'Cause I had none to draw Dun out o'th mire :  
I fifteen miles (to Rislip) that day went,  
Baited at Edgworth, to give Dun content ;  
There my acquaintance, of good fame and worth,  
Did welcome me : the next day I set forth,  
With boots, sans, spurs with whip, and switch of  
birch,  
I got on twenty miles to Stoken Church :  
The fifteenth day, St. Swithin, I and Dun,  
Did shuffle sixteen miles to Abingdon ;  
There till the Tuesday following I abode,  
From thence sixteen miles to great Tue rode,  
There at the Swan mine host was free and kind,  
He had but one eye, t'other side was blind ;  
But surely he a right good-fellow was,  
And there one night my Dun did eat good grass.  
On July's twenty one from Tue I went,  
And unto Warwick straight my course I bent,*

*There did I find another sign o'th Swan,  
Mine hostess kind, mine host a Gentile man,  
And for your love to me, good Master Venner,  
With humble thanks I am your praises pinner.  
My gratitude to Master Jacob Harmer,  
His drapers shop could never make me warmer,  
Then high and mighty Warwick's drink did there,  
It made my brains to caper and career,  
It was of such invincible strong force,  
To knock me (in five miles) twice from my horse:  
And sure I think the drink was certainly  
Infused with the conqu'ring ghost of Guy.  
On July's two and twentieth day I came  
Unto an ancient house call'd Hunningham,  
There were two ladies of good worth and fame,  
Whom for some reasons I forbear to name:  
Their son and grandson (John) I'll not forget,  
He's nobly minded as a baronet;  
Four days they kept me with exceeding cheer,  
And gave me silver because travels dear,  
From thence my journey 5 miles I pursue,  
To Coventry, most famous for true blue;  
There the fair cross of ancient high renown  
Stands firm, though other crosses all are down.  
'Tis a dry city, and dry let it be,  
'Twas not made dryer one small drop for me:  
Like a chameleon there I break my fast,*

*And thence I twenty miles to Lichfield past ;  
There at the George I took my lodging up,  
I well was lodg'd, and well did sup and cup,  
When there by chance, I cast my wandering eye on  
The ruin'd church, with grief I thought on Sion :  
I sigh'd to see that sad confusion,  
Like th' Hebrews by the brook of Babylon.  
On July's twenty seventh I rode alone  
Full sixteen miles unto a town call'd Stone.  
Next day to Nantwich sixteen long miles more,  
From thence to Chester near the Cambrian shore :  
There was my welcome in such noble fashion,  
Of which in prose I'll make some brief relation.*

Y lodging at *Chester* was in the Watergate-street, at the sign of the Feathers, I lay on a feather bed, and in the same house I met with two brothers of mine acquaintance thirty years, they brought me to the chamber of a reverend *Italian* physician, named *Vincent Lancelles*, he was more than 80 years of age, yet of a very able body, and vigorous constitution. The young mens names were *Thomas Morrine* and *Francis Morrine*, the people were pleased (out of their ignorance, or in small wit) to call the old gentleman a mountebank; but I am sure he was deservedly well reputed and reported of, for many maladies and diseases which he cured, whereof divers were judged incurable. He

helped such as were grieved for three several considerations—

First, He cured the rich, for as much as he could get.

Secondly, He healed the meaner sort for what they could spare, or were willing to part withal.

Thirdly, He cured the poor for God's sake, and gave them money and other relief, as I myself (with thankful experience) must ever acknowledge : For he looked upon my lame leg, and applied such medicine, as did not only ease me, but I am in hope will cure me, the grief being nothing but a blast of lightning and thunder, or planet stroke, which I received nine years past at *Oxford*.

For a further courtesy, when I was taking my leave of *Chester*, I demanded what I had to pay for lodging, diet, and horse-meat, mine host said, that all was fully paid and satisfied by the good old physician. My humble thanks remembered to Captain *Vincent Corbet*, but more especially to Captain *John Whitworth* at *Chester*.

On Friday, the 30 of *July*, I rode (and footed it) ten miles to *Flint* (which is the shire town of Flintshire) and surely war hath made it miserable, the sometimes famous Castle there, in which *Richard* the Second of that name, King of *England*, was surprised by *Henry* of *Bolingbroke*, is now almost buried in it's own ruins, and the town is so spoiled,

that it may truly be said of it, that they never had any market (in the memory of man) they have no saddler, tailor, weaver, brewer, baker, botcher, or button-maker ; they have not so much as a sign of an ale-house, so that I was doubtful of a lodging, but (by good hap) I happened into the house of one Mr. *Edward Griffith*, where I had good meat and lodging for me and my dumb *Dun* beast, for very reasonable consideration, and this (methinks) is a pitiful description of a shire town.

Saturday, the last of *July*, I left *Flint*, and went three miles to *Holy-well*, of which place I must speak somewhat materially. About the length of a furlong, down a very steep hill, is a well (full of wonder and admiration), it comes from a spring not far from *Rhuddlan* Castle ; it is, and hath been many hundred years, known by the name of *Holy-well*, but it is more commonly and of most antiquity called Saint *Winifreds* Well, in memory of the pious and chaste Virgin *Winifred*, who was there beheaded for refusing to yield her chastity to the furious lust of a Pagan Prince ; in that very place where her blood was shed, this spring sprang up ; from it doth issue so forcible a stream, that within a hundred yards of it, it drives certain mills, and some do say that nine corn mills and fulling mills are driven with the stream of that spring : It hath a fair chapel erected over it called Saint *Winifreds* Chapel, which

is now much defaced by the injury of these late wars. The well is compassed about with a fine wall of free stone, the wall hath eight angles or corners, and at every angle is a fair stone pillar, whereon the west end of the chapel is supported. In two several places of the wall, there are neat stone stairs to go into the water that comes from the well, for it is to be noted that the well itself doth continually work and bubble with extreme violence, like a boiling cauldron or furnace, and within the wall, or into the well very few do enter : The water is crystalline, sweet and medicinable, it is frequented daily by many people of rich and poor, of all diseases, amongst which great store of folks are cured, divers are eased, but none made the worse. The hill descending is plentifully furnished (on both sides of the way) with beggars of all ages, sexes, conditions, sorts, and sizes, many of them are impotent, but all are impudent, and richly embroidered all over with such hexameter proudded *crmins* (or vermin) as are called lice of *England*.

Monday, the second of *August*, when the day begun, I mounted my *Dun*, having hired a little boy (to direct me in the way) that could speak no English, and for lack of an interpreter, we travelled speechless eight miles, to *Rhuddlan*, where is an old wind and war-shaken castle ; from that town, after my horse, and the boy, and myself had dined with



hay, oats, and *barraw causs*,\* we horsed and footed it twelve miles further, to a fine strong walled town, named *Aberconway*; there I lodged at the house of one Mr. *Spencer* (an English man) he is post-master there, and there my entertainment was good, and my reckoning reasonable: there is a good defensive castle which I would have seen, but because there was a garrison, I was loath to give occasion of offence, or be much inquisitive.

*The next day when the clock stroke two and four,  
I mounted Dun, Dun mounted Penmaen Mawr;  
And if I do not take my aim amiss,  
That lofty mountain seems the skies to kiss:  
But there are other hills accounted higher,  
Whose lofty tops I had no mind t' aspire:  
As Snowdon, and the tall Plinlymmon,  
Which I no stomach had to tread upon.  
Merioneth Mountains, and Shire Cardigan  
To travel over, will tire horse and man:  
I, to Beaumaris came that day and din'd,  
Where I the good Lord Buckley, thought to find:  
But he to speak with me had no intent,  
Dry I came into 's house, dry out I went.  
I left Beaumaris, and to Bangor trac'd it,  
Ther's a brave Church, but Time and War defac'd it:  
For love and money I was welcome thither,  
'Tis merry meeting when they come together.*

\*BARA'R CAUS.—i.e., bread and cheese.

Thus having travelled from *Aberconway* to *Beaumaris* and to *Bangor*, Tuesday 3 *August*, which in all they are pleased to call 14 miles, but most of the Welsh miles are large *London* measure, not any one of them but hath a hand breadth or small cantle at each end, by which means, what they want in broadness, they have it in length; besides the ascending and descending almost impassable mountains, and break-neck stony ways, doth make such travellers as myself judge that they were no misers in measuring their miles; besides, the land is coarser than it is in most parts about *London*, which makes them to afford the larger measure, for coarse broadcloth is not at the rate of velvet or satin.

Wednesday the 4. of *August* I rode 8 miles from *Bangor* to *Caernarvon*, where I thought to have seen a Town and a Castle, or a Castle and a Town; but I saw both to be one, and one to be both; for indeed a man can hardly divide them in judgment or apprehension; and I have seen many gallant fabrics and fortifications, but for compactness and completeness of *Caernarvon*, I never yet saw a parallel. And it is by Art and Nature so fitted and seated, that it stands impregnable, & if it be well manned, victualled, and ammunitioned, it is invincible, except fraud or famine do assault, or conspire against it.

I was 5. hours in *Cacernarvon*, and when I thought that I had taken my leave for ever of it, then was I merely deceived ; for when I was a mile on my way, a trooper came galloping after me, and enforced me back to be examined by Colonel *Thomas Mason*, (the governor there) who after a few words, when he heard my name, and knew my occasions, he used me so respectfully and bountifully, that (at his charge) I stayed all night, and by the means of him, and one Mr. *Lloyd*, (a Justice of Peace there) I was furnished with a guide, and something else to bear charges for one weeks travel; for which courtesies, if I were not thankful, I were worth the hanging for being ungrateful.

The 5 of August I went 12 miles to a place called *Climenie*, where the noble Sir *John Owen* did, with liberal welcome, entertain me.

The 6 day I rode to a town called *Harlech*, which stands on a high barren mountain, very uneasy for the ascending into, by reason of the steep and uneven stony way; this town had neither hay, grass, oats, or any relief for a horse ; there stands a strong Castle, but the town is all spoiled, and almost inhabitable by the late lamentable troubles.

So I left that town (for fear of starving my horse) and came to a place called *Barmouth* (12 miles that day, as narrow as 20). That place was so plentifully furnished with want of provision, that it

was able to furnish 100 men and horses. I procured a brace of boys to go two miles to cut grass for my *Dun*, for which I gave them two groats; for myself and guide, I purchased a hen boiled with bacon, as yellow as the cowslip, or gold noble. My coarse lodging there was at the homely house of one *John Thomson*, a Lancashire Englishman.

Saturday, the 7 of August, I horsed, footed, (and crawling upon all 4) 10 slender miles to *Aberdovey*, which was the last lodging that I had in Merionethshire, where was the best entertainment for men, but almost as bad as the worst for horses in all *Merionethshire*.

August 9 I gat into *Cardiganshire*, to a miserable market town called *Abercystwith*, where, before the late troubles, there stood a strong Castle, which being blown up, fell down, and many fair houses (with a defensible thick wall about the town) are transformed confused into heaps of unnecessary rubbidge; within four miles of this town are the silver mines, which were honorable and profitable, as long as my good friend *Thomas Bushell* Esquire, had the managing of them, who was most industrious in the work, and withal by his noble demeanour, and affable deportment, deservedly gained the general love and affection of all the country, of all degrees of people: but since he hath left that important employment, the mines are neglected.

From *Aberystwith*, I went to the house of Sir *Richard Price*, knight and baronet, where my entertainment was freely welcome, with some expression of further courtesies at my departure, for which I humbly thank the noble knight, not forgetting my grateful remembrance to Mr. *Thomas Evans* there : that whole days journey being 9. miles.

Tuesday, the 10 of August, having hired a guide, for I that knew neither the intricate ways, nor could speak any of the language, was necessitated to have guides from place to place, and it being harvest time, I was forced to pay exceeding dear for guiding, so that some days I paid 2s., sometimes 3s., besides bearing their charges of meat and drink, and lodging ; for it is to be understood that those kind of labouring people had rather reap hard all the day for sixpence, than to go ten or twelve miles easily on foot for two shillings. That day, after sixteen miles travel, I came to the house of an ancient worthy and hospitable gentleman, named *Sir Walter Lloyd*, he was noble in bountiful house-keeping, and in his generosity, caused his horse to be saddled, and the next day he rode three miles to *Conway*, and showed me the way to *Caermarthen*, which they do call 18 small miles, but I had rather ride 30 of such miles as are in many parts of *England* ; the way continually hilly, or mountainous and stony, insomuch that I was forced to alight and walk 30 times, and when the sun

was near setting, I having four long miles to go, and knew no part of the way, was resolved to take my lodging in a reek of oats in the field, to which purpose, as I rode out of the stony way towards my field-chamber, my horse and I found a softer bed, for we were both in a bog, or quagmire, and at that time I had much ado to draw myself out of the dirt, or my poor weary *Dun* out of the mire.

I being in this hard strait, having night (of God's sending,) owl-light to guide me, no tongue to ask a question, the way unknown, or uneven, I held it my best course to grope in the hard stony way again, which having found, (after a quarter of an hours melancholy paces) a horseman of *Wales*, that could speak English, overtook me and brought me to *Caermarthen*, where I found good and free entertainment at the house of one Mistress *Oakley*.

*Caermarthen*, the shire town of *Caermarthenshire*, is a good large town, with a defencible strong Castle, and a reasonable haven for small barks and boats, which formerly was for the use of good ships, but now it is much impeded with shelves, sands, and other annoyances: it is said that *Merlin* the prophet was born there; it is one of the plentifullest towns that ever I set foot in, for very fair eggs are cheaper than small pears; for, as near as I can remember, I will set down at what rates victuals was there.

Butter as good as the world affords, two pence halfpenny, or three pence the pound.

A salmon two foot and a half long, twelve pence.

Beef, three half pence the pound.

Oysters, a penny hundred.

Eggs, twelve for a penny.

Pears, six for a penny.

And all manner of fish and flesh at such low prices, that a little money will buy much, for there is nothing scarce, dear, or hard to come by, but tobacco pipes.

My humble thanks to the Governor there, to *William Gwynn* of *Taliaris*, Esquire; to *Sir Henry Vaughan*; and to all the rest, with the good woman mine hostess.

Concerning *Pembrokeshire*, the people do speak English in it most generally, and therefore they call it little *England* beyond *Wales*, it being the farthest south and west county in the whole principality. The shire town, *Pembroke*, hath been in better estate, for as it is now, some houses down, some standing, and many without inhabitants; the Castle there hath been strong, large, stately, and impregnable, able to hold out any enemy, except hunger, it being founded upon a lofty rock, gives a brave prospect a far off. *Tenby* town and Castle being somewhat near, or eight miles from it, seems to be more useful and

considerable. My thanks to Mistress *Powell* at the *Hart* there.

*Tenby* hath a good Castle and a Haven, but in respect of *Milford* Haven, all the havens under the heavens are inconsiderable, for it is of such length, breadth, and depth that 1,000 ships may ride safely in it in all weathers, and by reason of the hills that do enclose it, and the windings and turnings of the Haven from one point of land to another, it is conjectured that 1,500 ships may ride there, and not scarce one of them can see another. The Haven hath in it 16 creeks, 5 bays, and 13 roads, of large capacity, and all these are known by several names.

The goodly Church of *St. Davids* hath been forced lately to put off the dull and heavy coat of peaceful lead, which was metamorphosed into warlike bullets. In that church lies interred *Edmund* Earl of *Richmond*, father to King *Henry* the Seventh, for whose sake the grandson (K. *Henry* the Eighth) did spare it from defacing, when he spared not much that belonged to the church.

Thus having gone and ridden many miles, with too many turning and winding mountains, stony turning ways, forward, backward, sideways, circular, and semicircular, upon the 17. of *August* I rode to the house of the right Honorable, *Richard Vaughan* Earl of *Karbery*, at a place called *Golden Grove*;



and surely that house, with the fair fields, woods, walks, and pleasant situation, may not only be rightly called the *Golden Grove*, but it may without fiction be justly styled the *Cambrian Paradise*, and *Elysium of Wales*; but that which graced it totally, was the nobleness, and affable presence and deportment of the Earl, with his fair and virtuous new married Countess the beautiful Lady *Alice*, or *Alicia*, daughter to the Right Honourable the late Earl of *Bridgewater*, deceased: I humbly thank them both, for they were pleased to honour me so much, that I supped with them, at which time a gentleman came in, who being sat, did relate a strange discourse of a violent rain which fell on the mountains in part of *Radnorshire*, and into *Glamorganshire*; the story was, as near as I can remember, as followeth:

That on Saturday the 17 of *July* last, 1652, there fell a sudden shower of rain in the counties aforesaid, as if an ocean had flowed from the clouds to overwhelm and drown the mountains; it poured down with such violent impetuosity that it tumbled down divers houses of stone that stood in the way of it; it drowned many cattle and sheep, bore all before it as it ran, therefore a poor man with his son and daughter forsook their house, and the father and son climbed up into a tree for their safety; in the mean time the merciless waters took hold of the

poor maid, and most furiously bare her away down between two mountains, rolling and hurling her against many great stones, till at last it threw her near the side of the stream, and her hair and hair-lace being loose, it catched hold of a stump of an old thorn bush, by which means she was stayed, being almost dead ; but as she lay in this misery she saw a sad and lamentable sight, for the water had fiercely unrooted the tree, and bore it down the stream with her father and brother, who were both unfortunately drowned ; the maid, as I was certified, is like to live and recover.

My humble thanks to the good young hopeful Lord *Vaughan*, and to all the rest of the noble olive branches of that most worthy tree of honour, their father, not omitting or yet forgetting my gratitude to Mr. *Steward* there, with all the rest of the gentlemen and servants attendant, with my love to Mr. *Thomas Ryves*, unknown, and so *Golden Grove* farewell.

The 18 of *August* I hired a guide who brought me to *Swansea* (16 well stretch'd Welsh mountainous miles), where I was cordially welcome to an ancient worthy gentleman, *Walter Thomas*, Esquire, for whose love and liberality I am much obliged to him and the good gentlewoman his wife ; he staid me till the next day after dinner, and then sent his man with me a mile to his sons house, named *William*

*Thomas Esquire* : There, as soon as I had rewarded my guide he slipped from me, leaving me to the mercy of the house, where I found neither mercy nor manners ; for the good gentleman and his wife were both rode from home ; and though they were people old enough, and big enough, yet there was not one kind enough, or good enough to do me least kind of courtesy or friendship ; they did not so much as bid me come into the house, or offer me a cup of drink ; they all scornfully wondered at me, like so many buzzards and woodcocks about an owl, there was a shotten thin sculled shadow brained simpleton fellow, that answered me, that he was a stranger there, but I believed him not, by reason of his familiarity with the rest of the folks, there was also a single-souled gentlewoman, of the last edition, who would vouchsafe me not one poor glance of her eye-beams, to whom I said as followeth.

Fair gentlewoman, I was sent hither by the father of the gentleman of this house, to whom I have a letter from a gentleman of his familiar acquaintance ; I am sure that the owner of this place is famed and reported to be a man endowed with all affability and courtesy to strangers as is every way accommodating to a gentleman of worth and quality ; and that if I were but a mere stranger to him, yet his generosity would not suffer me to be harbourless, but by reason of his fathers sending his servant with

me, and a friends letter, I said that if Mr. *Thomas* had been at home I should be better entertained.

To which Mrs. *Fumpkins*, looking scornfully askew over her shoulders, answered me with (*it may be so*), then most uncourteous Mistress, quoth I, I doubt I must be necessitated to take up my lodging in the field, to which the said ungentle gentlewoman (with her posterior, or but end towards me) gave me a final answer, that I might if I would.

Whereupon I was enraged and mounted my *Dun*, and in a friendly manner I took my leave, saying, that I would wander further and try my fortune, and that if my stay at that house, that night, would save either Mr. *Shallow-pate*, or Mrs. *Fullock* from hanging, that I would rather lie, and venture all hazards that are incident to horse, man, or traveller, than to be beholding to such unmannerly mongrels.

Thus desperately I shaked them off, that would not take me on, and riding I know not whither, with a wide wild heath under me, and a wider firmament above me. I road at adventure, betwixt light and darkness, about a mile, when luckily a gentleman overtook me, and after a little talk of my distress and travel, he bade me be of good cheer, for he would bring me to a lodging and entertainment; in which promise he was better than his word, for he brought me to a pretty market town called *Neath*

where he spent his money upon me ; for which kindness I thank him. But one doctor (as they call him) *Rice Jones*, (or doctor *Merryman*) came and supped with me, and very kindly paid all the reckoning. That days journey being but 6 miles sterling.

The 19. of *August* I hired a guide for 3s. (16 miles) to a place called *Penlline*, where sometime stood a strong castle, which is now ruined ; adjoining to it, or in the place of it, is a fair house, belonging to *Anthony Turberville* Esquire, where although the Gentleman was from home, the good gentlewoman, his wife, did with hospitable and noble kindness bid me welcome.

Friday, the 20. of *August*, I rode a mile to an ancient town, named *Cowbridge*, from whence I scrambled two miles further to *Llantrisant*, where the noble gentleman Sir *John Aubrey*, and his virtuous lady kept me three days, in the mean space I rode two miles to the house of the ancient and honorable Knight, Sir *Thomas Lewis* at *Penmark*, to whom and his good lady, I humbly dedicate my gratitude : The same day after dinner, I returned back to *Llantrisant*, which was to me a second Golden Grove or Welsh Paradise, for building, situation, wholesome air, pleasure and plenty, for my free entertainment there, with the noble expression of the gentleman's bounty at my departure ; I

heartily do wish to him and his, with all the rest of my honorable and noble, worshipful and friendly benefactors, true peace and happiness, internal, external, and eternal.

Monday, the 23. of *August*, I rode eight miles to the good town of *Cardiff*, where I was welcome to Mr. *Aaron Price* the Town Clerk there, with whom I dined, at his cost and my peril, after dinner he directed me two miles further, to a place called *Llanrumney*,\* where a right true bred generous gentleman, *Thomas Morgan* Esquire, gave me such loving and liberal entertainment, for which I cannot be so thankful as the merit of it requires.

Tuesday, being both Saint *Bartholomeus* Day, my Birth day, the 24, of the month, and the very next day before Wednesday, I arose betimes, and travelled to a town called *Newport*, and then from thence to *Caerleon*, and lastly to *Usk*, in all 15 well measured Welsh *Monmouthshire* miles: at *Usk* I lodged at an inn, the house of one Master *Powell*.

The 25. of *August* I rode but 12 miles, by an unlooked for accident, I found *Bartholomew* fair at *Monmouth*, a hundred miles from Smithfield; there I stayed two nights upon the large reckoning of nothing to pay, for which I humbly thank my hospitable host, and hostess, Master *Reigald Rowse* and his good wife.

\*Qy., Landaff.

*Monmouth*, the shire town of *Monmouthshire*, was the last Welsh ground that I left behind me ; *August 27*. I came to Gloucester, where though I was born there, very few did know me ; I was almost as ignorant as he that knew no body : my lodging there was at the sign of the *George*, at the house of my namesake, Master *John Taylor*, from whence on Saturday the 28. I rode 16. miles to *Barnsley*.

Of all the places in *England* and *Wales* that I have travelled to, this village of *Barnsley* doth most strikingly observe the Lords day on Sunday, for little children are not suffered to walk or play ; and two women who had been at church both before and after noon, did but walk into the fields for their recreation, and they were put to their choice, either to pay sixpence apiece (for profane walking), or to be laid one hour in the stocks ; and the peevish wilful women (though they were able enough to pay), to save their money and jest out the matter, lay both by their heels merrily one hour.

There is no such zeal in many places and parishes in *Wales* ; for they have neither service, prayer, sermon, minister, or preacher, nor any church door opened at all, so that people do exercise and edify in the churchyard at the lawful and laudable games of trap, cat, stool-ball, racket, &c., on Sundays.

From *Barnsley* on Monday, the 30 of *August*, I rode 30 miles to *Abingdon*, from thence, &c., to *London*, where I brought both ends together on Tuesday, the 7 of *September*.

Those that are desirous to know more of *Wales* let them either travel for it as I have done, or read Mr. *Camdens Britannia*, or Mr. *Speeds* laborious history, and their geographical maps and descriptions will give them more ample, or contenting satisfaction.





THE CERTAIN  
TRAVAILES  
OF AN UNCERTAIN  
JOURNEY,

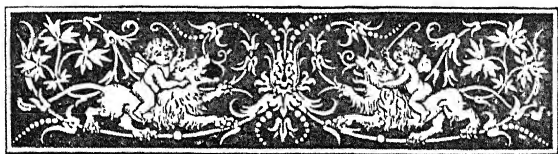
Begun on Tuesday the 9. of *August*,  
and ended on Saturday the 3.  
of *September* following,  
1653.

Wherein the Readers may take notice, that the  
Authors purpose was to Travell, and Write  
this following Relation, for no other intent or  
purpose, but to pleasure himself, and to please  
his Friends in the first place.

By *John Taylor*, at the Signe of the  
Poets Head, in Phoenix Alley, near the Globe  
Tavern in the middle of Long Acre, nigh  
the Covent-Garden.

Those twelve following lines I gave to divers  
Gentlemen and Friends, before I went, and  
as they have kindly subscribed to my Bill, I  
do humbly expect their courteous acceptation  
of this Booke,





A merry Bill of an uncertain Journey, to be performed by *John Taylor*, by Land, with his *Aqua Musa*.

**T**O all my Friends, and courteous Gentlemen,  
Know, that my journey is, I know not when:  
Unto the parts I go. I know not where,  
Or of my Entertainment far or near;  
Thus neither knowing when, or where, or whether,  
Begun, or done, or both ends brought together,  
When I this unknown Walk have put in print,  
Each man to's pocket, put your fingers in't,  
And, for my Book then give me what you list,  
To which end, to this Bill take pen in fist,  
And write your names and habitations down,  
I'll find you when again I come to Town.







*The certainty of the uncertain Travels of John  
Taylor, performed in year 1653.*



IS laudable to read well pen'd Relations,  
Of foreign Countries, and their situations,  
That by the judgment of the eye and  
brain

Some knowledge to discourse we may attain,  
For Histories, and learn'd Cosmographers ;  
And diligent acute Geographers ;  
One hath survey'd celestial lofty spheres,  
How all the Planets run in their careers ;  
The stars, the signs, and every influence  
In every Heavenly Orbs circumference,  
And were it not for high Astronomy  
(Whose lofty painful steps have scal'd the sky)  
For times and seasons we might grope and seek,  
Not knowing years, or quarters, month or week,  
Or hours, or minutes, nor the Sabbath day,  
Nor when to eat, or sleep or debts to pay.  
Millions of people would this knowledge lack  
Except directed from the Almanack.

Thus Art, (with pains and travel of the Mind)  
Taught mean capacities, these things to find.  
He travels far that goes beyond the Moon,  
Or thinks this skill may be attained soon,  
Their overweening thoughts fly high and quick  
But such mad fools are only lunatic.  
Geographers have travel'd land and seas  
Each Coast, and opposite the Antipodes ;  
And the description of all lands and parts  
Described are, in several Maps and Charts.  
The Sun and Moon have seldom shew'd their faces  
On any Empire, Kingdom, place, or places,  
Which Travellers have not view'd and survey'd  
And by rare Geographie Art displayed  
By either sea or land, by night or day,  
Geography hath chalk'd us out the way :  
That with Maps, Compass and indifferent weather  
True men or Thieves may travel any whither.  
And thus through thick and thin, ways hard or soft,  
Thousand and thousand miles I travel'd oft.  
Some men do travel in their contemplations,  
In reading Histories and strange Relations :  
Some few do travel in the ways Divine,  
Some wander wildly with the Muses nine ;  
For every man would be a Poet gladly,  
Although he write and Rhyme, but badly madly.  
Sometimes the wit and tongues do most unfit  
Travel when tongues do run before the wit

But if they both keep company together,  
Delight and profit is in both, or either.  
Discretion gravely goes a gentle pace,  
When speech, a gallop, runs a heedless race :  
Mans earthly portion's travel, pain, and care,  
(Of which I make a shift to get my share.)  
Some do disdain, and hold it in high scorn  
To know thatched cottages where they were born,  
Some cross the sea to see strange lands unknown  
And here, like strangers, do not know their own.  
Their own, 'tis fit work for a golden pen  
To write the names down of such knowing men ;  
Should each one know and have his own, 'twere  
rare  
Right owners would be rich, and knaves stark bare,  
He's counted wise, with the Italians ;  
That knows his own wife from another mans.  
But he's more wise that knows himself to be  
Frail, mortal, and a map of Misery.  
But wisest he, that patient takes his lot,  
And use the world as if he used it not.  
Some seem to know most, yet know almost nothing,  
For man, in knowledge, is a very slow thing.  
*Nosce teipsum*, Know thyself, and then  
Each one will know himself the worst of men.  
Many of foreign travels boast and vaunt,  
When they, of *England*, are most ignorant.  
But yearly I survey my Country Native,

And, 'mongst 6, cases, live upon the *Dative*.  
I travel hard, and for my lifes supply,  
I every year receive a Subsidy.  
(Or else to come more near unto the sense)  
'Tis fit to call it a Benevolence.  
Thus (travelling) a toiling trade I drive,  
By reason of mine age, near seventy five :  
It is my earthly portion and my lot,  
(The Proverb says, *Need makes the old wife trot*.)  
Seven times at sea I serv'd *Elizabeth*,  
And 2. Kings forty five years, until death  
Of both my Royal Masters quite bereft me,  
That nothing now but age and want is left me,  
This makes me travel, and my friends to try,  
Else I might (like my fellows) starve and die,  
Had the last State, had consciences so tender  
To think on Oxford siege, with that surrender,  
Had they kept Articles and Covenants,  
In some sort, then they had reliev'd our wants,  
But they were in the land of Promise born  
Perform'd, and paid as nothing, but their scorn,  
*Chamelion* like we had *Air*, *Words*, and *Wind*,  
With these three empty dishes oft we din'd.  
And with light Suppers, and such breaking Fast,  
With meagre Famine, many breath'd their last.  
We ne'er bare arms, but household servants menial  
We waited, if 'twere sin, it was but venial.  
These thirteen years no wages I could get,



Which makes me thus to try my friends and wit  
 Unto the Kings Revenues, great Committee  
 We oft Petitioned, and implored their pity ;  
 And first and last, we gave Petitions plenty,  
 I'm sure in number, near two hundred twenty.  
 Two thousand Books and Bills then printed were,  
 Wherein our woes and wants we did declare :  
 Lord *Fairfax* was himself Lord General then,  
 He pitied us (poor miserable men :)  
 And he in person, more than one time went  
 And told our griefs unto the Parliament,  
 Besides, for us, to them he Letters wrote,  
 For all which, only, promises we got,  
 I will not curse those men, but this I say,  
 If need and want afflict them, I do pray  
 They may be comforted, and fed, and clad  
 With promises, as we from them have had.



H' year sixteen hundred fifty, with 3. added  
 Old *Tib* my Mare and I, a Journey  
 gadded :

I *London* left, the 9. day I remember  
 Of August, near 3 weeks before September.  
 In 4. hours riding Post I got to *Croydon*  
 And so hath many a Man, and many a boy done,  
 There was the George a horseback day and night,  
 And there I, from my mares back did alight.

At Water there wine was, but that's a Riddle,  
At *Croydon*, you may know both ends a middle,  
To *Mitcham*, from my way full 3. miles wide,  
A Gentleman, I thank him, was my guide.  
Holland my sheets, and *Holland* was mine Host,  
My entertainment good for little cost.  
August the tenth, my bonny Beast and I,  
From Surrey travelled to South Saxony,  
Now called Sussex, where to *Billingshurst*  
Six days I felt no hunger, cold, or thirst.  
There at a sign, and no sign, but a Frame,  
'Twas the Kings arms, but shattering shot and flame  
Did beat them down, as useless, of small stead,  
For arms are of no use without a Head.  
Mine Host was mighty good, and great withal  
And amongst Hosts, may be a General,  
He's friendly, courteous, although big and burly,  
A right good fellow, no way proud or surly,  
Six nights at *Billingshurst* I freely staid  
And all the charge of mare and man was paid  
By a Gentleman, to name whom I'll refrain,  
Whose love, my thankful mind still retain.  
Thus in one week I rode Post 30 mile,  
And neither man or mare tired all that while.  
A Reverend Preacher preached on Sunday twice  
Directing souls to th' Heavenly Paradise,  
And if we could but do as he did say,

His Doctrine told us all the ready way.  
Thus *Billingshurst* thy bounty I extol  
Thou featest me in body and in soul,  
There was rare Music, and sweet gentle *Airs*  
For undeserved favours, *I am theirs*.  
My love to Mr. *Fist* and to mine Host,  
But love and thanks T. H. deserveth most,  
From *Billingshurst*, August the sixteenth day  
I took my leave before I took my way.  
The way indifferent good, the welkin smiles  
I rode to *Petworth*, 7 good Sussex miles  
To set forth *Petworth*, its worth more worth is  
Than I am worth, or worthy ; but know this  
*Northumberland* the Noble, there doth dwell  
Whose good housekeeping, few Lords parallel  
There Honourable bounty is expressed  
With daily Charity to th' poor distressed,  
I speak not this for any thing I got  
Of that great Lord, I felt or saw him not  
For had I seen him, my belief is such  
I should have felt and found his bounties touch,  
But I, for my part, never was so rude,  
To flatter, fawn, or basely to intrude,  
Yet I declare him liberal, Honourable,  
And there I din'd well, at his Stewards Table,  
Thanks Mr. *Williams* there, the Cook exact  
By his good friendship there, I nothing lack'd

Thanks to my Hostess kind, good Mrs. *Martin*  
 Who welcom'd me with good white wine a quart in  
 And last of all, but not of all the least,  
 I was kind Mr. *Barnards* costly Guest  
 To me he shew'd his bounty from the Mint  
 For which I gave him here my thanks in Print  
 He pay'd the chinque, and freely gave me drink  
 And I return my gratitude with Ink  
*August* the 18 twelve long miles to *Steyning*  
 I rode, and nothing saw there worth the Kenning  
 But that mine Host there was a jovial Wight  
 My Hostess fat and fair ; a goodly sight :  
 The Sign the Chequer, eighteen pence to pay  
 My Mare eat mortal meat, good Oats and Hay  
 Twelve miles from *Steyning* I jog'd on to *Lewes*  
 And there I found no Beggars, Scolds, or Shrews  
*Lewes* hath no Bailiff, Mayor, or Magistrate  
 For every one there lives in quiet state :  
 They quarrel not for wagging of a straw  
 For each man is unto himself a Law  
 They need no bridle (like the Horse or Mule)  
 Where every one himself can wisely rule  
 At the terrestrial Star<sup>1</sup> (a glist'ring Sign)

<sup>1</sup>THE STAR is still one of the principal inns in the good old fashioned town of Lewes. The cellar is a very antique vaulted apartment, in which, according to tradition, were imprisoned the "Sussex Martyrs," who were afterwards brought to the stake and burnt in front of the house during the Marian persecutions. Several relics in connection with the circumstance, and

I lodg'd, and found good Diet, and good Wine  
 Mine Host and Hostess Courteous, free, and kind,  
 And there I sip'd and sup'd but seldom din'd :  
*Lewes* is an ancient Town, 'as may be seen  
 In *Camden*, page three hundred and thirteen :  
 Twelve men they choose, the most substantialest  
 Most rich and wise, to govern all the rest  
 And out of that discreet and honest dozen  
 Two (as it were) high Constables are chosen  
 These have no power themselves to hang or draw  
 Or on offenders to inflict the Law  
 But to a Justice of the Peace, or Coram  
 They bring the parties, and their cause before 'em,  
 From Friday unto Friday I did stay  
 But in the mean time I did take my way  
 Five miles to *Tarring*<sup>1</sup> where my old friend there  
 The Parson welcom'd me with Country cheer  
 His name is *John*, or honest Master Rice

of the period, are shown to the curious in such matters, on application being made *fec-in-haud* to "Boots," who is craftily and well read-up in Foxe and "The whole army of Martyrs."

"In the reign of Queen Mary, Lewes, as the county town, was the scene of many of those *holocausts* which disgraced her times. Sixteen martyrs to the cause of the Reformation were burnt in the *forum* of Lewes—the local Smithfield, opposite the Star inn—between 1555 and 1557, the last "burnt-offering to a good conscience" being the well-known iron-master, Richard Woodman, and nine others, five of whom were women."

*M. A. Lower's History of Sussex.*

<sup>1</sup>TARRING, *i.e.*, Tarring Neville, or East Tarring, to distinguish it from Tarring Peverell or West Tarring in the Western Division of the County, 2 miles W. of Worthing.

Six meals he meated me, and lodg'd me thrice  
He Preached on Sunday *August* twenty-one  
Two Sermons, tending to Salvation :  
His Doctrines good and he himself doth frame  
To live in conversation like the same.  
I thank him, and his Wife and Family,  
For making of so much (too much) of me,  
Thus when he could no longer me retain,  
With love and thanks, I rode to *Lewes* again  
This Town contains six Churches, and at least  
It is a mile in length from West to East :  
A strong and spacious Castle there hath been  
As by its moulder'd ruins may be seen  
Thence 12 miles I was on my female beast borne  
T'an unknown feast borne, at a Town call'd  
Eastbourne

I at an Inn alighted, and foud there  
Unlook'd for welcome, and good *Sussex* cheer  
Sir *Thomas Dike*, Sir *Thomas Parker*, Knights  
With kind Esquires, whose names and Epithites  
I mention not, because I know them not  
But to them all my thanks is unforgot  
For undeserved unlook'd for, and unthought  
From thee my purse and person both were fraught  
This was on *August* twenty-six, a Friday  
Near *Dogs days end*, a very fair and dry day  
The next day, and the next I felt the bounty  
Of the high Sheriff of *Sussex* famous County !

He entertain'd me Saturday and Sunday,  
And would have kept me 20 days past Monday  
There was a high and mighty drink call'd *Rug*<sup>1</sup>  
Sure since the Reign of great King *Gorbodug*  
Was never such a rare infus'd confection  
Injection, operation, and ejection,  
Are *Hogen Mogen*<sup>2</sup> *Rugs*, great influences  
To provoke sleep, and stupify the senses  
No cold can ever pierce his flesh or skin  
Of him who is well lin'd with *Rug* within

<sup>1</sup>EASTBOURNE RUG on which our *Water-Poet* is "so sweet and voluble in his discourse" upon, must have been some "high and mighty" *local* drink, with which he was previously unacquainted, as he makes no mention of it in a work which he published in 1637, entitled "DRINK AND WELCOME: or the Famous Historie of the most part of Drinks in use now in the Kingdoms of *Great Brittain* and *Ireland*; with an especial declaration of the potency, vertue, and operation of our *English ALE*." From the description given of its qualities it would appear that *Eastbourne Rug* possessed sufficient of narcotic principle——

"To provoke sleep, and stupify the senses."

Singular enough we find in Captain Grose's Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, Edition 1811: "RUG; asleep. The whole gill is safe at *Rug*; i.e., the people of the house are fast asleep."

But as smuggling - wholesale and retail; and in all its various branches—was most extensively carried on at this part of the Sussex coast, and from what we in our youth have heard our Grandmother say--and she was clever—we are inclined to think that *Eastbourne Rug*, though having ale, or elder and blackberry wines, or *tria juncta in uno*, for its basis, was nevertheless well mixed with French brandy, Dutch Hollands, and other spirituous liquors that had never been contaminated by the Exciseman's "stick," in the proportion of—

"A pint of the first to two quarts of the latter daily."

<sup>2</sup>HOGAN MOGAN, a corruption of *Hoogh mogedige* high and mighty *Belg*. A Title of the States of the United Netherlands,"—*Bailey*.

*Rug* is a Lord beyond the Rules of Law  
 It conquers hunger in the greedy maw  
 And (in a word) of all the drinks potable  
*Rug* is most puissant, potent, notable  
*Rug* was the Capital Commander there  
 And his Lieutenant General was strong beer  
 Wine plenteous both in Bottles and in flagons  
 Whose strength would quell St. George and 20  
                   dragons

But *Ahasuerus* Laws were there enrol'd  
 No man was forc'd to drink more than he would  
 There was good *will*, good *wills son* and good  
                   *Willia*

As free as was the Emp'ror Maximilian  
 Beasts, fowls and fish, from earth and sea and air  
 Unto the Table, well cook'd did repair  
 There were rare Birds I never saw before  
 The like of them, I think to see no more :  
 Th'are called *Wheat-ears*,<sup>1</sup> less than Lark or Sparrow

<sup>1</sup>WHEATEARS.—In July and August great quantities of those delicious birds, wheatears—*sylvia oenanthe*—arrive at Eastbourne, and are scattered over the extensive Downs in vast numbers, but not in flocks, as they are almost invariably seen singly. It is a great perquisite to the shepherds to catch them, which they do by cutting out lines of traps in the turf in the form of a T, and inverting the turf over a couple of horse-hair nooses. Pennant states, that in his time the numbers snared about Eastbourne amounted annually to about one thousand eight hundred and forty dozen. They are called the English ortolan, from their being so fat and plump and of such delicious flavour. They are a great delicacy potted. They are, however, gradually lessening in numbers, year after year, so that it hardly pays the shepherds now, for their time and trouble to get their traps ready.—*Burdge's History of Brighton*.



Well roasted, in the mouth they taste like marrow  
When once 'tis in the teeth it is involv'd  
Bones, flesh, and all, is lusciously dissolv'd  
The name of *Wheat-ears*, on them is ycleped  
Because they come when wheat is yearly reap'd  
Six weeks, or thereabouts, they are catch'd there  
And are wellnigh 11. months, God knows where  
My humble gratitude is here expressed  
To Mr. Sheriff, and his beloved best  
His kindness join'd with hers, and hers with his  
Doth merit my unfeigned thankfulness  
Unto my Cousin *Thomas Taylor* there  
My love rememb'red, and for my Samphire  
He promised me, I thank'd him thrice before  
And when I have it, I will thank him more  
Twelve miles on August 9. and 20 day  
From *Bourne* to *Battle* 4 miles on my way  
At *Pewensey* doth a ruin'd Castle stand  
And there the Norman Conqueror did land  
Since his invading power arriv'd there  
'Tis now 500, 60, and 6 year  
Eight miles from thence, the Battle fierce was  
strook  
Where blood of 70000 like a Brook  
Or rather I may say like *Sanguin* Rivers  
Which down hills, it impetuously delivers  
Into the Vales : and where that blood was spilt  
The Conqueror caus'd an Abbey to be built

Of stately structure, and what it hath been  
By great extended ruins may be seen  
When Norman forces *England* overcame  
From bloody Battle, *Battle* had its name  
This Abbey now is kept, by right and due  
By the Honourable Viscount *Montague*  
That Lord repair'd some part magnificent  
And ther's good house kept, when he's resident  
That noble Lord is, in account most famous  
Though many miserable Lords do shame us  
Arth' Imperial crest, or Eagle spread  
My self and mare, were stabled lodg'd and fed  
About the reckoning I did not contend  
My friend T. H. paid all, and there's an end  
August the thirtieth, I rode to *Hastings*  
Where was relief for men of several tastings  
Our Sundry palates, put them altogether  
Or relished appetites, take all or neither  
At *Hastings* I staid not, but hastily  
I ambled six miles into *Winchelsea*  
Which hath been counted in the days of yore  
(Until the seas contended with the shore)  
A famous sea Town, rich in merchandize  
But buried in the Ocean now it lies.  
A Castle stands i'th sands, enduring flaws  
Gusts, tempests, storms, and times devouring jaws  
In twice twelve hours, 'tis twice embraced round  
In th' arms of *Neptune*, seeming to be drowned

And when the floods are ebb'd into the main  
 Three miles in sands 'tis compast round again  
 In *Winchelsea* that now is I could ken  
 Nothing worth observation of my pen  
 Two miles from thence, upon a hill stands *Rye*  
 And there I, at the Star, did lodge and lie  
 More odds there is 'twixt singing sounds and crying  
 Than was betwixt my lodging, and my lying  
 I lodg'd by night, and I did lie by day  
 And as upon my bed I musing lay  
 The chamber hang'd with painted cloth<sup>1</sup> I found  
 Myself with sentences belcaguered round  
 There was Philosophy and History  
 Poetry, Enigmatic mystery.  
 I know not what the Town in wealth may be  
 But sure, I on that chambers walls did see  
 More wit than all the town had, and more worth  
 Than my unlearned Muse can well set forth

<sup>1</sup>PAINTED CLOTH.—Cloth or canvas painted in oil, a cheap substitute for tapestry. It was frequently the receptacle of verses, devices, proverbial sayings, and mottoes. Such cloths are often made the subject of allusion by our old authors.

"*Jaques*. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmith's wives, and conned them out of rings?

*Orlando*.—Not so; but I answer you right *painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions."—*As You Like It*, act iii., sc. 2.

"I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall,

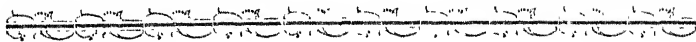
In *painted cloth*, the story of the prodigal."

*The Muses' Looking Glass.*

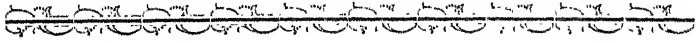
"I know you'll weep, madam, but what says the *painted cloth*?"

*The Honest Whore.*

I will not hold my Reader in dilemma  
Thus truly, lying I transcribed them a'



*No flower so fresh, but frost may it deface  
None sit so fast, but he may lose his place  
'Tis Concord keeps a Realm in stable stay  
But Discord brings all Kingdoms to decay  
No Subject ought (for any kind of Cause)  
Resist his Prince, but yield him to the Lawes  
Sure God is just, whose stroke, delayed long,  
Doth light at last, with pain more sharp and strong  
Time never was nor ne'er I think shall be,  
That (unshent) might speak, in all things free.*



This is the Sum, the Marrow and the Pith  
My lying Chamber was Adorned with :  
And 'tis supposed, those lines written there  
Have in that Room been, more than 40 year.  
Now, Reader take this notice more of *Rye*  
'Tis worth Remembering, and I'll tell you why :  
If to unload your Bellies, Nature drive ye,  
In all the Town you'll scarcely find a Privy  
For as our Sectaries, in Tubs preach here  
They make (Sir Reverence) Reverend Jakeses there,  
Of Pulpits of Profanity, and these  
When they are full, are empti'd in the Seas

My fare was good at *Rye*, my Reck'ning small  
 I thank my noble friend, that paid for all  
 Near unto *Rye*, 2 dirty Ferrys be  
 So Muddy, that they mir'd my Mare and me  
 I past them, And on *ultima Augusti*  
 Well meated, Mounted, man and beast both lusty  
 I cross'd o'er *Guldeford* ferry, and I went  
 From *Rye* in *Sussex* unto *Hythe* in *Kent*  
 Septembers first day, *Sol* with golden eye  
 Gilt *Neptune* with celestial Alchymy  
 With sovereign splendour, kissing meadows green  
 And mantled hills tops were coruscant seen  
 When *Phæbus* mounted was in glorious pride,  
 I mounted too, and rode away from *Hythe*  
 Still as I past through Sea Towns first and last  
 I did enquire how business had past  
 The people said that Guns did bounce and thump  
 Betwixt our *English* ships and Dutch *Van Tromp*<sup>1</sup>  
 At *Romney*, and at *Hythe*, they were in sight  
 Folks heard the drums to beat, and saw the fight

<sup>1</sup>VAN TROMP.—Martin Harpertzoon Van Tromp, a Dutch Admiral; born 1597; destroyed the Spanish Fleet off Gravelines, Feb'y, 1639; defeated by Admiral Blake off Dover, 29 May, 1652; victorious over the English fleet at the mouth of the Thames, 10 Dec., 1652; on which occasion Van Tromp clapped a broom to his mast-head to intimate that he meant to sweep the English Navy from the seas. On the 18th of February 1653, Admiral Blake again brought Van Tromp to action in the Channel. At the end of this "three days fight" the English admiral humbled the great Dutch Van Tromp, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Scheveningen 10 Aug. 1653.

Thus little was the News from sea or shore  
Our weekly News books<sup>1</sup> will tell 3 times more  
From *Hythe* to Dover, and to *Canterbury*  
Full 25. miles, dirty, wet and weary,  
I took my lodging up, and down I lay  
Till Friday came, Septembers second day  
Then with the Lamb I arose, and with the Lark  
I got to Gravesend when 'twas almost dark  
But I mistake, from sleep I rous'd my head  
And rose with th' Lark, but went with Lamb to bed  
On th'way I was not vex't with Gates or Stiles  
But three and thirty dirty Kentish miles  
With washing dashing ways, and rain well sous'd  
It made my Mare and I glad to be hous'd  
The sign was *Welsh* his pie-bald English *Bull*  
I there was welcome empty, welcome full  
But at the high and mighty *Gravesend Whale*  
I found most potent admirable Ale  
'Tis second to no drink, but *Eastbourne Rug*  
Put it in Pot or Flagon, Can or Jug  
You'll find it is the grand Ale, and you'll grant  
That 'tis Ale Paramount, Predominant  
'Twas given me by a Friend; but let him end  
With hanging, that loves Ale more than his friend  
For from *Gravesend* (Saturday Septembers third)  
I rode without spurs, as I had been spurrd

<sup>1</sup>NEWS BOOK.—A Newspaper.

I came to *London* when the Clock struck one  
And so my Journey and my Book is

DONE.

*Among the Muses where the number Nine is,  
The learned Poets end their Works with Finis;  
But when unlearned I have Volumes penn'd,  
Finis is Latin, English Done's an End.*



A  
POSTSCRIPT

Of some parts of Sussex and Kent that I  
Travelled, which I have borrowed  
out of Mr. Speed.

SUSSEX.



*THE North part of this Shire confronts upon  
Surrey, and Kent : the West butteth upon  
Hampshire and all the rest of the County  
lieth stretched along the British sea. The City  
of most account within this County is Chichester,  
a beautiful, and large town ; yet for the statcli-  
ness of buildings Lewes doth seem to contend  
with it, where William de Warren built a strong  
Castle, whereunto the Barons in time of those civil  
broils resorted in war-like manner, and fought a great*

*Battle against their Sovereign and his son wherein King Henry the third had his horse slain under him ; Richard King of the Romans the King's Brother was surprised, and taken in a Wind-mill, and Prince Edward (who was after that King Edward the first, or Longshanks) delivered unto them upon unequal terms of peace Places of other note are these, Shore whence King Harold going upon the sea for his pleasure in a small boat was driven upon the Coast of Normandy, where, by Duke William he was surprised, and retained until he swore to make him King after Edward the Confessor his death, West-Wittering where Ella the Saxon landed when he came to conquer those parties and gave the name to the Shore from Cimen his son. Finally Gomebridge where Charles Duke of Orleans father to Lewis the twelfth King of France, was long detained being taken Prisoner at Agincourt. Yet I have been in the Castle of Star-borough where I was shewed the said Dukes Chamber in Kent or the edge of Surrey.*

## KENT.



**T**HIS is the first Province that appeareth in the South of this Kingdom, and is bounded upon the North with the famous River Thamisis; on the East with the German Sea, and Ocean ; on the fourth with Sussex and the narrow seas ; and upon the West with Sussex and



Surrey. The Chiefest City within this County is Canterbury which became famous, both for the conversion of the Saxons by St. Augustine, whereof eight of their Kings were there interr'd; also was Thomas Becket Arch-Bishop of Canterbury.

The invincible Castle of Dover is a place of the greatest strength not only of this Country, but of the whole Kingdom being the Key of the Realm, and as John Rosse, and Lidgate affirm, was built by Julius Cæsar. The Chiefest and only thing of admiration in this shire is a hole at Mottingame eight yards about, and a line of fifty fathoms plummed into it, doth find no bottom, where suddenly the ground sunk, and three great Elms therein growing, were swallowed up into the earth. This shire claimeth the pre-eminence of Christianity before all places of England; for Lucius the first Christian British King in this Island built a Church within the Castle of Dover.

There is no other memory or token of the great Battle, which was fought at Ailsford, between Hengist the ambitious Saxon, and Vortimer the valiant Britain wherein Horsa, and Catigern, brethren to both Generals were slain, then a monument of Catigern, which is nothing else but four stones pitched in the manner of the Stone Henge, on Salisbury Plain, and is vulgarly called Ciscoat house which is upon the Plain there. England's Kings

*have had two Seats in this County, wherein they were wont to make some abode, in the summer time; the one for their Court which is Greenwich, the other for their pleasure, which is Eltham. Very convenient for pastimes, and game for hunting.*

*There is also a place in this Shire called Tunbridge whither there is a great concourse of infirm people, who find present remedy for their maladies, by virtue of some wells lately found out which prove very sovereign.*



To all my Friends that have subscribed their  
Names and dwellings to my Bill.

According as you pay, or pay me not  
So is my luck or unlucky Lot,  
I have made use of many friends before  
Age tells me now I shall do so no more.  
Some friends I have, and some small share of wit  
And want hath forced me to use them, and it,  
I, in my best of wishes will include  
Their Kindness, and my humble gratitude.

FINIS.

# VINEGAR AND MUSTARD OR

WORM-WOOD LECTURES FOR EVERY  
DAY IN THE WEEK,

*Being exercised and delivered in several Pa-  
rishes both of Town and City, on several dayes.*

A dish of tongues here's for a feast  
Sowre sauce for sweet meat is the best.

*Taken verbatim in short writing by J. W.*



LONDON, PRINTED FOR *Will. Whitwood*, AT  
THE GOLDEN BELL IN *Duck-Lane*. 1673.





THE BOOK TO THE READER  
OR HEARER.

**T***IS no Tub Lecture which I teach,  
But I'll tell what some women preach,  
Then pray come near and hear me,  
I am black ink and paper white,  
Although I bark I will not bite,  
Therefore you need not fear me.*

No modest woman I envy  
Because I love them heartily  
And prize them more than gold.  
None will exceptions take at me,  
But such as think they galled be,  
And that's I'm sure a scold.

VALE.







# VINEGAR AND MUSTARD :

OR,

## A MESS OF MANDERING-BROTH,<sup>1</sup>

BEING WORMWOOD LECTURES FOR EVERY DAY IN THE  
WEEK.

### 1.—*Monday's Lecture,*

By a woman that had not been long married, because  
her husband put on his best clothes on Monday  
morning.

O, Brave! What every day holiday with you?  
Pray sir what day do you call this, that your roast-  
meat clothes must be put on? is not this Monday. I  
think you had recreation enough yesterday for all the  
week. And not to go a rambling or a fox-catching<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>MANDER, *v.* To cry; to grumble.

<sup>2</sup>FOX CATCHING.—A cant term for getting drunk :—run to earth.

“No sooner was he below, but his friend arrested him at Mr. *Fox's* suit,  
and by all means would make him pay his groat for being drunk.”

“their throats with brandy drench'd  
Which makes men *fox'd* e'er thirst is quench'd.”

*Poor Robin* 1738.

on the working days; but i'faith, i'faith, I see your Knavery, as cunning and as closely as you carry it, as though butter would not melt in your mouth. Here you leave me in bed, poor soul, never asking me how I do, or what I ail. And when you rise out of the bed, you turn your backside towards me, as though I should kiss that. O unkind and most unnatural man, that doth hardly know what doth belong unto a woman, the more is my grief. Well, I would that I had somebody here that I could wish to keep me company, but indeed I observed you yesterday in the Church-yard, how you whispered with your Jacks and pot-companions, and then you shook hands at parting. I then you made the match, and to-day you are to meet, but I shall find out your haunts, and then I shall ring you such a peal, that I will make you fly and scatter like hail-shot from a gun. Well, get you gone, and come home as wise as you went (like a woodcock<sup>1</sup> I had like to say) hey ho, this is not the way to thrive.

<sup>1</sup>WOODCOCK.—Proverbial, as a foolish bird; or for a man compared to the bird. A silly fellow.

“Oh this *woodcock*! what an ass it is!”

*Twining the Shrew*, act i, sc. 2.

He cheats young gulls that are newly come to towne; and when the keeper of the ordinary blames him for it, he answers him in his own profession, that a *woodcock* must be plucked ere it be drest.

*Overbury's Characters*, M. 2.



*Her Husband's Answer.*

Wife, thou sayest true, 'tis not the way to thrive,  
To lie in bed and 'gainst thy husband strive,  
Cursing and chiding and to domineer,  
Gainst him that maintains you, and does love you  
    dear,

If in good housewifery you would persevere,  
You must then rise and do your best endeavour,  
In husband's absence for to have an eye  
On servants that their business do ply.

I'd have you know I will not stand in fear  
Of you, or else what clothes that I shall wear,  
On Monday, Tuesday, or on any day  
Or when I please to work, or go to play.

But yet I tell thee true, though thou dost bawl  
Know that I am going to the Hall  
Where we this day Master and Wardens choose  
I being warned<sup>1</sup> the same must not refuse,

And where you say that I a foxing go,  
I'd have you know I use not to do so;  
And if that I do chance to meet a friend,  
We'll drink a pint of wine, and there's an end.  
You'll find me out where'er I go, you say;  
But it were better you at home should stay.

Men's businesses abroad do often lie  
For to get work, or bargains for to buy,

<sup>1</sup> I BEING WARNED i.e. summoned.

And wives that do lie lolling in their beds  
Know not the care is in their husband's heads.  
When I do rise you say I am unkind  
Because that I do wear my tail behind  
Sure you would have me backward from you go  
Like the Turk's Bashaws, for they must do so,  
So fare you well, and on me do not frown,  
Lest in your wedding-shoes I take you down.

2.—*Tuesday's Lecture.*

Delivered in a Bar-Pulpit, by a right reverend fat  
Hostess, to her husband in a morning next his  
heart.

You make an Host of an ale-house ; yes i'faith,  
thou art more fit for an hostler for to rub horse-heels,  
than to take upon thee as thou dost. You forsooth  
must be tattling of money, as though I were not of  
age to take the reckoning myself ; but two hands in  
a purse makes one of them prove a thief I am afraid.  
but look to it, look to it you had best, for you know  
that the brewer and the baker must be paid, and our  
trading fails, for you see that we have not half so  
many guests as we were wont to have before our  
strong ale was put down, the more is the pity, good  
man goose. Thou art such an innocent fool, that  
though thou seest thy guests pot-shaken, and have  
lost their memories, you forsooth must tell them  
their just reckoning, without overplus, nay I doubt

sometimes too short, which makes us thrive as we do; by Lady, then you come sneaking in with your shot-pot, or your paper of tobacco, as though it cost us no money, but if they would have it, let them pay for it with a vengeance. Here I must sit up late at night, and rise up early in the morning, when you are sometimes a-bed, or else abroad at the alehouse with your drunken companions. For I could hear you the other day make a match with the brewer's clerk to go and drink half-a-pint of sack, with a pox to you, and I must sit here in the cold like Joan hold staff, and drink small beer if I will, for the devil-a-drop of your wine would you send me to comfort my poor heart withal. Here you live very jolly, and I must take all the pains and go in a thread-bare coat as I do, but I was well enough served, that might have had such good matches as I might have had when I was a widow, and to take a serving-man, one that had neither house nor home, or trade to live upon. Other men they can go into some place or office, but thou lookest after nothing, like an idle drone as thou art. Well, I say nothing, but were I not a patient woman as I am, it would break my heart-string asunder.

*The Man's Answer.*

I pray thee woman patient be,  
and do not grow so hot,

The same cold breakfast you gave me  
my palate pleaseth not.

Your tongue methinks is out of tune,  
for it so much doth jar ;

I like a felon will not be  
arraigned at the bar.

Horse-heels I never use to rub  
your words too sharp do bite,

Indeed a Butler once I was  
unto a worthy Knight :

The monies that I sometimes take  
I do not waste or spend,

And though I to the tavern went,  
the clerk he is our friend.

Sometimes to give a pipe or pot  
by it we nothing loose,

Our guests will sooner come again  
and not the house refuse.

For brewer and for baker both,  
I do take care to pay,

My honest guests I'll not deceive,  
what e'er you do or say.

When first I did a-wooing come  
the same you well do know,

A hundred pieces of good gold  
I in your lap did throw :

And since by my industry,  
with yours it doth increase,

You have small cause for to complain,  
then prithee hold thy peace.  
I wonder what great pains you take,  
you have your boy and maid,  
And whatsoever you command,  
You straightway are obeyed.  
And with your gossips when you please,  
you to the tavern go,  
But what you do among them spend,  
I neither ask nor know.  
You have good gowns unto your back,  
and waistcoats are not base,  
Kirtles and scarlet petticoats  
with silk and golden lace,  
Your beaver-hat, laced hand'kerchiefs,  
and yet you call me goose,  
Unknown to me your coin you save,  
and put it out to use.  
A story now to mind I call  
one that you know full well,  
Story the broker, which of late  
in Turnmill Street<sup>1</sup> did dwell,

<sup>1</sup>TURNMILL—OR, TURNBULL STREET.—This street situate between Clerkenwell and Cow Cross Lane, was long noted as the haunt of the lowest classes of thieves and prostitutes.

“Turnmill-Street, the western side of which was taken down in 1856-7 for the Clerkenwell Improvements, is one of great antiquity, and of peculiar interest, from its disreputable associations, it having been infamous for centuries past.” *Pink's History of Clerkenwell*.

You did not lend him fifty pound  
of which I never knew,  
In hope for to have double again ?  
you know I do speak true.  
Both you and others of your mates,  
that did their husbands cozen,  
He got your coin, beyond seas went,  
and made fools by the dozen.  
But since there were more fools than thee  
you may the lesser care,  
And let no more such crafty knaves  
with thee my money share.

3.—*Wednesday's Lecture.*

Taught by a sailor's wife to her husband in the morning, who had drunk more than his share overnight, with other good fellows that came lately from the East Indies.

I'faith, i'faith, I thought what would become of yesterday's work, like a drunken beast as thou art, when thou went'st abroad with thy mates ; you are land-sick now, and not sea-sick, with a vengeance to you for me. Come, hold up your block-head, that with this warm cloth I may tie up all that little wit that you have, I am sure that your forehead aches, doth it not ? Yes, I do warrant you. Well,

when you have another wife she will do thus to you, do you think she will not? Come, give me some money, that I may make you a caudle, and see if that will make you any better; as bad as you are to me, I would fain recover your health once more, and set you upon your legs that you may stand again, for I am sure last night you could not, you had drunk so hard: and then when you were in bed you lay snoring and snorting like a swine as you are. I, poor wretch, could take no rest for you all that live-long night, a woman hath much comfort of such a bedfellow, hath she not, think you? I'll warrant you spent a simple deal of money yesterday at the tavern, when you were with your old companions: but poor I was never thought upon when you were jovial and merry, like a company of drunken sots as you were, and now you are come ashore, you think the world runs on wheels, and that all the world is oatmeal<sup>1</sup>; but you'll find it to the contrary, I'll warrant you with a wanion.<sup>2</sup>

'Tis true you have been out this three years on your voyage, and have taken pains, and got some store of money, but then, thou silly beast, art like a good cow, that gives a pail full of milk, and when thou hast done kickest it down with thy heel upon the ground and spillest it all; but steer on your

<sup>1</sup>OATMEAL *i.e.*, Swagger, jolity, &c.

<sup>2</sup>WANION—*i.e.*, with a curse.

course, you have yet a fair wind, and a smooth sea, but if you mend not your manners, and turn over a new leaf, I do intend to do, I know what I know, that which will vex every vein of thy heart, and make thee as mad as the Man in the Moon when he is three days old<sup>1</sup> and there is a bone for you to pick.

*His Reply to Her again.*

Am I awake, or do I dream,  
From whence proceeds this troublous stream,  
I think the woman wild,  
Is this the kindness you profess?  
Your tongue your heart doth plain express,  
I pray thee be more mild.  
Oft have I been at sea and shore,  
But such a tempest ne'er before  
I heard in all my life.  
Thou art some spirit or ill thing,  
Or else some syren that doth sing,  
Surely thou art not my wife-  
The hurricanes thou putttest down,  
That blows up trees, and ships doth drown,  
then pray thee, tempest, cease.  
And if there be such storms on land,  
Surely the house it cannot stand,  
and therefore hold your peace.

<sup>1</sup>MOON THREE DAYS OLD, &c :—"It is the moon, I ken her horn."



Why should you chafe because that I  
Drink with some of my company  
    with whom I was at sea.  
With you at home there was no scant,  
I'm sure that you did nothing want,  
    You might do what you please.  
What I did spend it was mine own,  
And wealth with you I ne'er had none,  
    your friends had nought to give.  
I felt all weathers cold and warm,  
Enduring many a bitter storm,  
    and sent you means to live.  
What though that I were ill at ease,  
With change of air, being long at seas,  
    I did not hurt at all.  
A little drink distempered me,  
But I am well again you see  
    Although you scold and brawl.  
Whate'er you ask almost you have,  
I do maintain you fine and brave,  
    fitting for your degree.  
I'm sure you eat and drink the best,  
Rise when you please, and go to rest  
    yet you'll not quiet be.  
And though you think the world too blind,  
To me you proved wondrous kind,  
    when I three years was gone ;  
You said you heard that I was dead,

When you set horns upon my head,  
you could not lie alone.  
You had two children in that space  
And 'cause I would thee not disgrace,  
I married thee again,  
Because that none should call thee whore,  
And thou reward'st me well therefore,  
paying me for my pain.  
But I'll forgive thee all that's past,  
So you'll be quiet at the last,  
though toucht unto the quick  
Come kiss me now and do not cry,  
We will be friends, although that I  
gave thee a bone to pick.

4.—*Thursday's Lecture.*

Exercised and expressed by mistress seeming wife,  
in the chamber to her husband, sitting in her  
chair, but he would not be edified by her.

Verily, verily, thou art a very reprobate,  
idolater, and one that is not worthy to enter in at  
the wicket or door, nay, not to stir over the threshold  
where the Elect doth dwell; thou art worthy to be  
chastised and beaten with many stripes. You, (for-  
sooth), will go nowhere to be edified, but to your  
Steeple-houses<sup>1</sup>, upon your heathenish days, there

<sup>1</sup>STEEPLE-HOUSE—A church.

where they teach nothing almost but the language of the Beast, the common strumpet, harlot, and Whore of *Babylon*; away, thou unsanctified wretch! thy blind eyes are not opened, but you will walk still in the dark paths of iniquity and ignorance; that in the end you shall fall into the pit of perdition. And you and the rest of the tribe of the wicked, when you are at your unsanctified Tippling Inns, your alehouses, or your taverns, and are drunken with the dregs of profaneness, where your noses are smoking like the gulf of Sodom and Gomorrah, the henbane of your heathen tobacco. I there, there I say, is the place where you utter and vent forth your despiteful reproaches against us which are the immaculate vessels. I profess, I profess, and that in sincerity, that the righteous may have their fallings and their failing, and may rise again, but for you that are not called, but persevere in your old superstitious Idolatry, which is but mere Popery, you say again and again, your learned teachers, as they build up the walls of *Babylon*, but you can deride at our sincere teachers, although they propagate, and are men of sanctity, therefore let us say or teach what we will, you are like the adder that stops her ears and will hear nothing at all, therefore you will not edify, but still run on your profane course of life; seeing so, I conclude as I began, thou art a very reprobate.

*Her Husband's Answer.*

Now I am glad your learned lecture's done,  
And have concluded just as you begun,  
Being with reverence, as you may say,  
Unto your husband, whom you should obey.  
Is this the doctrine which you there do teach,  
Where Ananias unto you doth preach ?  
These same to you methinks are wondrous kind,  
That opened have your eyes were lately blind,  
Surely unto the Papists they are kin,  
But I thought miracles had ceased been,  
They hate a whore, and on high points do ston  
(stand ?)

But 'tis none but the whore of *Babylon*.  
They have their goodly gifts of countenance,  
True, before folks they will not kiss a wench,  
It is the spirit that doth move them to it,  
And therefore he must not refuse to do it.  
To fail and fall it is sometimes your lot,  
Witness so many maids with child are got  
By zealous people of your ranting crew,  
Which being done, this virgin up you mew,  
Because the wicked thereof should not know,  
You nurst her up, and so away did go,  
And thus doth propagate your pure elect,  
The which is too much used by your sect.  
Our learned Reverend Divines you hate

And say, the language of the Beast they prate,  
Because your blockish weak capacities  
Cannot conceive the secret mysteries,  
The which are written in God's sacred Book,  
Which is the cause so many are mistook,  
Yet some of you that hardly knows a letter,  
Stick not to say you can expound it better ;  
Your learned teachers that do all disjoint,  
That knows not how to spell, to read, or point,  
Are they not reverend botchers, or some weavers,  
Some zealous cobblers, hatmakers, or glovers ?  
These are the Saints that do the Scriptures wrest,  
Nay some of them of it do make a jest :  
They make a cloak of true religion,  
And a false vizard o'er their face put on :  
Do but unmask them, you shall plainly see  
Their cheating tricks, and base hypocrisy :  
The wicked for to rob they hold no sin  
And careth not who lose so they do win,  
And now I say (yet speak under the Rose)  
Those snotty fellows that speak in the nose,  
Like to the Papists silly women 'tice,  
For to undo their husbands in a trice,  
As by experience I have found of late,  
You amongst them have impoverisht my estate ;  
And therefore now I mean to mould you new,  
Housewife, I'll make you leave your ranting crew.

5.—*Friday's Lecture.*

Delivered dialoguc-wise between *Bold Bettrie* and *Welsh Guintlin*, two fishwives, in *Newgate Market*, upon a market-day, where they had store of audience, and great attention.

*Bet.* Away, away thou impudent Welsh Runt thou, thou comest from a Foreign Nation, I do not know where beyond *Pennemar* [Penmaen-mawr] a-tother side the mountains, thou meal-faced bawd thou, dost thou think to forestall me in the market place, that was bred and born in the parish, and you come to eat the bread out of my mouth, with a pox to you.

*Guin.* Marry hang you with a Tevil's name, the pold *Bettrie*, was stand here in spite of her pelly and her prace face, was give her fine languages was her not? Was call her *Welsh Runt*, and apple-faced pawd, and the Tevil and his tam like a shade [jade?] as her are.

*Bet.* Dost thou call me shade, thou whore thou? I would thou shouldst well know, that I was never such a jade as to tire as thou didst, thou common *Hackney* thou? for when thou and a fellow was a-doing I know what, thou didst cry *dig on, dig on*, which is enough, enough, in your pocky Welch language, and then the fellow told thee, he had

almost digged his heart out, that was the trick of a jade to tire.

*Guin.* Now her was take herself by the noses, faith law, was call herself to remembrances, how her was lie with a fellow in a tark night upon a cobbler's stall, and when the fellow's breeches were down, and he got up, whether he was ride a gallop or a trots? and then the cobbler as he was at work by candles light was hear her, and he was thrust up his awl into her blind cheeks, (with a pox to her), and when you was prickt, her was give such a kick upward, that her was threw the fellow out of the saddles all along in the dirt, and was not that the trick of a base shade, think her?

*Bet.* Away, away thou toad's head and garlic thou! dost thou call thyself to remembrance since thou lay in the cage by *Smithfield* Pond with two bastards, thou cage-bird thou, did you not sing sweetly there? and do you remember how thou lay'st with a fisherman for a quardern of mackerel, and when you came back again thou paid the waterman with a pox that carried you, thou bobtailed whore thou.

*Guin.* Thou was a base whore's bird to call her catch bird; was pray tell her how long it is ago since her did sing *pity the poor woman in Newgate*, when her should have been hanged for picking a pocket; besides her do not remember when her was

in black and blue white rose waistcoat, and red Spanish petticoat, with half a dozen of lashes at her tail, and her new stockings and her new shoes, which her was never pay the shoemaker for unless it were with a pox, and as prave as her was her had never a penny in her purse, when her was fine, her was go sell oranges and lemons, and did not her lie with the spavel<sup>1</sup> Portugal for half a hundred of oranges and lemons at Pillingsgate, and so was put her in the stocks when her was poor.

*Bet.* Thou scum of a kitchen-stuff pot thou, that when thou camest out of Wales hadst not a tatter to thy tail, and didst penance all the way to London barefoot, thou jade thou, and then didst set up in gathering rags and marrow bones, thou base dunghill whore thou, and as thou didst rake thou didst find a silver spoon, and that did put thee in a stock to trade at *Billingsgate*; for I am sure thou wert a beggarly whore and full of lice till then, but now you can keep company and spend pot for pot, and be jovial with your companions, as the best of us thou leather-faced whore thou.

*Guin.* Pox on your old tallow-faced wish, the her has colour now for her knavery, and was paint her ill-favour face, I think, with white shake and red prick, to make her look peautiful, and was make her

<sup>1</sup>SPAVEL.—Spave, *v.* To castrate?



rogues and her rascals to follow after her like a pold whore as she is.

*Bet.* I'faith, now your Welch plood is up you will say anything, but hark, Guintlin, let me speak a word in your ear, I will not hurt you.

*Guin.* I but will her not bite her, nor scratch with her tooths ?

*Bet.* No i'faith, but are we not a couple of fools to fall out, and spoil our reputation, losing our market, and the fish is ready to stink, and the people laugh at us ; hark ! the market-bell rings, and we must away : meet me at the *Fox*, and there we'll drink ourselves friends.

*Guin.* Here was both her hands, her was meet her at the *Fox*, get a good fire, and call for half a tozen, come customers, and buy all before her go ; new fresh herring, quick-a-lie, quick-a-lie, fifteen a groat, was come, was come, *Bettrie*.

### 9.—*Saturday's Lecture.*

Exercised by a miller's wife in her husband's water-mill, instead of a barn where her tongue went faster and louder than the mill-clapper.

Many a miller, many a thief, but it is too late to repent now, the more is my grief. What, all alone ? that's a wonder that you have none of your

trollops with you. You forsooth could not stay at home last night, but you must go to the mill to work in great haste ; you had your stones to pick with a vengeance, but I do wonder who helped you to pick them ? Not they that should, I'm sure ; and besides, you could not stay lest you should want water to grind with, but you did grind in your own water-mill. I find the old proverb true, *That much water runs by the mill that the miller's wife never knows on.* O Sirrah, who but you amongst the maids when my back is turned ! I knows your tricks of old since I was a maid ; I can see what pickle they are in after they have been with you—how all their petticoats are whited with meal. I those are the lasses that shall have their corn ground toll-free. I know you are as free to them of your flesh as you are of your fish ; for you can give this wench a dish of trotters for restority, and that wench a dish of guts to scour her maw ; whilst I, poor soul, sit at home with a dish of pouts<sup>1</sup> ; and they, to requite your kindness, one brings a plum cake, another brings a goose, and thus when you feast together, you are as safe as so many thieves in a mill. But i'faith, i'faith, I will watch your water, and I shall take you napping, which if I do, I will ring you such a peal, that all the bells in the steeple shall not out-jangle me.

<sup>1</sup>POUT.—A sea fish of the cod kind.

*The Miller's Answer.*

Why how now dame, what is the cause  
That you so wide do ope your jaws,  
What, did some fury you affright ?  
Or did you not sleep well last night ?  
If it be so, then prithee tell  
I'll take some course to make thee well,  
Doth jealousy your pate possess  
'Gainst him that never did transgress ?  
And honest maidens doth miscall,  
Who never did you hurt at all :  
What if a dish of fish I give  
Unto a friend, why should you grieve ?  
Thou knowest I must work night and day,  
The water will not for me stay.  
I am sure there's none can say by me,  
That e'er I ground their corn toll-free.  
But those that have gone once astray  
Think others will go the same way.  
The baker he his daughter sought  
I'the oven, where himself was caught.  
Thou know'st I had thy maidenhead,  
Before that ever we were wed  
But for the same I made amends—  
Be quiet, wife, and we'll be friends.

7.—*Sunday's Lecture.*

Exercised by Mistress Whimsey, a citizen, a fantastic wife to her husband and family in morning, and at noon.

Come, I see I must rise as ill as I am, for I heard the first peal ring; you are a kind husband indeed! you could lie all night, and never turn to me, or once say, *Sweetheart, how dost thou?* But I'll think on your kindness when you would (I know what.) Why *Mal, Mal*, I say, take my clothes out of the press and air them to take away the cold damp, that it strike not into my body; but let them alone, and reach my silk grogram gown and my Demi-caster,<sup>1</sup> for I fear it will rain. Come, let me see what market your master made last night. What is here for dinner? a piece of beef, a leg of mutton, and a loin of veal. Veal—but I doubt it is ewe mutton. *Mal*, you know by the chink, do you not? And I do fear the veal is old, and of an ox-calf, but I pray let them be ready against we come from church. Come tie my shoes, and do not rumple my roses. Come husband, put on your cloak handsomely, see how like a sloven you wear it? Come boy have you my book, that you may wait upon us. *Mal*, keep *Beauty* indoors, for the paltry cur

<sup>1</sup>DEMI-CASTER—Small cloak.

wakened me last Sunday of a good nap. Fie upon it, I thought this man would never have done, he was so tedious in his sermon. Housewife, is the cloth laid and dinner ready? For I feel my stomach come to me, but a little will serve my turn. Boy, make clean my knife, and fetch me my half pint of canary. Come sweetheart, and sit down while the meat is hot, for fear I lose my stomach. Husband, pray cut me the Pope's Eye out of the leg of mutton; I'll try if I can eat a bit of it. Let it alone, I'll cut it myself. Fie upon it, this filthy quean hath over-boiled the mutton. Come gossip, bring away the veal, that I may see how you cooked that. I thought so, you have dressed this for your master's diet. 'Tis as brown as a berry, but I should have it as white as a napkin; but like carver like cook. I think you stole this veal, for it is hardly jointed. Here man, will you eat a piece of the kidney? What, do you refuse it? the next I proffer you, you shall not refuse it. Boy, who drew this sack, *William* do you say? Go change it—stay, I will make shift with it, set it down beside me. Husband, cut me a bone there, I'll see if I can pick it. Who is that—a poor woman? *Mal* give her some pottage, but stay, is she so hasty? cannot she tarry till we have dined? Come, give thanks, for I am not well after my dinner, for I could not sleep the last night. And,

housewife, lay the breast of mutton and the pullet to the fire betimes, for I do not love to sup late.

*Her Husband's Answer.*

Did ever man on earth lead such a life  
As I do with this creature called a wife ?  
What planet reigned at thy nativity ?  
It surely was fantastic *Mercury*.  
Or in your horoscope the moon did range,  
For thou, like her, art ever in the change.  
Let me do what I can to please thy mind,  
You will be sure that still some fault you'll find  
Abroad, at home, a-bed, and eke at board,  
Thou no good language to me canst afford.  
You do not work I'm sure, but live at ease,  
No food I buy that can your palate please,  
Nor with you any servant long can stay,  
You monthly change, or else they run away.  
This is the custom and the life you lead,  
To make me for to wish that I were dead.  
I wish all bachelors to have a care  
How they do marry, lest like me they fare ;  
Yet that man's happy hath a virtuous wife,  
If not, he better were be rid of life.  
So now she is asleep, this is her dict,  
Let her alone, for now the house is quiet.

*The Conclusion.*

A bachelor was weary of a single life,  
Walking with a married man, did wish he had a wife,  
O would I had but such a wife as thine is,  
Who tall is, small is, neat is, feat is.

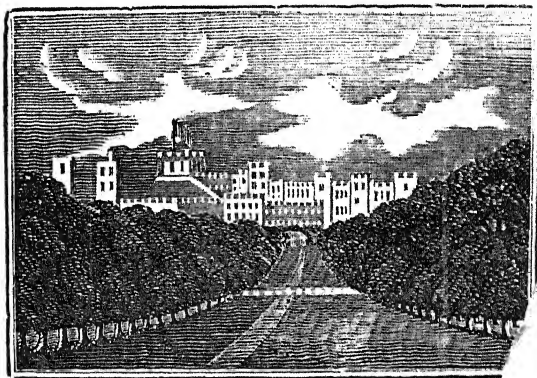
F I N I S .







THE  
CHARACTER  
OF  
*A TOWN-MISS.*



LONDON,  
Printed for *Rowland Reynolds* in  
1680.





## THE CHARACTER OF A TOWN MISS.

**A** Miss is a Name, which the *Civility* of this Age bestows on *one*, that our *unmannerly* Ancestors call'd *Whore* and *Strumpet*. A certain *Help-meet* for a Gentleman, instead of a Wife; Serving either for prevention of the Sin of *Marrying*, or else as a little *Side Pillow*, to render the Yoke of *Matrimony* more easy. She is an excellent *Convenience* for those that have more *Money* than *Wit*, to spend their *Estates* upon; and the most that can be said in her *Commendation*, Is, that she will infallibly bring a Man to *Repentance*. Yet you may call her an *honest Courtesan*, or at least a *Common Inclosed*; for though she is an *Out-lier*, yet she seems to be confined within the *Pale*, and differs from your ordinary *Prostitute*, as *Whole-sale* men from *Retailers*; one perhaps has an *hundred* Customers, and to'ther but *Two* or *Three*, and yet *this* gets most by her Trade. Indeed she may well *thrive*, seeing

she always carries her *Stock* about her, and every man is desirous to deal in her Commodity : For she is a Gallant *Business*, a Citizens *Recreation*, a Lawyers *Estate in Fee-tail* ; a Young Doctors *Necessary Experiment*, and a Parsons *comfortable Importance*.

The Royal Preacher calls her a *Strange Woman*, but we usually term her a *Common Woman*, and have reason so to do ; for sins that were *strange* in *Solomons* days, are *common* in ours. She is a Caterpillar that destroys many a hopeful Young Gentleman in the Blossom, a *Land-Syren* far more dangerous than those in the Sea : For he that falls into her hands, runs a *three-fold* hazard of Shipwrecking *Soul, Body, and Estate*.

She talks high of her *Family*, and tells a large story how they were Ruined by the late *Wars*. But the true History of her Life, is generally to this Effect : She is only the *Cub* of a *Bumkin*, licked into a Genteel form by *Town Conversation* : Nature gave her a good *Face*, and an indifferent stock of *confidence*, which she by prudent management has improved into *Impudence* ; like a forward *Rose bud* she openeth betimes, and lost that trifle they call a *Maiden-Head*, so early, that she cannot remember she ever had any such thing. She was scarcely *thirteen* when her Fathers *Ploughman*, and the *Squire* their Landlord (the verier *Clown* of the two)

went Joint Tenants to her *Copyhold*; but proving with Child, she had the wit to lay it to the *Last*, who for his Credit, dispatched her *Incognito*, with a sum of Money, on a Carriers Pack, to be disburthened at *London*, the goodliest Forest in *England* to shelter a great *Belly*: There the *bantling* was exposed to the Tuition of the *Parish* in a *Handbasket*, and the Charitable *Midwife* (who counts *procuring* in a civil way, a necessary part of her Office) soon brought her acquainted with a *third Rate Gentlewoman*, who took her a Lodging in a Garret, and allowed her *six shillings* a Week. But making a Sally abroad one Night, picked up a *Drunken Cully*, and at a Tavern (whilst he was no less *pleasantly* employed) picked his pocket of a *Gold Watch*, and some straggling *Guineas*, and left him to pawn his *Sword* and *Perriwig* for the Reckoning. After this lucky Adventure, she discards *Monsieur shabby* (her former Customer) and her *Lofty* Lodging; puts herself in a good *Garb*, gets a *Maid* (forgive me, for I Lye, I mean a *Shce-Servant*) whom she teaches to call her *Madam*, and your *Honour*, and hires Noble Rooms richly Furnished, about *Covent-Garden*; there she takes State upon her, and practices every day four hours in the *Glass*, how *Greatness* will become her. Her first business is to make herself to be taken notice of, to which purpose like *Dinah*, she walks the

Streets, sometimes like *Jacl*, she stands at the Door ; and sometimes like *Jezabel*, she looks out at the Window : But her main *Market-place* is the *Balcony*, which she frequents as constantly as any Lady in a *Romance* and the Language of her Eyes is, *What do you lack sir?* By which she at last attracts a Wealthy *Gallant*, who with a little *Address*, obtains the mighty Honour of her *Acquaintance* ; but she seems extreme Nice, Reserved and Modest, protests she would not go to a *Tavern* for a World, when the whole business is, she is only afraid of being *Pawned* there. In brief, she *Manages* him so discreetly, that she *Charts* him into Love *Insensibly*, like a *Tailors-Bill*, wherein a man sees himself *Rooked* abominably, yet knows not where to find fault. Having thus got the *Woodcock* into the Pitfall, she resolves to *Pluck* him : When he importunes her for the *Great Kindness*, she talks of *Honour* and *Conscience*, and vows she will never *stain* her Reputation but for *valuable Considerations* : this brings them to *Articles*, he promises to allow her a *Hundred and fifty pounds* a Year, and she Swears a thousand dissembling Oaths, how infinitely she loves him, and that she will prove constant, and true to him alone, and never be concerned with any other man in the World ; and the silly Fop is so fatally bewitched as to believe her ; And continues a long time in that

fools Paradise of *Dotage*, whilst in the mean time she drives a *Trade* privately, with two or three more. For the *Concealing* of which from the first, 'tis the whole Employ of the little *Harlotry*, her Chamber-Maid, to study lies, Pretences and *Excuses* and she makes them pay her even to *Extortion*; to quicken her *Invention*, Sometimes she is gone abroad in her *Aunts Coach*; Sometimes one of her Consins, a *Woollen Drapers* Wife in the City is Sick and she must *Visit* her. Nor is *Madam* herself less full of Plot and *Intrigue* to *Bubble* her *Gallant*: Sometimes having *pleased* him well, she begs the best *Ring* he has on his finger, or pretends herself to be in *Debt*; and that unless he will suffer her to be scandalized with an *Arrest*, *Bound* he must be for her) to one of her *Confederates* you may be sure) for fifty pound, and the *everlasting Changling* cannot find in his heart to deny her: At other times she shall purposely give him occasion to be *Jealous*, and when he has *Raved* and *Swore*, and *Cursed* and *Ranted* for two hours as if he had been *possessed* with a hundred and fifty Devils, she shall *cleverly* wipe off the suspicion, upbraid his *Jealous Coxcomb-ship*; fall a *Sniveling*, and call herself the most *unfortunate* of Women, to love a man with so much *Passion*, that thus *abuses* her: Then he *submits*, begs her Pardon on his Knees, and *Coaxes* her with all imaginable kindness; but

still she *pouts*, looks *Sullen*, and will not let him have a bit of *that same*, till he has given her a *New Gown*, or a *Necklace of Pearl*, for *Atonement*, and reconciliation.

But in time, his Appetite being *Cloyed*, his purse *exhausted*, or his Eyes *enlightened*, he begins to withdraw, and she soon finds out another, a *verier fool* than he; but for *Security*, will not Trade, unless he *settle* an *annuity* of £300 a Year on her for *Life*; which being firmly done by an able *Conveyancer* in *Sheep-skins*, half as large as the *Premises*; Within *one Month* she *abandons* him for a more *Noble* and *Strenuous Gallant*. And now being arrived at the *Zenith* of her *Glory*, she has her Boys in *Livery*, her *House* splendidly furnished, and scorns to stir abroad without a *Coach and six horses*: She glitters in the *Boxes* at the *Play-house*, and draws all Eyes after her in the *Street*, to the shame and Confusion of all *honest Women*, and Encouragement of each *Pretty Girl* that loves *fine Clothes*, good *Cheer*, and *Idleness*, to turn *Harlot*, in Imitation of such a *thriving Example*.

She takes upon her, more *Pride*, than would have served six of *Queen Elizabeths Countesses*; uses *Sirrah* at every word, and to a *Lady* of the best *Quality*, and *Old enough* to be her *Mother*: Nothing but—*I tell thee sweet heart!* She despises her *Sister*, for losing her *Reputation*, by being



kept by a meaner Gallant than her own ; and gets one to attempt to Steal her, that she may be thought an extraordinary Fortune.

She hath always two necessary Implements about her, a *Blackamoor*, and a little dog ; for without these, she would be neither *Fair* nor *Sweet* : The rest of her Retinue consists of her *She-Secretary*, that keeps the Box of her Teeth, her Hair, and her Painting. An *Old Trot*, that understands the Town, and goes between *Party* and *Party*, and a *French Merchant* to supply her with *Dildo's* ; or in default of those, she makes her Gallants Purse maintain two able *Stallions* (that she loves better than him) for performance of points wherein he is *Defective*. Her Skin is much Clearer than her *Conscience*, which makes her go with her *Neck* and *shoulders Bare* ; and she has reason, for her upper Parts are the *shop* of *Cupid*, and those below, his *Warehouse* : But all that you are like to buy there, is *Damnation*, and *Diseases*. She is a very *Butcher*, that exposes her own flesh to Sale by the *Stone* ; or if you please, a *Cook* that is Dressing herself all day with *Poignant Sauces*, to be tasted with the better Appetite at Night. Like a Disabled *Frigate*, that had received many Shots between *Wind* and *Water*, She is forc'd once a year to put in at *Tunbridge*, or *Epsom*, to *Wash* and *Tallow*, and *Refit* her *Leaky Bottom* : after which, she *Cruises*

up and down the Town as briskly as ever ; till *Age* spoil her Sailing, and engraves *Wrinkles*, where she once painted *Roses* : Then her former *Adorers* despise her, the World *hates* her, and she becomes a *Loathsome* thing, too unclean to enter into *Heaven* ; too *Diseased* to continue long upon Earth ; and too foul to be *touched* with anything but a *Pen*, or a pair of *Tongs* : And therefore 'tis time to *Leave* her ;—  
For, *Foh, how she stinks.*

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*FINIS.*

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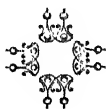
# Jackfon's Recantation

OR, THE  
LIFE & DEATH  
OF THE  
NOTORIOUS HIGH-WAY-MAN,  
NOW  
HANGING in CHAINS  
AT  
HAMPS TEAD.

DELIVERED

To a Friend, a little before Execution ; Wherein  
is truly discovered the whole Myftery of  
that Wicked and Fatal Profeffion

Of P A D D I N G on the R O A D.



L O N D O N,  
Printed for *T. B.* in the Year, 1674.





## JACKSON'S RECANTATION.

**H**OW vain are the thoughts of such, who whilst youth and strength accompany them never consider they are a mere statue of dust kneaded with tears, and moved by the hid engines of restless passions ; a clod of earth, which the shortest fever can burn to ashes, and the least shower of rheums wash away to nothing ; instead thereof they bounce so high, and make so great a noise in the world, as if both the globes (those glorious twins) had been unwombed from the formless chaos by the midwifery of their brain. Such was my disordered fancy, and my actions being attended still with successes, answerable to my desires, I thought myself (notwithstanding my vicious practices) one of heaven's favourites, and by the eloquence of my own vanity, persuaded myself

that the machinations of my brain were able to unhinge the poles. But heaven thought fit I should no longer reign in pride and arrogance, and therefore committed me into hands of justice, to be punished to the demerits of my crimes. Being here confined in this terrestrial hell, surrounded with horror and despair, my conscience started out of her dead sleep, and demanded a severe account of what I had done ; guilt instantly did stop my mouth, and having not a word to say for myself, I wished my production (as my actions) inhuman ; such was my deplorable destruction, that I thought I heard the howls and hollow groans of damned souls, which added weight to one another's perpetual misery ; whilst I was in the greatest agony imaginable, a minister or rather a charitable physician for my sin sick soul, came to visit me, who knowing me a notorious offender, advised me to repent, for as yet it was not too late ; hereupon he propounded several questions, endeavouring to disburden my overloaded conscience, by extracting from me an ingenious general confession of what enormous crimes I had committed ; finding this pious man had no other design than for the benefit of my soul, and knowing withal, the impossibility of my escape, by reason of so many indictments alleged against me ; I plainly laid open the whole course of my life, not mitting any circumstance remarkable. Having

put a period to my narrative, he seemed all wonder, I perceived quickly that his amazement proceeded from the strange history of my wicked life and conversation ; this wonder was soon converted into pity and commiseration, that a man so young should be thus weeded out of the garden of the world, just as he is entered into the blooming spring time of his age : after he had thoroughly made me sensible of the dangers that attended these wicked courses (applying his corrosives before his cordials) he then acquainted me with the benefit of true repentance ; in short, it will take me up too much time to give an account of everything which was alleged for information, contrition, or consolation delivering that divine message with so much power and efficacy, that the obdurateness of my heart was able to hold out no longer, but melting into tears, I was willing to have its flintiness broken by the hammer of sacred Scripture. Finding me in so good a temper, he left me to God and myself, for the perfecting that great work he had so hopefully and happily begun. I now condemned a saying, which I once applauded, used, much by some of my dissolute companions ; *he is more sorrowful than is necessary, that is, sorrowful before there is necessity* : for had sorrow taken place, where pleasure sat regent, and justled out all consideration of the dreadful effects that attend our evil facts, 'doubtless we should not

be made a shameful spectacle to mankind, and a heart-breaking to our dearest relations ; that saying of *Seneca*, I wish I had practised as well as registered in my memory ; *when I was young, I studied to live well ; when aged, how to die well.* As I was in the midst of these serious contemplations, my heavenly physician came again to visit me, to know and enquire into the condition and temperament of my soul, feeling in what manner did beat the pulse in its affection. Finding the constitution of my better part indifferent sound, and that there was great hopes of a perfect recovery, he rendered thanks to the Almighty for his infinite mercy in looking down with pity on poor sinful creatures, whom, when the law hath cast them off, and banished them from this lower world, out of his mere infinite goodness receives them into his own blessed protection. To give this holy man some real testimony of my unfeigned repentance, I shewed him the abstract of my life, drawn up a little before my apprehension, and did intend to have published it, resolving at that time to have abandoned all those destructive desperate courses which I formerly followed by padding on the highway, which resolution had I kept, my country would have received the benefit without any further detriment to me either in life or reputation. Now, since I have no other means left to satisfy in part the injuries I have done my



countrymen, let this ensuing discovery not only extenuate my manifold offences, but more especially be the medium of preventing the like hereafter : in the first place give me leave briefly to acquaint you with some remarks in the series of my short life, and in the next place, let me lay down some notable instructions for your future caution, and preservation against highwaymen, those devouring and destroying caterpillars of a corrupt and polluted nation. I say little of my parents more than that they were too indulgent to me, supplying my youthful extravagancies with money continually, in such superfluity, that my invention was frequently puzzled to find out ways for quick dispatch. These unnecessary expenses took up so much time, that there was little left for my study, so that I became as deficient in acquired learning, as my parents grew indigent in their estate by my profuseness and debaucheries : whilst with tears they lamented their poverty, occasioned by their foolish indulgence, and deploring my future sad condition, foreseeing or fearing the dismal catastrophe which inevitably attends such irregular pranks and wild practices. Death in pity came and closed their eyes, that they might not see what otherwise would break their hearts. By the loss of their breath, I found the want of their kindness, and having not that supply of money, the sole composure of the flambeau, which light me to

all those several extravagancies my disorderly passions, my disorderly will prompted me to go to, I then did cast about what course to steer. My scandalous deportment made me an exile to civil society, and the frequent disobligations I threw on my nearest relations, made me an absolute stranger to their families, whereby I was reduced to great extremity, so that necessity the mother of ingenuity, was constrained to pump every day for some new stratagem to appease a stomach in an uproar for the want of sustenance. Which wanting the accustomed pampering even to satiety, made me frequent the eating society so long, till I had eaten quite through my credit, and devoured my clothes to boot. My breeches were so jagged and tattered (that I may say without offence to the reader, though jocosely) they looked somewhat like those that are now called *à la mode*, and seemed as if my arse, according to the proverb, was hung with points: my hat broad brimmed, broader than the broadest once in fashion, in pure love and kindness would have flapped o'er my shoulders, to have hid the shame and confusion my face was in, that my own eyes (as well as others) should see my coat becullendered, or like a wellboat, and though it had as many holes, or more than *Argos* had eyes, yet wanted one to find out some pitiful soul that would intend relief to a wretch so miserable. Had

not this misfortune befel me, I should have thought it a thing impossible for a man to live so well, and so ill, in that short registry of time. But now when nothing but despair attended me, being altogether unfit for human society, and so out of conceit with myself, that I thought myself unworthy of a foreign plantation, and therefore to that end would not apply myself to some merchant; nay I could not think hell's imp, a kidnapper, would take of me any cognizance; as I walked very early (for the hardness of my lodgings would not suffer me to lie long, and modesty would not permit to be seen lying on or under a stall, unless the sun had been up to have warmed my chilly limbs, benumbed by committing incest with my mother earth. I say, being thus early up, I timely met with a long purse lying neglected in the street, whose entrance was on the middle like a wallal; and diving into the bowels thereof, I found at one end some yellow dirt or excrement, and the other white, at the sight whereof my body was seized with a general convulsion, so that I feared each member would become a traitor to each other in the discovery of this prize to the right owner, and by that means be deprived of that wanted benefit. I first consulted my hands in the concealment of this treasure, in order thereunto it was conveyed into my pocket-holes, but I forgetting my pockets were bottomless, it dropt quite through,

which I soon snatched up, and then betaking myself to my trembling legs, I got into the fields with an inquisitive eye and panting heart, and under an hedge found in this purse ten pound in silver, and fifty guineas; burying all this money, but fifty shillings, in the earth, I went and bought an ordinary suit ready made, and this I did for fear of being suspected how I came by the money, being indifferently accoutred, I removed my hidden treasure, thinking it not safely trusted anywhere but about me. Now did I think I might confidently enough take a lodging, remote from those who knew me, and having furnished myself with a chamber, I pretended to be a country gentleman's son, who came up to *London* about a suit in law, and behaved myself accordingly, not discovering the least symptom of any former debauchery, observing very early hours for bed-time; but not contented with that condition, I was dissatisfied till I was in another habit, more splendid, and that I might do it more boldly and safely, I framed a lie to my landlord, that I had cast and recovered a considerable sum from one of my father's creditors, and doubted not in a very little time to overthrow the rest. This gained me a great reputation in the house, especially seeing my money, and bespeaking a genteel suit of clothes, with all necessary appurtenances befitting persons of quality, as silver sword, &c. I now scorned the

thoughts of associating myself with those narrow-souled-plebeian-snippers, whose parents being neither able or willing to see their sons go in a garb out-shining commonalty in the time of their apprenticeship, or if there be ability and propensity thereunto, or the morose master hindering it, to obstruct their servants' pride and vanity, yet are these bondmen's boundless desires such, that though to the ruin of themselves, and the breaking of their masters) they will have these gaudy outsides to pimp for their leachery and other sensualities, having moneys in their pockets (though none of their own) to pay for it. For their habiliments they purchase by exchange of their master's goods one with another, and the money they purloin out of the box, or one of the snipping crew shall convert a piece of goods for him, into ready money, and go his share. The mercer deals with the draper, and a tailor perhaps, who hath shipwrecked his conscience, deals with them both; and the linendraper, hosier, goldsmith, &c. with such like ornamental clothing trades, are respected as very material instruments among them, nay, they will stoop so low sometimes to chaffer for belly-timber of the choicer sort, and will bid fairly to a drawer for a flower. I might amply enlarge my discourse concerning the locusts, as how they insinuate into the maid's favour, to let them out at unseasonable hours, and stay up for

them, till it be early, to the great prejudice of their master's business the next day, and at length, the wench will find for the reward of this notable piece of night service, a great belly, and when she expects to find relief from the caterwauling father, the plot is discovered, and they both turned out of doors, to their utter ruin and destruction. I shall desist saying more on this subject, but only advise the master to have a prudent and careful eye over his servants, checking by times any looseness he discovers, so shall he find his business done, when requisite, and they the benefit of their fidelity, by performing their trust at the expiration of their time.

Now to return where I left off: being gallantly equipped, I soon got new acquaintance, the most of which were intimately acquainted with the humours of the town, were incomparable at the art of wheedling, which some call complaisance, neither were they unpractised in any sort of game, but more especially cards and dice, both which pernicious tools, they have laboured with more, and taken as much pains to understand, as a seven years student hath done with *Aristotle's Organon*. One of these whom I judged had somewhat better principles than the rest, I daily accompanied, and grew in a little time, to be so familiar, that we embosomed the Arcanas of each other's concern, without restriction or suspicion, and having tried

each other's fidelity, we agreed upon a lasting league of brotherhood, and knowing that contiguity of bodies is the speediest confirmation of a desired friendship, we resolved to lie together.

Now were our thoughts and actions like the air to all, as free to one another, and although in love there should be no competitor, yet such hath our freedom been, that frequently the subject of our amours, hath been one and the same person, whom he first knew and loved (as he said) beyond any of her sex, and I wish he had still loved her without me, then had not those resistless charms enthroned in every feature of her face, so bewitched and infatuated my reason, that I undervalued the greatest danger for her sake, nor did I scruple to undertake anything for her satisfaction, as I shall hereafter declare more at large, for the reader's satisfaction, but to my great grief, she being the cause of mine, as such loose ambitious women are of thousands of men's ruin and destruction.

My new acquaintance finding me but raw and ill experienced in the crafts of this subtle world, undertook to be my tutor, and read his lectures to me every day: what his mouth did not inform, his actions instructed me in. When I was abroad, I observed his deportment to a hair, and took wonderful delight in imitating his insinuations, whereby I had wriggled myself into what tavern-

credit I pleased, without being great with the vintner, though much in his books, but by being inwardly acquainted with his wife or ingratiating myself into the favour of his daughter, if bar-keeper ; for then I knew the moneys going all through her hands, she might perform her part well enough in the art of conveyance, as well as the most experienced scrivener about the town, and with lesser noise and trouble. The purchase of these favours, though at first they cost a considerable sum, yet I found by computation, the annual income recompensed the cost.

He made it his business to inquire out impotent men, who had buxom lusty wives, if shopkeepers, he commonly bought commodities of them as an introduction for his dealing in one not to be sold, because, the master keeps it for his own use, and so according to each several trade or profession, he squared his designs, so that frequently they took effect, unless the premises were prepossessed by a brother of the same quill.

The next thing he taught me, was to game, and made me so great a proficient at it, that I could nick the nicker sometimes, by which means I was taken for a brother at the ordinary, and, by frequently dining there, and conversing, and practising with the rooks, I went my share in a bubbling, and had an interest in several taverns near the ordinary, where



the poor cully was inveigled in, and afterward under the pretence of great kindness, then weeded into play, and in a thrice the woodcock deplumed, and not a sous left to give a link-boy to light him home.

In this sort, I as greedily hunted after prey ; as the devil doth after usurers' souls on their death-beds. Nor was the ordinary the only pond I fished in, for I found a play-house sometimes convenient for my purpose, also cockpits, bowling-greens and alleys, neither must a brothel be omitted, my tackling was so good, and my hooks so well barbed, that after I had struck a gudgeon, I was sure to hold him, though I suffered him to play a little in the stream.

If at any time, I casually fell into the company of any young country-gentleman, who his rich father had sent up to the city, to learn somewhat more than the ruder country can afford, I and my companion (that brother of mine in iniquity) did first study what humour he was of, when that was known, we had an excellent art in suiting ours to his in every thing, this artifice so endeared us unto him, that loans of money, engagements, and such easy requests (as we called them) were seldom denied ; and least at any time, he should repent him of those excesses in expence and high debaucheries, we constantly drew him into by any serious reflection upon what was past, we kept him by turns, always in a high pitch of drinking, and like a careful

guardian to some wealthy heiress, we could not endure he should be out of our sight, least falling into other company he might be snatched out of our hands, by some other Craftsby, and so we lose our expected booty.

Having thus, by much sweat and industry adapted, and wrought him to such a soft and waxen temper, that we could make him wear what impression we pleased to lay on him ; we then boldly venture abroad with him, having taught him to wear fine clothes, and to leap out of one fashion into another, so often, till he had quite lost the knowledge of himself, and the latest habit, *à la mode*. Having made our youngster believe himself in *Elysium*, and thought that he enjoyed more delights than the Turks believe their paradise affords after death, we then bethink ourselves how to conclude the play, the prologue to which, are these, our seeming kindnesses, and you would think them not small, when you shall see us strive who shall first lend him money, upon his least pretence of want thereof ; carry him to very handsome lovely women, and then with leaving him alone to the full fruition of his amorous desires : assist him in all quarrels, but most of them of our own making it challenged, secure him and his honour safe, whilst we pretendedly fight for him, and it may be return from the supposed field to his chamber (where he waits till

the danger is over) with a hand bound up in a scarf, where his roguishness, my beloved brother, begins a formal and serious speech, telling him, what bloody work there had like to have been, how strenuously and resolvedly his cause was fought, to the loss of some blood on his side, but it was no matter there is more still left at his service, and such like fair deluding pretences ; hereupon this country cock-brain, transported with the consideration of such great effects of friendship, expresseth how much he is obliged, nor can the obligation be cancelled, however he will study to be grateful, and in the first place promises to pay the chirurgion liberally to cure a wound (was never made ;) next gives him a silver sword to wear for his sake, which the receiver promiseth shall be worn on no other account, than for the defence and preservation of the giver ; these and the like were but the petty forerunners of greater kindnesses we expected to receive, which must be effected in their proper time and season. As thus, when we prompted him to change of apparel, the mercer (who trusted him) knowing his father to be wealthy, and he heir to the estate, gave us credit also upon his account ; and now and then, by a whisper in the ear, he was advised to remember Mistress B—, or Mistress F— a petticoat, or some such thing she wanted, which was done accordingly, and delivered into our hands, but went not out of

them without a consideration. By this you may understand our gallant also was instructed in the art of whoring, and so exact an observator of his mistresses, that he was forced to keep a commonplace-book, wherein he wrote the names of those *bona robas* alphabetical digested, and that he might presently recall to his memory their several complexions, he affixed to each name a little lock of hair which he took from the person, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*. When all his money is spent, his credit gone and destroyed, and his father hearing of his extravagancies, and what dissolute, desperate company he keeps, then we think it is time to vanish, or disappear, and leave our cully in his fool's paradise, to be handled at the discretion of his creditors.

Whatever we got, by these indirect courses, we equally shared, and thus continued a twelve month together, acting many rogueries not all of a complexion ; for we were now through paced in all manner of villany ; nor could it be expected, that our actions should always meet with success ; for we were several times in gaol, and once I had like to have lost my life, for robbing a coach near *Barnet*, and without question the law had then put a period to those evil practices, had I not restored the major part of the money and goods to the right owner, on this condition, at my trial they should forbear

bringing any evidence against me, and so I was then acquitted by proclamation.

So fair a warning, one would think should have put a stop to such proceedings, but it signified nothing to me, I rather think it was the cause of my hardening, for I thought with myself, why may not I escape another time in the same manner, and that which much 'argumented this senseless security, was the frequent pardons granted to the most notorious malefactors, not once or twice; so that from thence grew a kind of proverbial saying, amongst the scout masters of the road, he can't be hanged (without treason or murder) who hath five hundred pounds at his command. Besides, the impudence of my fellow prisoners, did much increase my own, and made me boldly look upon my irons, and presently stare my friends in the face, who came to see me without a blush.

Being abroad again, I thought of nothing but my profit and pleasure, but pursued them with too much precipitancy; no villany lay fairly in my way, which I did not think myself fit for; and was still encouraged to go on, by my comrade; and was commonly in the van, upon any desperate exploit, having the knowledge of my weapon, and could use it as well as the best experienced master of the science in the town.

Now as ill luck would have it, my constant companion died, leaving little behind him, but his wench, whom he bequeathed to me, enjoining me to have a special care of her he so highly prized in his life time, I accepted of the legacy, and took possession immediately, without a forcible entry; for she made presently a willing surrender; '*Tis a pity she is a whore*, for impartially, I may say it, her beauty is scarcely to be paralleled, nor her disposition being highly ambitious, sensual and insatiate; to oblige them all in some measure, I performed as much as I could, expending all I had then by me, unlawfully gotten, and fearing I might lose her beloved society, for want of continuing my wonted kindness to her, by presents, treats, and dalliances, I made the last serve for all, till I had found out some less dangerous, expedient, than padding, to satisfy her enlarged desires, and that which pricked me forward, was her coldness more than usual to me, which coldness did increase my fire, making me resolve the perpetration of anything, than to be treated by her with so much indifference.

In the first place, I went and renewed my acquaintance with an ordinary, shall be nameless, and there I rooked sometimes at one table and sometimes at another, but by reason of the scarcity of fair gamesters, little was to be got, many times I

waited an hour or two before I could see one strange face come in, and if there did immediately at his appearance, the rooks are all alarmed, and though before they were busily pecking at one another for a shilling, they shall now desist their thoughts, being wholly employed, who shall first make prize of him. Now by reason of late sittings up there, and in an adjacent tavern, I frequented, in hope of booty, I was quite tired out, and resolved to go thither for the time to come upon a double account, the first was to win by play ; secondly, if little could be got that way (for I was generally known an expert Nicker) I might then observe who carried off good sums of money, and by following them in the dark, take my advantage in some convenient place, and there dispossess them of it, which I have frequently done, making choice of the darkest nights for my purpose) for winter is the proper time for a gaming ordinary.

I found it unsafe to take this course any longer, yet now and then got a considerable booty, which when I carried as a tribute of love to my fair mistress, no frown could sit upon her brow, all feigned anger was banished from her countenance, but she was all complaisance, and but that I loved her in a more than common manner, her over loving

and petulant deportment, would have raised in me a humour, rather loathing, than loving.

So various and villanous were the pranks I committed daily, that now I was forced, like a bat, never to flutter or stir abroad till the dusk of the evening ; if I did, it was the greatest caution imaginable, and then too, I never staid long in the place, for fear some or other had dogged me, in order to my apprehension ; thus did I skulk here and there like the dogs in *Egypt*, as it is reported, who when by thirst, they go to drink of the river *Nile* lap here and there, dare not stay long in a place, for fear the crocodiles, that lay lurking within the banks, should pull them into the current.

My wench seeing what straits I was put to for her maintenance, which was none of the meanest, for the whore, if she dined, with me, without something extraordinary and wine to boot, I had better at night to have lain in a tumbril, and if my over much kindness had pampered her too high with meat or drink, that was provocative (being of herself naturally solacious) with more ease I might have lain between the sheets with red-hot Proserpine, and therefore, when I perceived some symptoms which I used to mark, appear, I disappeared, and sometime after sent her word I should not lie at home : I say my Miss seeing all my stratagems would not answer



her expectation ; she resolved to desert me when I least dreamed thereof ; and now I cannot choose but rail at her whole sex, for her sake, rewarding my kindness with so much baseness and ingratitude ; for as she carried away all I had left, so she left me something that was none of my own, a swingeing clap, which laid me up in pickle above six weeks before I was cured. At the expiration of which time, walking in *Hatton* garden, I met with three or four of my old acquaintance, Knights of the Road, and all of a gang, men of such undaunted resolution and irresistible courage, that threats of death, or extreme torture (I am confident) would no ways dull the edges of their stout and matchless spirits.

After a few ceremonies, at first meeting, it was concluded, we should drink a glass of wine, and the next tavern must be our council-chamber, where in private we might consult, what was best to be done. I was demanded, how I had spent my time since my first gaol-delivery ; I told them, who blamed me much for my undertaking such mean things, as pilfering up and down and making seizures of such petty things, a generous bold soul would scorn to take notice of ; they condemned me not for keeping my whore, but that I did not keep her more under ; the thing is laudable said one to have a Miss, though he hath a very handsome wife of his own, and is agreeable to the custom and

honour of the times, and should we throw any *opprobrium* upon it, it would reflect upon ourselves.

Come said another, we trifle away time, let us fall to business, it is a good while since we shared a booty, let us lie no longer idle, and if our brother will accompany us, instead of picking up here and there crowns and angels, (a thing beneath us) let us resolve at *Have at all*; a five hours' adventure may make us possessors of five hundred pounds.

I told them I was unprovided of an horse, and other appurtenances necessary for the design; they presently told me I should be supplied, and so I was accordingly, and as well provided for our intended expedition as any of them.

The first robbery that I committed, I told was on a coach near *Barnet*; The second was this, we were four in company, and took our road towards *Maidenhead*, more for intelligence sake than for any present booty; in *Maidenhead* we dined, and towards four o'clock in summer time we travelled on for *Reading*, making a little halt by the way at *Maidenhead Thicket*, expecting there to light upon some prize; having waited an hour or more to no purpose, we proposed to distribute ourselves, and ride into *Reading* singly, and that two should lie in one inn, and two in the other, for the better benefit of observation.

My other two comrades lay in an inn, where they were intimately acquainted, and were winked at by the master of the house, the servants also being at their devotion ; by whose means they understood that there was a gentleman in the house who was the next morning with his man, would set out for *Marlborough*, and that it was thought by the weight of a small portmanteau, that it must be money that caused it to be so heavy. We on the other side could make no discovery till after supper, and then we heard what our hearts desired.

An attorney was in the company, and amongst other talk, he said he was bound for *London* to be there at the Term, and asked the master of the house (who was acquainted with him) whether he had any service to command him thither, for in the morning he would set forth : whereupon said I, composing my countenance, I am sorry I have not the happiness then to-morrow to have your company, for I must ride a contrary way *Bristol* ; say you sir, said he, you seem a civil gentleman, and I am sorry too ; and as a stranger, I wish you so much goodwill, have a care of *Marlborough* Downs, there are a parcel of whipper snappers have been very busy there of late, hereupon I startled, and seemed to be very much concerned, the attorney perceiving that, called me, and told me

if I had a considerable charge, he willed me to secure it some way or other for I should certainly lose it ; I thanked him somewhat coldly, as if I suspected him some subtle insinuating spy, he thereupon to free me from any such jealousy, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a bag wherein were an hundred and fifty guineas, saying, these I will so conceal in the saddle I ride upon that I will defy all the damned highwaymen in *England* to find them out. I have passed them several times in the manner, with good sums about me, and for your further belief I will show you in what manner. I gave him a thousand thanks and assured him I would follow his advice ; now did I not know without suspicion how to get out and inform my comrades of this discovery ; just in the interim a note came from them to meet me at such a place, and so pretending business in the town I went to them, where we concluded that I and my fellow should rob the *Marlborough* traveller, and they two should rob the attorney ; which the next morning was performed, the attorney thinking the devil had given them information where his treasure lay ; we came not off so well, for though we gained the booty, which was six score pound in silver, yet I was shot in the arm, and so stifly opposed by the gentleman and his man, that had we not shot his horse in the head, and so fell

instantly dead, they had either killed or taken us prisoners ; this being done we met at the place appointed the last night for our general rendezvous.

The next time that we went upon the same account we met with a pleasant adventure, for after we had robbed several to the making up of a sum above one hundred and eighty pound, we were all strangely robbed of it by one.

Hearing some seamen were to be paid off at *Chatham* such a day, and knowing that *London* is the centre that attracts and invites them to spend their hard gotten money, we went down to *Shooter's-hill* and hovered thereabouts till evening, but got little booty ; the next day towards the afternoon we picked up a great many stragglers and robbed them of their money, some more and some less, but when there was four or five in a body, nay, if but three, we shunned them as much as they would have done us, had they known what we were. At length a parson coming from *London* fell in amongst us, whom we robbed without any respect to his coat, neither could we have judged by the meanness of his habit and the pooriness of his horse with the shortness of his journey, that he could have had above an attorney's retaining fee about him ; but thinking to make some speedy sport with him (and so dismiss him) by searching his pockets, the attempt was no sooner slightly made (and had never been prosecuted) but

that he roared like a town bull, he was utterly undone, then did I search him thoroughly, and from that time afterwards in all my robberies I learned to search so strictly, that sooner might the *Pope* turn Quaker, than for any of them to conceal a penny from me ; and seeing what severities my unconscionable and cruel companions used to those seamen, who had ventured their lives for their king and country, and at last to be deprived of their long looked for reward, taught me to be as deaf too when the poor traveller cries, *I am undone*, and my heart in process of time grew flinty and not to be moved with sighs and tears.

This parson had fifteen pound about him, all which we took from him, by returned him twenty shillings, if he would engage on his word, nay swear that he would inform none he met with what had happened, or following us by Hue and Cry, or by general raising of the towns about us near adjacent.

The parson minding more the loss of his money than the breach of his oath meeting with a seaman (as we were informed afterwards) advised him to turn back if he had any money, for but a little before there were a parcel of rogues that just now robbed him of fifteen pound and will infallibly do the like to him if he proceeded farther. The resolute seaman would not believe the parson, thinking it some idle *chimera* of his own invention

and so went on his way, and the parson on his : coming up to the seaman we bid him stand ; who asked us what we meant we told him that we wanted money ; alas, gentlemen, said he, it is true I have some, which I received for my pay in his Majesty's service, and therefore it is pity to take that from me which I am carrying home for the maintenance of my poor wife and children. If he had persuaded an angel to have been his orator and pleaded in his behalf, it would have been all one, for no other sound pleased us but that of his money ; when he saw that there was no remedy, he delivered all that he had, which was sixty-five pound. Now gentlemen, said he, let me beg one request of you, and that is, since I dare not go home to my wife, and at present know not what course of life to steer, admit me into your company, you see I am limbed well enough, and I have courage and strength enough to qualify me for your occupation. We asked him whether he was in earnest, he swore a hundred oaths he was in earnest, and was ready to be tried at that instant ; insisting farther, that he was greatly in love with a trade that could get as much money in six minutes, as he could do in three years.

I was then purse-bearer ; and finding we had done enough for that day, we appointed a place to meet at, and so distributed ourselves for the present ;

only I had the charge of the seaman, who was wretchedly mounted, and therefore I needed not to fear him : besides, as we rode along, I bound him over and over again, by oaths, to stand to what promise he had made us. At length, riding in a lane, suspecting nothing in the least, he turned his little hobby upon me, and seizing my bridle before I was aware, claps to my breast a little ugly brass-barreled pistol, and swore as bloodily, as if he had been one of the trade above twenty years, if I would not instantly dismount, he would send a bullet to my heart. I saw by his frightful countenance that there was no dallying, so I dismounted and gave him my horse ; and he in kindness bid me take his : such a beast I never saw on a common, so poor, so weak, that I was thinking to commit my safety to my own, and not to his legs.

You may imagine what a sweat I was in being thus dismounted, for having committed so many robberies that day, should I be met by any of the country, they would conclude me one of the robbers, seeing a man so splendidly accoutred, riding on a beast hardly fit to feed crows and ravens.

The night coming on favoured me, and I got among my associate ; and now I shall give you leave to guess, whether their laughter or sorrow was greatest ? First, that a stout thief (for so I was



accounted) should be robbed by a hobby horse and a pot-gun. And secondly, so much money lost, when secured beyond the probability of retaking.

We heard the seaman, after he had paid himself, summoned in such brethren as had been robbed by us, and none else (but the parson) and returned them their money.

Should I enumerate all the rogueries and robberies I committed, either singly, or with others, relating in what manner they were done, I shall waste too much time, and miss of that design which I purposed to myself, which is the general good of my countrymen : wherefore I shall pass them all by, not so much as mentioning the last robbery I was guilty of near *Colcbrook*, when pursued by the country, opposed and apprehended by them, to the loss of our own, and the blood of some of them ; the manner whereof is too generally known to be again repeated, and therefore leaving this, and the like stories, I shall insist on as is more profitable ; and therein discover, first, what a highwayman is ; how bound by oath ; what order is prescribed ; in what manner they assault ; and how they behave themselves in and after the action. In the next place my best endeavour shall be, to dissuade these desperadoes to desist robbing on the highway, by showing them the certainty of their apprehension one time or other ; and though they may a long time

prosper in that vile course of life, spending high, and faring deliciously, yet every bit is attended with fear : neither is their sleep less unquiet, starting ever and anon by some horrid dream ; so that I cannot say, when they go to bed, they go to take their rest ; but only to slumber out the tedious minutes of the gloomy night in horror and affrightment. I shall insist on other dissuasions, by showing them the misery of a prison ; by putting them in mind of their wretched and cursed ends, which they vainly jest at, by presuming on some examples of grace ; and the reward of their wickedness in the world to come. Lastly, instructions, not only for the honest traveller that he may pass in safety, but for the inn-keeper to distinguish highwaymen from guests that are honest : all these I shall with sincerity run over particularly.

Highwaymen for the most part are such, who never were acquainted with an honest trade, whom either want of money or employment prompted them to undertake these dangerous designs ; and to make their persons appear more formidable, and to gain respect, they dub one another colonel, major, or at least a captain, who never arrived to a greater height than a trooper disbanded, or at the utmost a life-guardsmen cashiered for misdemeanour.

Having made up a party, ere they proceed to act their villanies, they make a solemn vow to each

other, that if by misfortune anyone should be apprehended, he shall not discover his complices : and that if he be pressed hard to particularize his companions, he must then devise names for men that never were, describing their persons, features, and discovering their habitations, but so remote one from another, that the danger of the trial may be over ere sufficient enquiry can be made.

And further, to procure mercy from the bench, there must be a plausible account given, how you fell into this course of life : fetching a deep sigh, saying, that you were well born ; but by reason of your family falling to decay, you were exposed to great want, and rather than shamefully beg (for you knew not how to labour) you were constrained to take this course for a subsistence ; that it is your first fault, which you are heartily sorry for, and will never attempt the like again.

Having taken a solemn oath to be true one to another, their next business is, to acquaint themselves by tapsters, hostlers, chamberlains, or others, what booties are stirring, how contained, and whither bound. But before they attempt the seizure, if any novice being in the company, then are they instructed by the more experienced, as I was at first, after this manner.

In the first place, you must have variety of periwigs planted in your lodgings ; and the like you

must carry abroad, if occasion require the necessity of changing the colour of the hair : neither must you be without your false beards of several colours ; for want of them, you may only cross your locks athwart your mouth, which is a good disguise : patches contribute much thereto. And lest your voice should be known another time by him that is robbed, put into your mouth a pebble, or any such like thing, which will alter your tone advantageously to your purpose.

Being thus provided, a watchword must be framed, wrapped up in some common question, as, what's a clock ? or *Jack*, what shall we have for supper ? to avoid putting the traveller into suspicion ; which as soon named, you must instantly fall to your work, seizing with your left hand the bridle, and with your right presenting a pistol : This so terrifies, that he delivers instantly ; for who will trust a pistol at his breast loaded with a brace of bullets, and a mouth discharging at the same time volleys of oaths, that if he deliver not instantly, he is a dead man ? but herein you may choose to believe him, for he will be very cautious of murder, for fear of provoking the law to an implacability ; unless it be when he is beset, that rather than run the hazard of hanging, he must endeavour his escape by the death of one or more of his assailants.

Having o'ermastered them you set upon, then do you carry them into some covert, where you search so severely, that nothing can be hidden from you : if in the strict enquiry gold be found privately quilted in a doublet, or waste-band of his breeches,

I can hardly forbear smiling, when I think in what manner these rogues will slave the poor man, with villain, cheating rascal, for endeavouring to preserve his own ; whilst he hath nothing else to say, but that *he is undone* : which they regard with as little, as the hangman will do them at the place of execution. Having changed your horses for theirs, if better than your own, the next thing you do, is to make them swear, neither to follow you, nor to raise the country with an hue and cry upon you. Thus having the poor traveller forlorn away, you ride to some strange place, or where you are known and winked at, and there you share what unlawfully you got, not without the cheating one another.

Now here by the way, give me leave a little to descant on their prodigality, after an attempt that proves successful. *London*, the more is the pity, is their best sanctuary ; and therefore after any robbery, they commonly repair thither ; having as many names as lodgings, and both as changeable as a whore's dalliances with variety of persons. Their next care is, to buy variety of splendid apparel ; and having bought his wench a new gown and fur-

nished her pockets with guineas, they then prosecute to the height all manner of debaucheries, which by a mistaken name they call, *The Chief of Pleasures*. And as their whore, so must the host participate with them in their gain, else all the fat is in the fire ; for the vintner, inn-keeper, &c., knowing very well what they are, and how easily they get their money, will be sure to enlarge their reckoning, and make it swell prodigiously ; neither must this be complained of, lest they refuse to keep their council any longer.

All the time they can spare from robbing and undoing poor harmless men, is spent in wine and women ; so that the sunshine of their prosperity lasts but a moment, not so long as to warm their hands by the blazing fire of their prodigality, before cold death comes and seizeth them ; and how can it be otherwise expected, the pitcher goes not so often to the well, but it comes broken home at last.

But before death takes them from this to carry them before an higher tribunal, there to answer for all they have acted here on earth, there is a punishment preceding this, which makes my soul startle at the thoughts thereof ; it is a prison wherein are contained so many tortures, woes and pains, which I do think were enough to punish without death the greatest of offences ; now since I cannot describe the horror of this hell on earth, I shall admonish all to have a care, that their evil actions compel them

not to feel the pain, and let those who have already endured the smart thereof, be deterred by those sufferings from ever again espousing such pernicious practices which may venture them into their former despicable and deplorable condition.

Having thus endeavoured to fright highwaymen, by showing them the intolerable torments of a prison, besides the certainty and shamefulness of hanging, and hazard of eternal death hereafter. I shall here take another course to scare them if possible, and therefore in the first place I shall lay down directions how to know them as they ride on the road, with rules how to shun them, or if robbed, how to pursue and apprehend them when they think themselves most secure.

In the first place when at any time you intend to travel, and cannot avoid carrying a sum of money with you, let no person know what charge you have, or when you will set forward. It is a custom I confess (but I can assure you it is dangerous) for men the day before they begin their journey, to take their leave of their relations and friends, drinking healths round to the happy return of the traveller, who suspects not the least harm in all this, whereas it hath been known that a father this way hath been betrayed by his own son, a brother by a brother, nay one pretendedly dear friend betray another, by discovering to highwaymen, when and which way

he rides, bidding them to prepare accordingly, either to meet or overtake, and for the plot so laid he goes his share.

Another way of setting they have in this manner ; the gang shall ride before out of sight, leaving one lusty fellow of their company behind, who shall ride very softly expecting some person or other who shall overtake him ; if three or four, he will single out one he thinks hath the most money, and pretending much kindness, whispers him in the ear, saying, that he likes not those men, and asks him if he knows them ? if not, he adviseth him by all means slacken his pace, for certainly they are dangerous fellows ; this timorous piece of credulity thanks him for his honest care, and takes his advice, and not long after brings him to the place where his confederates lie in ambuscado, who upon sight of them draws, bidding the other to do the like ; and now begins a dangerous fight, as the traveller imagines, who through fear of blood-shed delivers his money, and persuades his champion to do the like, who with much ado at length condescends thereunto ; having given him a private *item* which way they intended to ride, they set spurs to their horses, and are out of sight in an instant.

Hereupon this pretender to honesty will straight persuade you to assist him in making an hue and cry, in the carrying on of which to be sure he



will be the formost as seemingly most zealously active in the apprehension of these robbers, to no other end than to lead you quite another way, till his brethren be out of all danger. I knew one notorious rogue (but by his sly and crafty deportment was looked upon to be a very honest gentleman) suffered himself to be robbed with three more, by four of his own confederates, the robbery being committed between sun and sun, he with those three honest men sued the county, and recovered the money they had lost.

Whensoever the traveller designs his journey, let him consider the Sabbath day is a time not only unlawful, but more dangerous for robbing than any other. I need not expatiate myself on the illegality of the act, since there is a special command forbidding the breach of that holy day of rest, the violation whereof hath been frequently punished by being robbed; for to speak the truth, that day hath been, and is still chosen by highwaymen for the best and fittest time to commit their robberies; first because they are sensible that few travel then, but such who ride about some eminent concern, and do suppose to that end carry a considerable sum about them. In the next place, on that day the roads are most quiet, being undisturbed with great quantities of people, and therefore rob with more ease and greater security. Lastly, they know the

county will not be so forward to pursue them with an hue and cry, whereas they cannot but be sensible that a judge will hardly be induced to make the county pay the reparation of a loss sustained by him, who ought to have staid at home and perform those duties required from him proper to the day, and not wander abroad and leave his Creator's business undone, that he may do his own. If you needs must travel, you have days enough in the week to follow your urgent and important affairs, with more security, the roads being then full of good company, if you will make choice of a convenient time, and be cautious whom you entertain into your society.

The first caution is this, be shy of those who are over prone in pressing into your company ; it is more safe to entertain such who are unwilling to associate themselves with you, or if they do it is with such indifferency, that there need the urging of persuasions to effect it. Now to the intend you may distinguish an honest man from a thief or robber, take these informations and directions : first if you suspect your company, halt a little, and in your stay observe whether they still hold on their course, or slack their pace, or it may be alight and walk with their horses in their hands, if you observe any of these, you may conclude them the justly suspected marks of an highwayman ; but these

following are infallible, the putting on a cypress hood or a vizard mask upon your near approach, are signs they presently will bid you stand and deliver, or if before they shroud their hellish looks with those disguises, stare any of them in the face boldly, and if he turns his head aside, be thence forewarned to stand aloof and provide for your preservation, neither is there any more certain *indicium* of a robber, than the incongruity of his bushy beard and face, his whispering or his more incivil prying and inquiry whether you are travelling, or about what business.

Beware of joining company with one single on the road, although you have a friend with you ; his pretence will be to insinuate himself into your good opinion, that having a charge about him, he is overjoyed to meet with two whose face and actions discover nothing but what is honest, and in a little riding will presume to call you honest fellow traveller, in a short time it may be three of his companions will overtake you, at the sight of whom he shakes and seems to be in the greatest agony imaginable ; at length he says with trembling, in troth gentlemen, I doubt me we are waylaid, therefore stand to it if you have any pistols, otherwise if you have any store of money, the best way will be to fly for it.

It may be you have those grim handfuls, deaths speedy executioners, and minding well the number of those you fear will be so bold to assault you, and finding no inequality, your courage probably may prompt you to an opposition if cause require; but you will then find quickly your supposed friend turned cat in pan, and be on the other side, and being thus over match, must either yield your moneys quietly or do worse.

Sometimes there will be one or more of these trapaning rascals, who having attired himself every way like a countryman, with rolls of hay about his legs, an old hat flapping over his eyes, with a broad leathern girdle about his middle, with great buckles, riding aside on his horse with a goad instead of a riding rod; I say this fellow shall ride in company with you, asking very silly questions, and singing a country song to some horrible tune, all to raise laughter, when by this means he hath lulled you into a senseless security, and not suspecting in the least any harm from him, he instantly assaults you and his complices come instantly into his succour, who surprising you thus unawares are without difficulty made a prey to their unlawful desires.

You see how dangerous a thing it is to travel with a charge about you in the day time, unless you have a very circumspect care not only in your inn,

but on the road, if therefore you cannot avoid travelling, and that with store of money, the emergency of your business requiring it, undertake your journey in the night, for highwaymen think that none will be so mad to ride at that unseasonable time, unless they are miserable poor, besides, it is dangerous for them to be abroad for fear of suspicion, and that is not all neither, for how can they see to take their best advantage in the dark, not knowing how many, what men, and how armed, they assault ; besides, should they gain the better of it, the obscurity of the night gives them the advantage of dropping their money into a ditch, or other place convenient.

Now to advise you for the best, at what time soever you ride, take notice that your high-pads do always keep their station upon your greatest and most beaten roads, whereby they have the advantage of picking and choosing ; now if you would be safe, make choice of such roads which are less frequented.

If you ride several in company, shun that idle custom of bustling up all together, when you come near any place noted for robbing, for by this means you are all catched, like a covey in a net, at once ; for these rogues divide themselves, and make several stands, and by this means they may set upon you before and behind ; but if you ride about an

hundred paces distance one from the other, I'll warrant your safety ; for they dare not set upon a scattered company, for fear that some escaping the country should be alarmed, and so endanger their immediate taking.

Now should you perceive them divide as well as you, and each drawing near him he intends to set upon, you have then fair warning, and running will hardly avail any thing ; but fight like men, you have two to one the odds, though not in numbers, yet in a good conscience ; which they wanting, their own guilt and fear fights against them, and disarms them : whilst thus you contend with them, there is hopes some may come into your rescue.

By the way let me tell you, I have known when we have been thus engaged, that some have come up to us, whom we have persuaded to keep on their way, and not meddle with what they were unconcerned with ; at which these base coxcombs (nay, now I must call them unworthy rascals) have quietly rid away, and left those men to our mercies, or rather to exercise our cruelties upon ; whereas had they sided with them, we must have fled before them ; for though we had courage (it may be enough) yet we durst not fight it out, when we meet with those that are bold and stout ; for in so doing we not only fight them, but the whole country.

By the way let me discover an egregious fault in some men, who will not only yield patiently to be robbed, but are content to let the thieves go clearly off, nay wish they may escape, so that the county may lie liable to make good the robbery, if they take them not by an hue and cry ; nay, such is the baseness of their principles, that they commonly double the sum, knowing that the Hundred will be willing to compound, and thus abuse the thief and county too.

But notwithstanding all these cautions, should it happen so that you are surprised by these highwaymen, over mastered, and that you must yield, give them fair words, and without a compulsive search, deliver freely some part of your money, with a wish that you had more at their service, and it may be they will trouble themselves no farther with you ; however, if they offer, show no dislike, for if you do it will but provoke them to the severity of a more rigorous search, to the discovery of what you had most cunningly concealed.

Have a special care that you let them perceive you eye them too much, it being of a dangerous consequence, for by this means they either think you know some of them, or are taking some remarkable signs and tokens how you may know them another time, which may endanger your life.

After the robbery committed, their usual charge is, not stir from the place they put you in, till they have time enough to be gone a considerable distance; and that if they find you offer to pursue them, they will swear a thousand oaths to be your death; and being desperate, for aught I know, they may be as good as their words; therefore be not too hasty in the pursuit, lest it being discovered, the foremost dropping into a by-lane, starts out upon you, seizeth you again, and if you escape cutting, you shall not binding, and so may be bound in a ditch till some commiserating passenger release you. Wherefore follow after at a distance, till you can procure a hue and cry, which you must direct not straight on, but cross the country, which is a subtle practice, and their constant custom; by this means they have the benefit of resting themselves, and refreshing their horses before the lazy hue and cry can overtake them. If closely pursued by it, they will frequently squat like a hare, and let the hue and cry pass them, and then ride back again to the place where the robbery was committed.

Be sure in your pursuit to scour the next great right and left hand road, and if you cannot unkennel them that night, set spies, and a thousand to one you shall see them come riding by the next morning.

If the purchase be great they seized upon, you may be then confident they will that night repair to



their general rendezvous here in the city, which is their great *asylum*, and chiefest place of refuge and security. The largeness of the city, and the little cognizance one takes of another therein, is the main reason why so many robberies are committed nigh *London*, and so few remotely distant from it. Now since twenty or thirty miles about *London* is the stage on which these highwaymen act their parts, I shall discover when robbed how to pursue them with hue and cry.

If you are set upon and robbed in the eastern quarter, take not that road in which you were to *London*, nor raise the country thereabouts, for it is to no purpose ; but ride with all speed to *Holborn*, *Strand*, *St. James's*, or *Westminster*, and there search with all diligence. If you are robbed towards the north, never search any place in the city, but make all convenient speed to the *Bank-side*, *Southwark*, *Lambeth*, or *Fox-hall*<sup>1</sup>; by thus planting themselves, they know, or think at least, they are sufficiently secure, having the city between them and you.

And now, ere I proceed, let me take notice of a great folly and abuse of the country men: When report is brought to a justice of a robbery done in such a place, presently a watch is ordered to stand

<sup>1</sup>FOX-HALL,—i.e., Vauxhall.

at that place, at the charge of the county ; in any one so senseless, to think those highwaymen will voluntarily ride into the mouths of those who are appointed to apprehend them ? however, admit they should continue scouring the road, the watchmen are constantly fixed at one place, so that but a little way out of their sight, the highwaymen may do what he list, and meet with more booties than if the road lay unwarded ; for all travellers will covet to ride that way in which is placed a watch ; for who can imagine thieves will be so bold as to rob near them ; which they do to choose ; for well they know, that those watchmen are silly old and decrepid men, and though a dozen of them, I have seen stand with halberts in their hands, yet have we robbed before their very faces, and they stood still the while, not daring to oppose us in the least ; it may be when we were gone out of sight, they would make an out-cry, and pretend to pursue, though to no purpose.

Once we resolved to set upon the watch, which was done so effectually, that we disarmed them ; and having taken them aside out of the way, bound them ; after this we personated them in their places, and standing with our brown bills, as with authority, we stop whom we pleased, and having robbed them, bid them to be guarded by the county-watch, and to secure them, bound them in like manner.

It is now high time to inform the inn-keeper how he shall distinguish highwaymen from honest travellers ; in the first place observe their curiosity about their horses, in dressing and feeding them, next you will find them asking of questions, as who owns that horse, and who the other, what their masters are, whither travelling, and when will they set out ; these are infallible signs of a highwayman ; nor must I omit this remark, let the hostler poise their cloak, bags, and he shall find them empty, which they carry only for show, and not to burden their horses.

Next, let the Chamberlain take notice, when he shows them to a room, that they will soon dismiss him, and after that, let him listen a-while, and he shall hear the jingling of money, and if he can but get a peep-hole for his eyes, he shall see them sharing their booty.

It will be very requisite to enquire severally each one's particular name, and let your servants do the like, by this means you find them tripping, for they may easily forget a name they borrowed that very day.

At supper-time, let some one knock furiously and hastily at the gate, then mark them well, and you shall see them start, their countenances change, and nothing but fear and amazement appearing in

each face, by which you may positively conclude them what you before did but imagine and suspect.

If in the day-time they come into your inn, you may guess what they are by trifling away their time, and staying somewhat longer then is requisite for baiting ; you shall observe them sometimes looking out of the window, sometimes standing at the gate, for no other end but to mark what passengers ride by ; if they perceive any person of quality to ride that way, or the garb discovers anything of a booty, you shall have them presently, in all haste, as alarmed to horse, mount presently, as if some dear friend or near relation was just rid by, whom they must endeavour to overtake.

At night they will come dropping into an inn severally, in divided companies, thereby to cross the number in the hue and cry, and will, when met subtilely, take no notice of one another, nay, to blind the eyes of suspicion, they will enquire of the host, what country gentlemen their own companions are, whether he knows them or not, and if it be convenient to join in company with them ; if you find they have no jealousy of them, they will as strangers compliment one another whilst any eyes are on them, but withdraw and watch them well, and you shall find them fall into their usual familiarity and will not

only rejoice at the success of their designs, but laugh at the credulity of their landlord.

Much more might be written on this subject, but since this is impossible to discover the whole art and mystery of the high-way trade, let this suffice, for according to the proverb, new lords, new laws; so all new gangs have new orders, plots and designs, to rob and purloin.  
from the honest  
traveller.

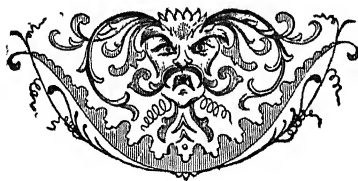


### POSTSCRIPT.

**R**EADER, let me assure thee this is no fiction, but a true relation of Mr. Jackson's life and conversation. Penned by his own hand, and delivered into mine to be made public for his countrymen's good, in compensation of the many injuries he hath done them. The introduction he wrote in Newgate, after sentence of condemnation, and desired me to apologize for it, fearing he had neither wrote large enough of his true penitence, nor had laid down sufficient exhortations from the com-

*mission of the like offences ; the disorder he was in, lying under the horror of a speedy and more than common execution, may plead his excuse : the plainness of his style may admit of this plea, that he aimed at (as he confessed to me) nothing but the good of his countrymen, and that as he had picked their pockets, he thought it needless to tickle their ears with the gilded straws of rhetorical expressions. God I hope hath forgiven him his sins, and may we all amend by his errors, for which he now hangs in chains at Hamstead, a sad and dreadful spectacle to all beholders, and hoping you will pass by the faults of his writing and the press, I subscribe myself a well-willer to all,*

S. S.



Strange and Remarkable  
Prophecies and Predictions

Of the Holy, Learned, and excellent

*James Usher,*

Late L. Arch-Bishop of *Armagh*,  
and late Primate of *Ireland*.

Giving an Account of his Foretelling

- I. The Rebellion in *Ireland* Forty Years before it came to pass.
- II. The Confusions and Miseries in *England*, in Church and State.
- III. The Death of King *Charles* the First.
- IV. His own Poverty and want.
- V. The Divisions in *England* in matters of Religion.

Lastly, Of a great and Terrible Persecution which shall fall upon the Reformed Churches by the Papists wherein the then Pope should be chiefly concerned.

Written by the Person who heard it from this Excellent Persons own Mouth, and now publisht earnestly to perswade us to that Repentance and Reformation which can only prevent our Ruin and Destruction.

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*And the Lord said, Shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do? Gen. 18. 17.*

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**Licensed,** November the 16th.

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*London,* Printed for R. G. 1678.







*Strange and Remarkable Predictions of that Holy  
Learned and excellent Bishop, James Usher late  
Lord Primate of Ireland.*

**T**HE Author of the Life of this excellent and Worthy Primate and Arch-Bishop, gives an Account, that among other extraordinary gifts and graces, which it pleased the Almighty to bestow upon him, he was wonderfully endued with a Spirit of Prophecy, whereby he gave out several true Predictions and Prophetesies of things a great while before they came to pass, whereof some we have seen fulfilled, and others remain yet to be accomplished. And though he was one that abhorred Enthusiastic Notions, being too Learned, Rational, and knowing, to admit of such idle Freaks and Whimsies. Yet he professed, 'That several times in 'his Life he had many things imprest upon his mind, 'concerning future Events, with so much warmth 'and importunity, that he was not able to keep them 'secret, but lay under an unavoidable necessity to 'make them known.

From which Spirit he foretold the *Irish* Rebellion Forty years before it came to pass, with the very time when it should break forth, in a Sermon Preached in *Dublin* in 1601. where from *Ezek* 4.6. discoursing concerning the Prophets bearing the iniquity of *Judah* forty days, the Lord therein appointed a day for a year: he made this direct Application in Relation to the connivance at Popery at that time. *From this year* (says he) *will I reckon the sin of Ireland, that those whom you now embrace, shall be your Ruin, and you shall bear this Iniquity.* Which Prediction proved exactly true, for from that time 1601, to the year 1641, was just Forty years, in which it is notoriously known, that the Rebellion and Destruction of *Ireland* happened, which was acted by those Popish Priests, and other Papists, which were then connived at. And of this Sermon the Bishop reserved the Notes, and put a Note thereof in the Margin of his Bible; and for 20 Years before, he still lived in the Expectation of the Fulfilling thereof: And the nearer the Time was, the more confident he was, that it was near accomplishment, though there was no visible appearance of any such thing: And (says Dr. *Bernard*) the Year before the Rebellion broke forth, the Bishop taking his leave of me, being then going from *Ireland* to *England*, he advised me to a serious Preparation; for I should see heavy Sorrows and Miseries, before I saw him

again ; which he delivered with as great Confidence, as if he had seen it with his Eyes : Which seems to verify that of the Prophet, *Amos* 3. 7. *Surely, the Lord will do nothing, but he will reveal it to his Servants, the Prophets.*

From this Spirit of Prophecy, he foresaw the Changes and Miseries of *England* in Church and State ; for having in one of his Books, (called *De Prim. Eccl. Brit.*)\* given a large account of the Destruction of the Church and State of the *Britains*, by the *Saxons*, about 550 years after Christ: He gives this among other Reasons, why he insisted so largely upon it; That he foresaw, that a like Judgment was yet behind, if timely Repentance and Reformation did not prevent it: And he would often Mourn upon the Foresight of this, long before it came.

From this Spirit he gave Mournful Intimations of the Death of our late Sovereign, *Charles* the First; of whom he would be often speaking with Fear and Trembling, even when the King had the

\**Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates et Primordia: Quibus inserta est pestiferæ adversus Deum Gratiam à Pelagio Britanno in Ecclesiam inductæ Hæreseos Historia. Collectore Jacobo Usserio, Archiepiscopo Armachano, totius Hiberniæ Primate. Dublin, 1639.*

A second edition, enlarged by the author, London, 1687, with portrait.

"An everlasting monument of the author's good services to the Church of Ireland."—*Nicholson's Irish Hist. Lib.* chap. iii.

For a Notice of an English Translation of this Work, made in Usher's time or a little later, but imperfect, see "Notes and Queries," vol. vii, p. 121.

greatest Success : And would therefore constantly pray, and gave all advice possible, to prevent any such thing.

From this Spirit he foresaw his own Poverty in worldly things ; and this he would often speak of, with admiration to the Hearers, when he was in his greatest Prosperity ; which the Event did most certainly verify.

From this Spirit he Predicted the Divisions and Confusions in *England* in Matters of Religion, and the sad consequences thereof ; some of which we have seen fulfilled : and I pray God, the rest which he feared, may not also be accomplished upon us.

Lastly, From this Spirit he foretold, That the greatest stroke upon the Reformed Churches was yet to come ; and that the time of the utter Ruin of the See of *Rome*, should be when she thought herself most secure : And as to this Last, I shall add a brief Account from the persons own hand, who was concerned therein ; which followeth in these words ;

The Year before this Learned and Holy Primate, A. Bishop *Usher* died, I went to him, and earnestly desired him, to give me in Writing his Apprehensions concerning Justification, and Sanctification by Christ ; because I had formerly heard him Preach upon those Points, wherein he seemed to make those great Mysteries more intelligible to my mean Capacity, than anything which I had ever

heard from any other; But because I had but an imperfect and confused Remembrance of the Particulars, I took the boldness to importune him, that he would please to give a brief account of them in Writing; whereby I might the better imprint them in my Memory; of which he would willingly have excused himself, by declaring his intentions of not writing any more; Adding, That if he did write any thing, it should not exceed above a Sheet or two: But upon my continued Importunity, I at last obtained his Promise.

He coming to Town some time after, was pleased to give me a Visit at my own House; where I failed not to challenge the Benefit of the Promise he had made me: He replied; *That he had not writ and yet he could not charge himself with any Breach of Promise: For (said he) I did begin to write; but when I came to write of Sanctification, that is, of the New Creature, which God formeth by his Spirit in every Soul, which he doth truly Regenerate, I found so little of it wrought in myself, that I could speak of it only as Parrots by Rote, and without the knowledge and understanding of what I might have expressed; and therefore, I durst not presume to proceed any further upon it.*

And when I seemed to stand amazed, to hear such an Humble Confession from so great and experienced a Christian, He added; *I must tell you,*

*We do not well understand what Sanctification and the New Creature are ; It is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire Resignation of his will to the will of God, and to live in the Offering up of his Soul continually in the flames of Love, as a whole burnt Offering to Christ, and how little (says he) are many of those who profess Christianity experimentally acquainted with this work on their Souls.*

By this Discourse, I conceived he had very excellently and clearly discovered to me that part of Sanctification which he was unwilling to write.

I then presumed to enquire of him what his present apprehensions were concerning a very great Persecution which should fall upon the Church of God in these Nations of *England, Scotland, and Ireland*, of which this Reverend Primate had spoken with great confidence many years before, when we were in the highest and fullest state of outward Peace and Settlement. I asked him whether he did believe those sad times to be past, or that they were yet to come, To which he answered, *that they were yet to come, and that he did as confidently expect it, as ever he had done*, adding, *that This sad Persecution would fall upon all the Protestant Churches of Europe* ; I replied, That I did hope it might have been past as to these Nations of ours, since I thought, that though we, who are the People thereof, have been punished much less than our sins have deserved, and that our

late wars had made far less devastations, than War commonly brings upon those Countries where it pleaseth God in Judgment to suffer it ; yet we must needs acknowledge, that many great Houses had been Burnt, Ruined, and left without Inhabitants, many great Families impoverished and undone, and many Thousand Lives also had been lost in that bloody War, and that *Ireland* and *Scotland*, as well as *England*, had drunk very deep of the Cup of Gods Anger, even to the overthrow of the Government, and the utter Desolation almost of a very great part of those Countries.

But this Holy man, turning to me, and fixing his Eyes upon me with that serious and ireful look which he usually had when he spake Gods word and not his own; and when the Power of God seemed to be upon him, and to constrain him to speak, which I could easily discern much to differ from the countenance wherewith he usually spake to me ; He said thus.

*Fool not yourself with such hopes, for I tell you, all you have yet seen, hath been but the beginning of sorrows to what is yet to come upon the Protestant Churches of Christ, who will ere long fall under a sharper Persecution than ever yet has upon them ; and therefore (said he to me) look you be not found in the Outward Court, but a worshipper in the Temple before the Altar, for Christ will measure all*

*those that profess his Name, and call themselves his People; and the Outward worshippers he will leave out, to be trodden down by the Gentiles. The Outward Court (says he) is the formal Christian, whose Religion lies in performing the out side duties of Christianity, without having an inward Life and Power of Faith and love, uniting them to Christ, and these God will leave to be trodden down, and swept away by the Gentiles; But the worshippers within the Temple and before the Altar, are those who do indeed worship God in spirit and in Truth, whose Souls are made his Temples, and he is honoured and adored in the most inward thoughts of their hearts, and they Sacrifice their Lusts and vile affections, yea, and their own wills to him; and these God will hide in the hollow of his Hand, and under the shadow of his wings; and this shall be one great difference between this last, and all the other preceding Persecutions. For in the former, the most eminent and spiritual Ministers and Christians did generally suffer most, and were most violently fallen upon, but in this last Persecution these shall be preserved by God as a Seed to partake of that Glory which shall immediately follow and come upon the Church, as soon as ever this storm shall be over; for as it shall be the sharpest, so it shall be the shortest Persecution of them all; and shall only take away the gross Hypocrites and formal Professors, but*



*the true Spiritual Believers shall be preserved till the Calamity be over-past.*

I then asked him by what means or Instruments this great Trial should be brought on. He answered, By *the Paptists*; I replied, that it seemed to me very improbable they should be able to do it, since they were now little countenanced, and but few in these Nations, and that the hearts of the People were more set against them than ever since the Reformation. He answered again, 'That it would be by the hands of *Papists*, and in the way of a sudden Massacre; and that the then Pope should be the chief Instrument of it.'

All this he Spake with so great Assurance, and with the same serious, and concerned Countenance, which I have before observed him to have, when I heard him foretell some things which in all human appearance were very unlikely to come to pass, which yet I myself have lived to see happen according to his prediction, and this made me give the more earnest attention to what he then uttered.

He then added, 'That the *Papists* were in his Opinion the *Gentiles* spoken of in the 11th of the *Revelations*, to whom the outward Court should be left, that they might tread it underfoot; They having received the *Gentiles* worship in their adoring Images, and Saints departed, and in taking to themselves many Mediators; And this (said he)

‘the *Papists* are now designing among themselves ,  
‘and therefore be sure you be ready.

This was the Substance, and I think (for the greatest part) the very same words which this Holy man spake to me at the time before mentioned not long before his death, and which I writ down, that so great and notable a Prediction might not be lost and forgotten by myself nor others.

This gracious Man repeated the same things in Substance to his only daughter the Lady *Tyrril*, and that with many tears, and much about the same time that he had exprest what is aforesaid to me, and which the Lady *Tyrril* assured me of with her own mouth, to this purpose.

That opening the Door of his Chamber, she found him with his Eyes lift up to Heaven, and the tears running a pace down his Cheeks, and that he seemed to be in an Ecstasy, wherein he continued for about half an hour, not taking the least notice of her, though she came into the Room, but at last turning to her, he told her, That his thoughts had been taken up about the Miseries and Persecutions that were coming upon the Churches of Christ, which would be so sharp and bitter, that the contemplation of them had fetched those Tears from his Eyes, and that he hoped he should not live to see it, but possibly she might, for

it was even at the door ; *Therefore take heed* (says he) *that you be not found sleeping.*

The same things he also Repeated to the Lady *Bysse*, Wife to the present Lord Chief Baron of *Ireland*, But with adding this circumstance, That if they brought back the King, it might be delayed a little longer, but (said he) *It will surely come, therefore be sure to look that you be not found unprepared for it.*

To conclude in the words of Dr. *Bernard*, speaking of this Excellent Person. ‘ Now howsoever ‘ I am as far from heeding of Prophecies this way as ‘ any, yet with me it is not Improbable, that so great ‘ a Prophet, so sanctified from his youth, so knowing ‘ and eminent throughout the Universal Church, ‘ might have at some special times more than Ordinary ‘ Motions and Impulses in doing the watchmans part, ‘ of giving warning of Judgments approaching.’

F I N I S.























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